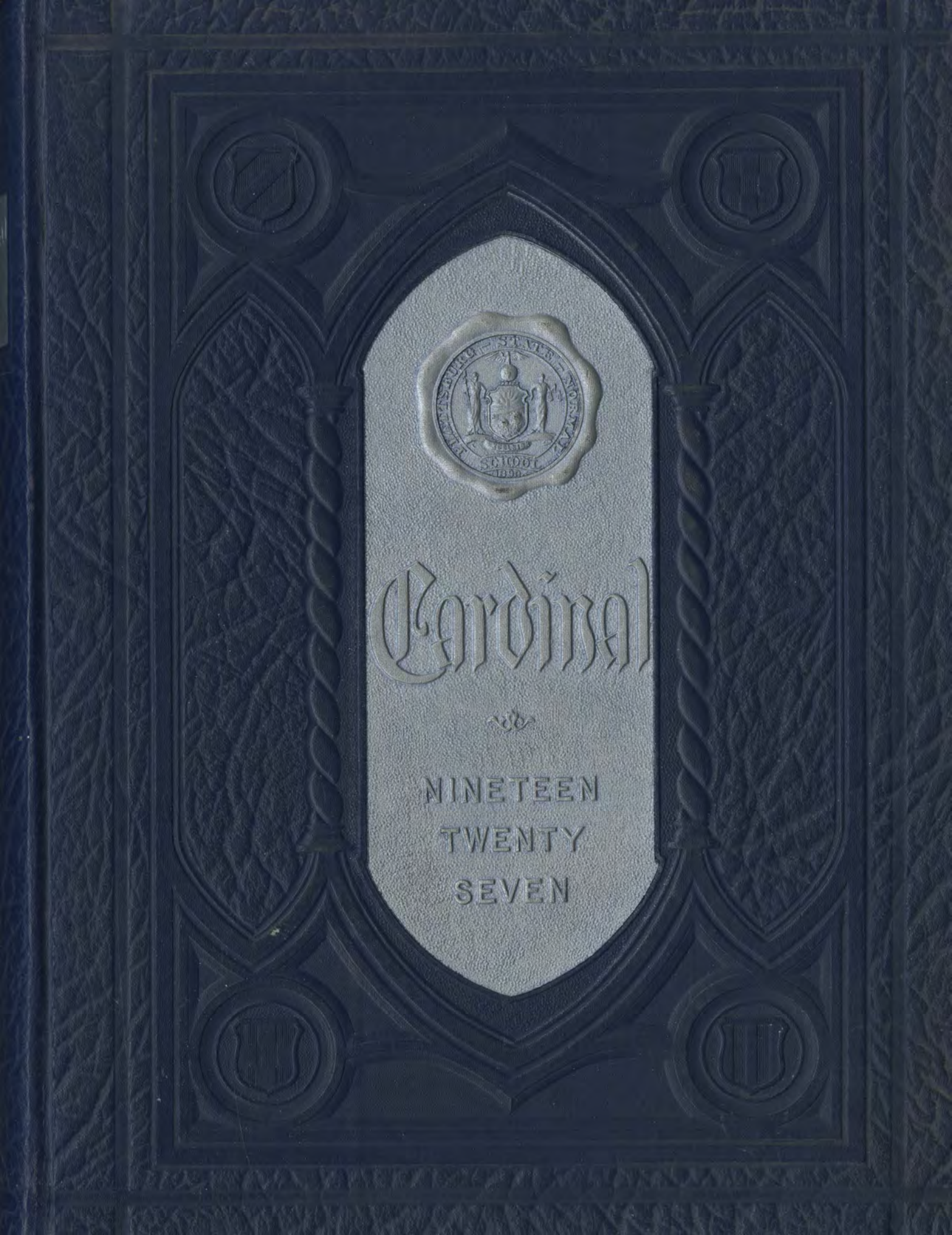
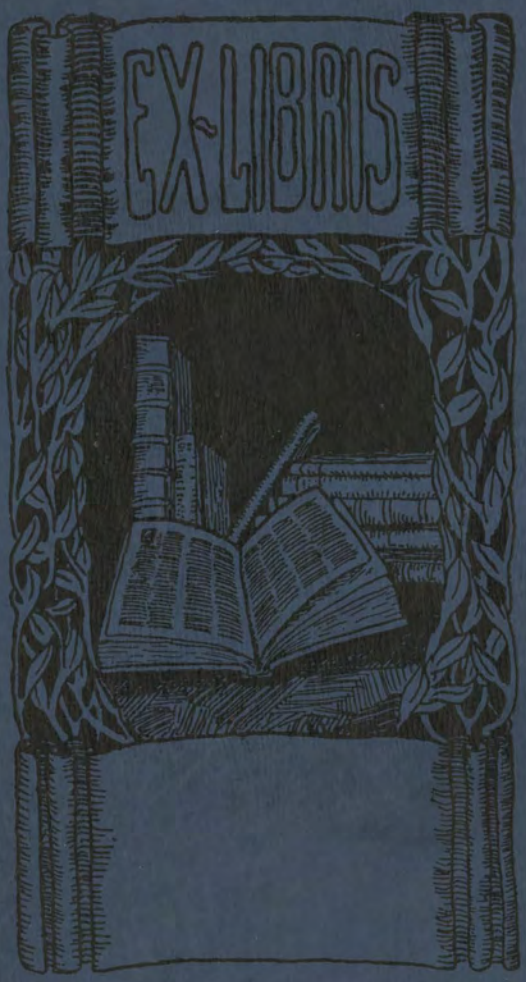
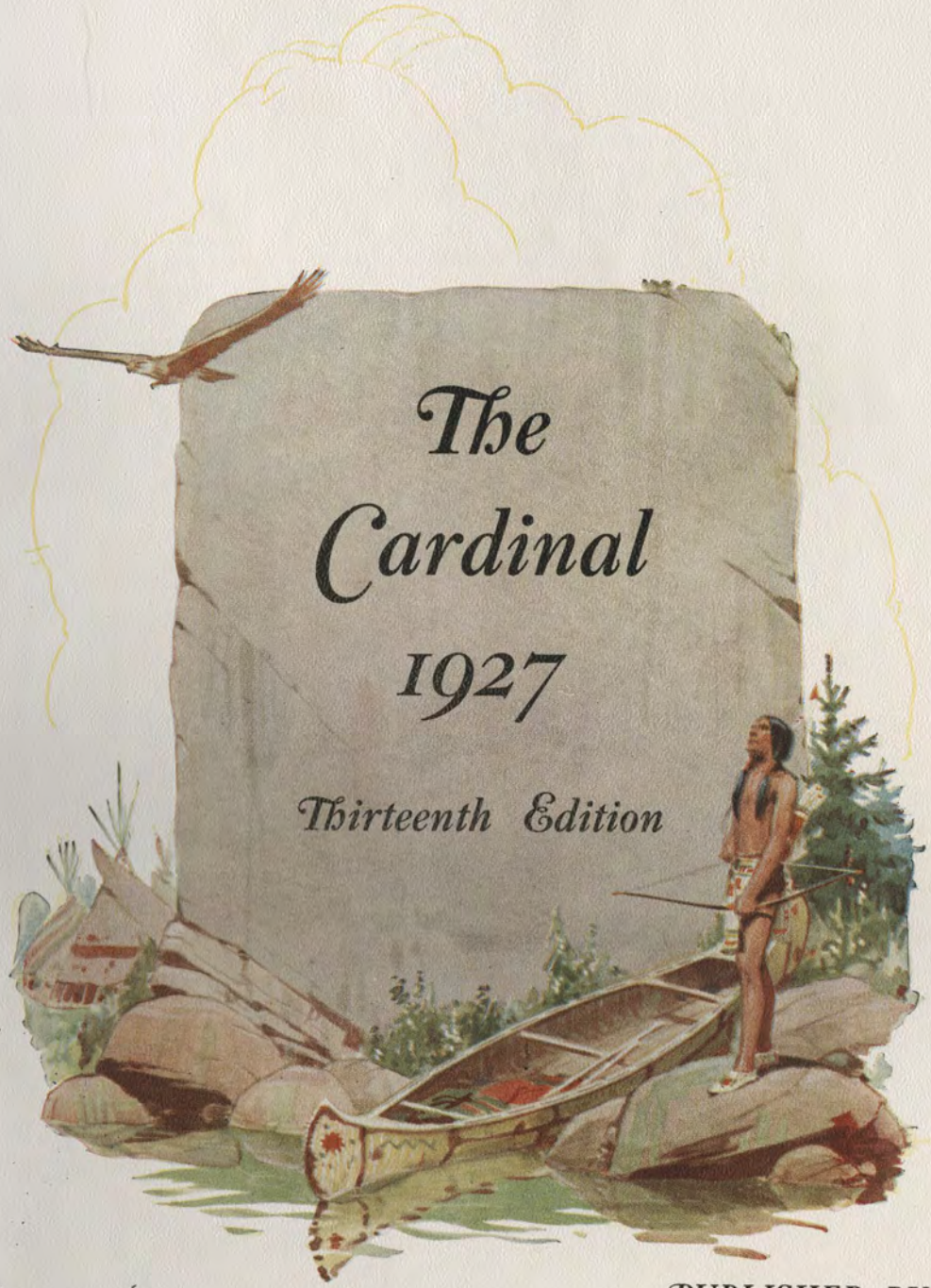

Cardinal
NINETEEN
TWENTY
SEVEN


EX-LIBRIS



PUBLISHED BY
CLASS OF '27

Foreword

THE publication of the Thirteenth Edition of the Cardinal marks the passing of another year, a year of continued progress at the Normal School.

It is our sincere wish that this publication shall serve as an authentic history, and, as the years roll by, play some small part in strengthening the bond between the students and their Alma Mater.

If this book is instrumental in keeping alive these memories, it will have successfully served its purpose---and we shall feel amply recompensed for our labor in its construction.



Elizabeth M. Ketchum

Dedication



O Miss Elizabeth M. Ketchum, who has ever manifested a deep interest in our success and whose scholarship and excellent teaching ability has won our admiration, we, The Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-seven, affectionately dedicate this volume of the Cardinal.

Miss Elizabeth M. Ketchum

Miss Elizabeth M. Ketchum was born in Oswego, New York, and there received her early education. Upon her graduation from the Oswego High School she entered the Oswego State Normal and Training School, from which she was graduated with honors. After graduating from the Normal School she entered the Rochester Business Institute for special commercial work, later transferring to Syracuse University and from there to Columbia University, where she was registered for special courses in the higher commercial subjects.

Miss Ketchum's first teaching experience was in Oswego, New York, her home town. She organized and was head of the Commercial Department of the Oswego High School until the September of nineteen hundred twenty-two, at which time the Plattsburgh State Normal School was fortunate in securing her services. Miss Ketchum is held in the highest esteem by the students of the Normal and has endeared herself to the students by the interest she has shown and the help she has given in our school activities.

While a student at the Oswego State Normal School she was among the number selected for membership in the Kappa Epsilon Sorority, and always took an active part in its functions. She had not been at the Plattsburgh State Normal School long before she was singled out by the Agonian Sorority for membership, and she has since acted as faculty advisor for that sorority. The Agonian girls are indeed fortunate in having a woman of her ability and personality among their number, for she has always manifested an unceasing, loyal interest in the welfare of that sorority.

Miss Ketchum is an active member of the Catholic Daughters of America, and is now lecturer of that organization. In nineteen hundred twenty-six she organized, and has since been leader of, the Study Club in connection with this society. In addition to this, Miss Ketchum holds membership in the Adelphi Literary Club of this city.

The best wishes of the Class of '27 are extended to Miss Ketchum for success in whatever she undertakes in the future.

To the Editor of the Cardinal:

In complying with your request for a word of counsel to the students of the class of 1927, I desire first to congratulate you upon the completion of your work at the Normal School.

Hard as life here sometimes appeared to you, impatient as you sometimes became with its restrictions and exactions, eagerly as you sometimes wished to be done with it, you will find later in life that it has yielded keen enjoyments, rational pleasures and lasting results to willing and well directed labor. However, you should realize that your education is not completed; it has barely begun.

Your predecessors in the teaching profession, until recently, had not so many or such diverse opportunities as you have for continued study along the lines of your chosen profession. Today, numerous colleges open their doors every summer to thousands of teachers for six weeks or more of intensive study. Many school systems, realizing that new contacts and a broader and deeper appreciation of the world outside one little sphere, will bring teachers back to their work with renewed enthusiasm, now offer a sabbatical year for study or travel. Both state and community are endeavoring to provide for teachers' better living conditions, better working conditions and better salaries, and, in turn, have a right to demand teachers--who teach--teachers who in the truest sense conscientiously give of their best to those who receive their instruction.

These opportunities will be to you and to those under your guidance as you may use them, sources of permanent benefit and happiness or of deep and never ending regret.

With best wishes for success and happiness to all,

I am sincerely yours,

Elizabeth M Ketchum

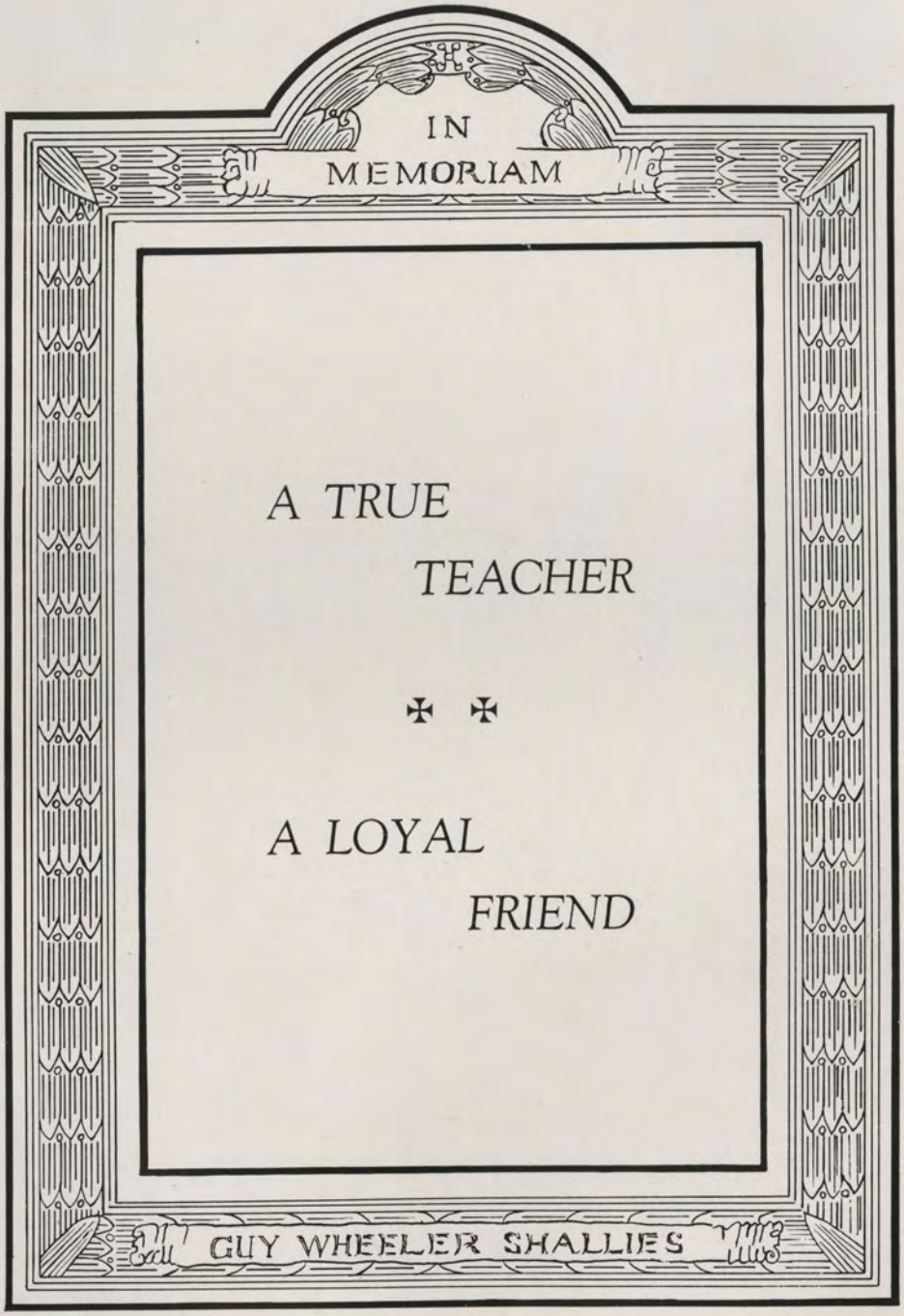
Plattsburg, New York
March the twenty-seventh
Nineteen hundred and twenty-seven



NORMAL

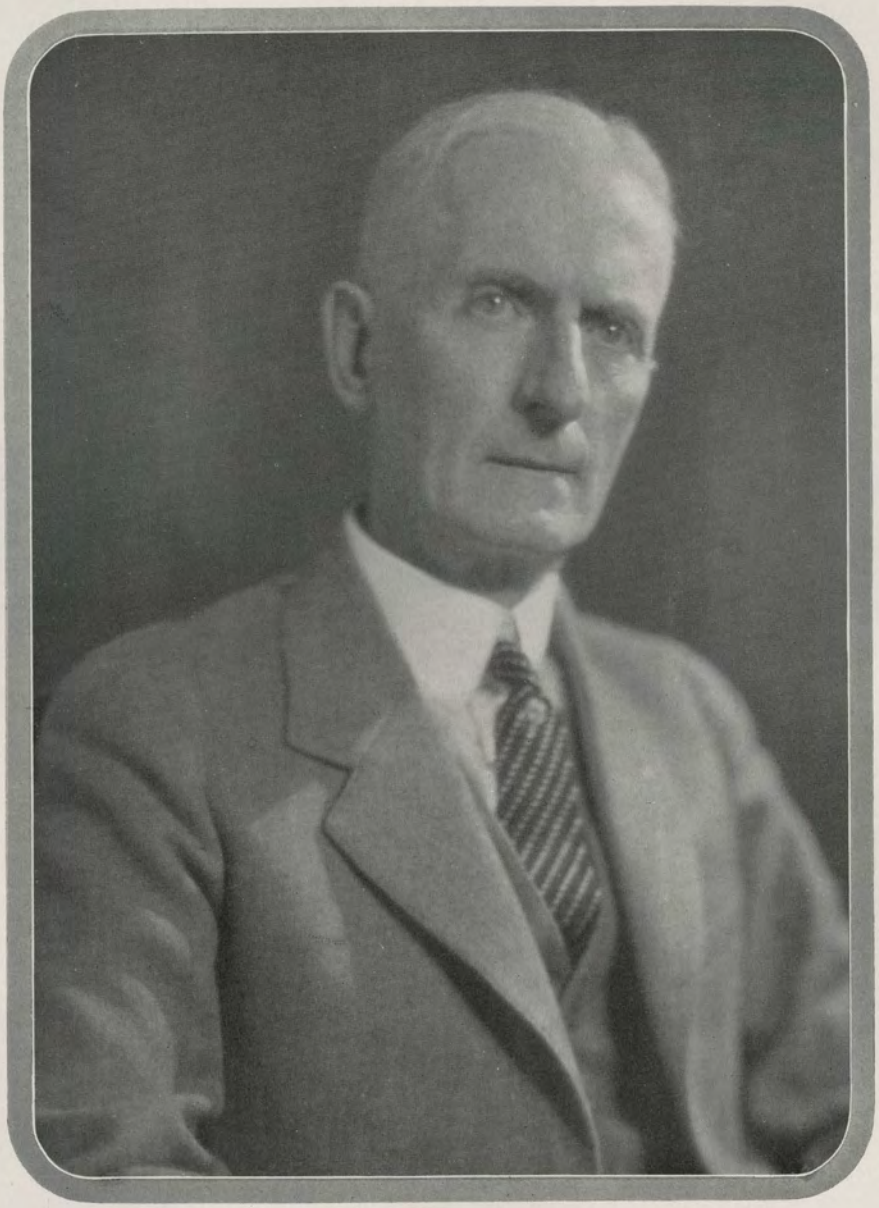
Our Alma Mater

OUR farewell to our Alma Mater cannot but be a sad one. During the past three years she has guided us by her maternal wisdom, laboring long and diligently to inculcate in us lofty aims and moral principles. May we be ever true and faithful to her teachings.


IN
MEMORIAM
A TRUE
TEACHER
✠ ✠
A LOYAL
FRIEND
GUY WHEELER SHALLIES

Contents

DEDICATION
PICTORIAL
FACULTY
CLASSES
ALUMNI
COMMENCEMENT
LITERARY
SORORITIES
HUMOR
ATHLETICS
ADVERTISEMENTS



Dr. George K. Hawkins

WITH graduation your whole outlook changes somewhat and broadens greatly. Your diplomas confer a new dignity and a new responsibility as well. The dignity you have fairly earned and it is my wish that you may enjoy it to the full. But the responsibility, too, is inseparably associated with that dignity and gives it substance and spirit. This it is which I hope will impress and inspire you with its burden for it is the obligation of honor---the "noblesse oblige"---which every aspiring soul among you must recognize and feel before distinction may be claimed.

Geo. F. Hawkins


H.M. Terwilleger
Marie A. McDonough
A. Norman Davis
Elizabeth J. Lawless
Marie M. Cronin
Lawrence E. Lefevre
Marion B. Perrin
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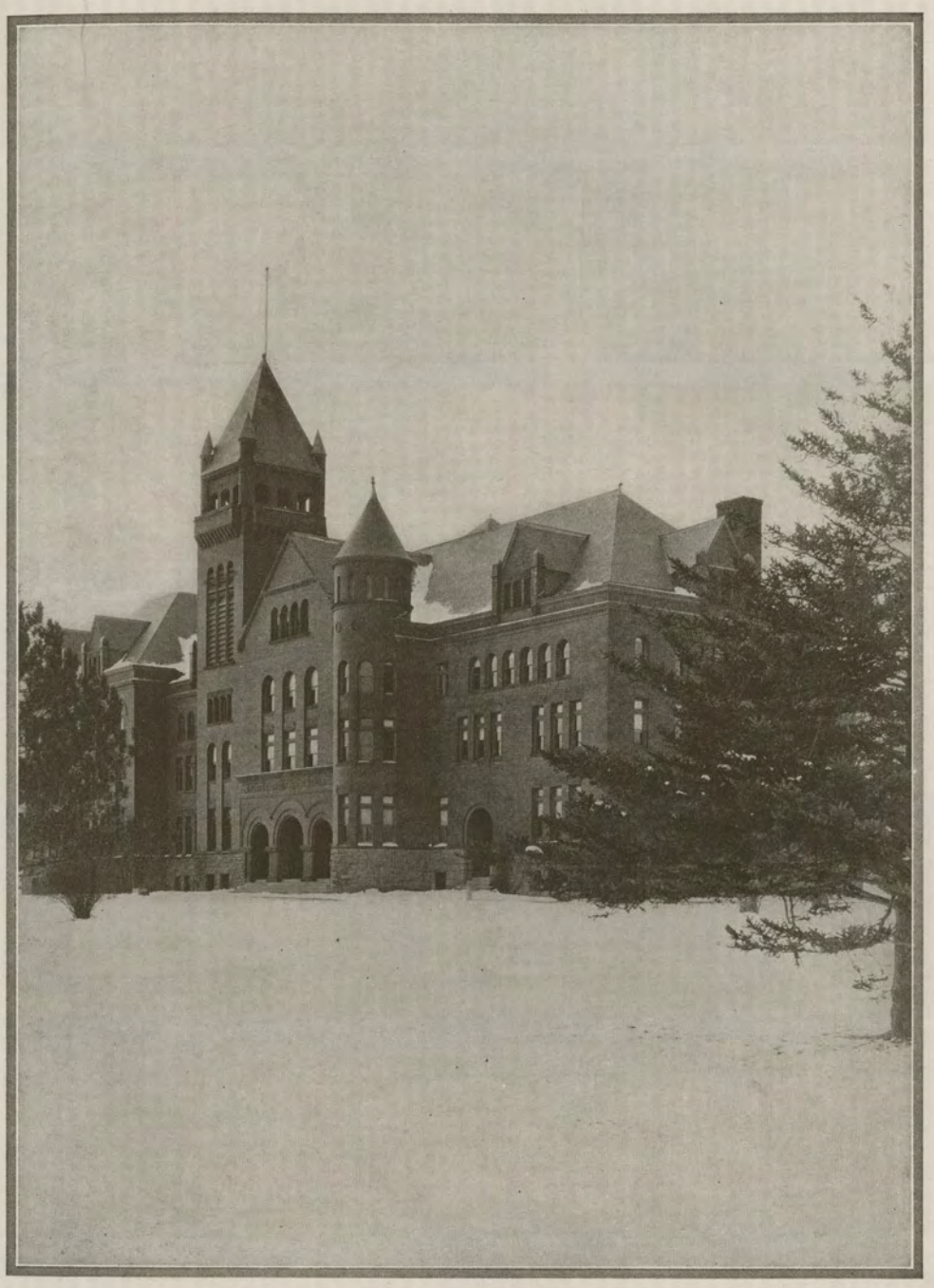
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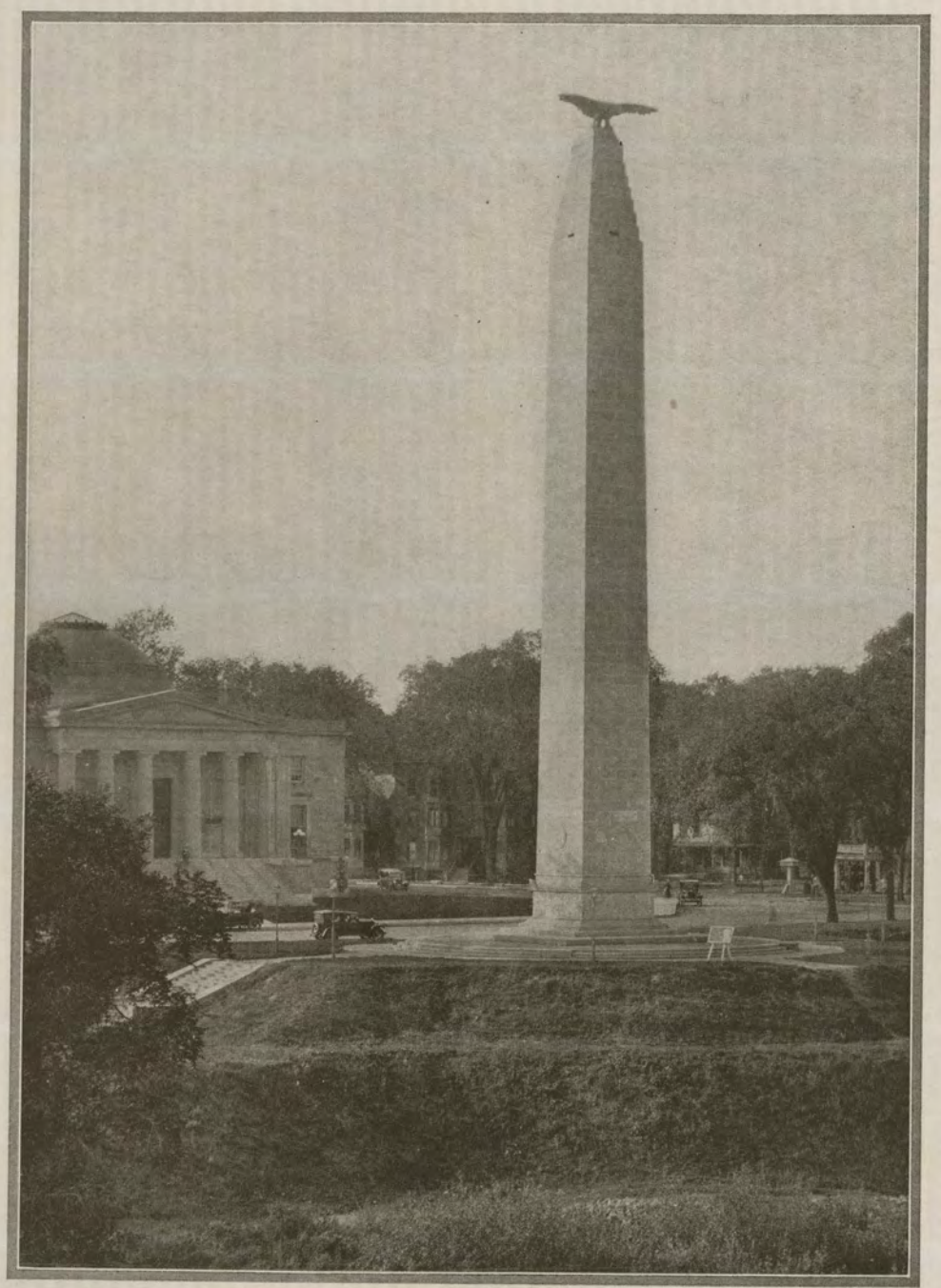
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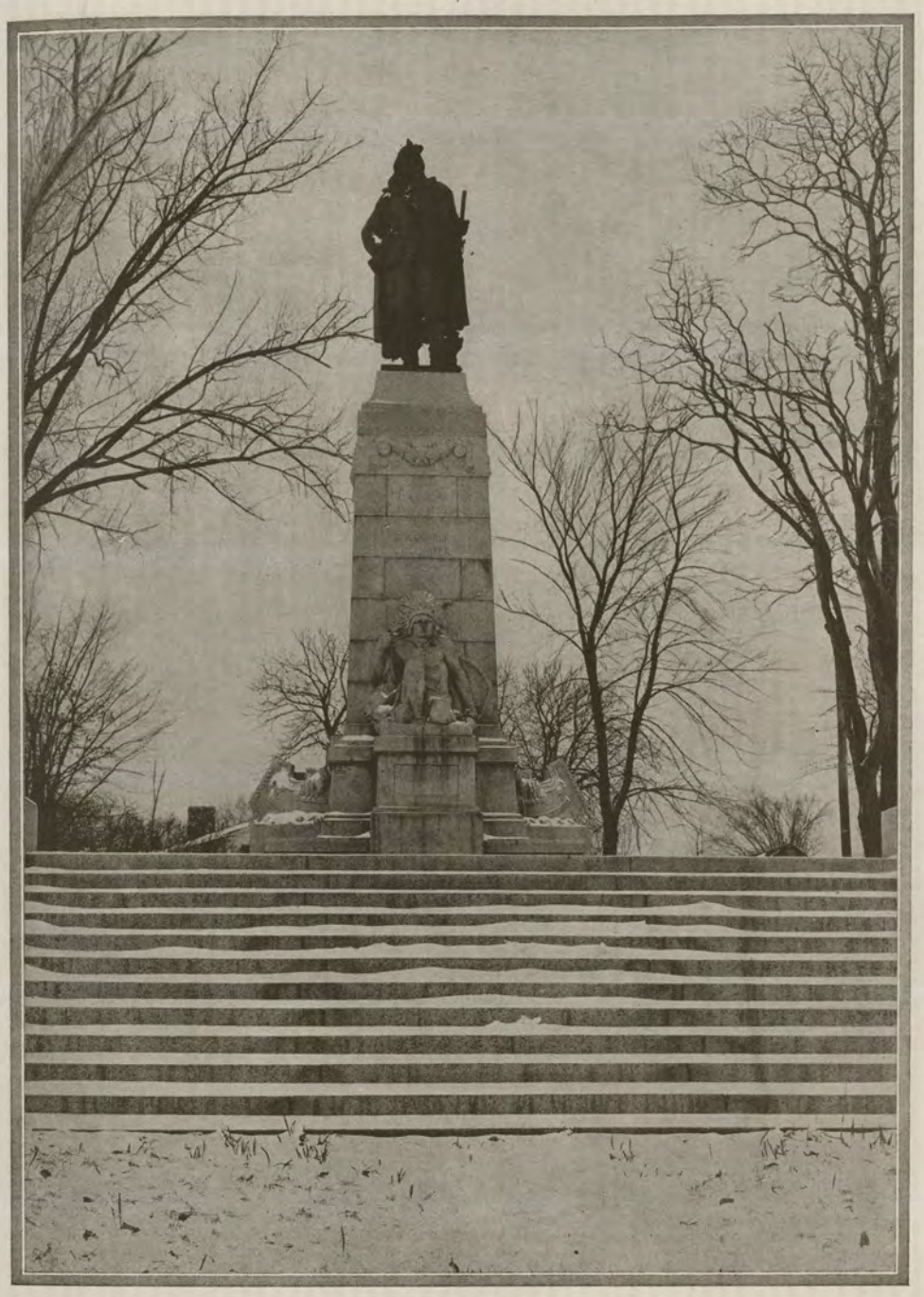
IN selecting the pictures which compose this pictorial section, we have attempted to gather those that have become most intimately associated with our days at Plattsburgh Normal. We hope that in years to come, these scenes may recall many happy days and pleasant memories.



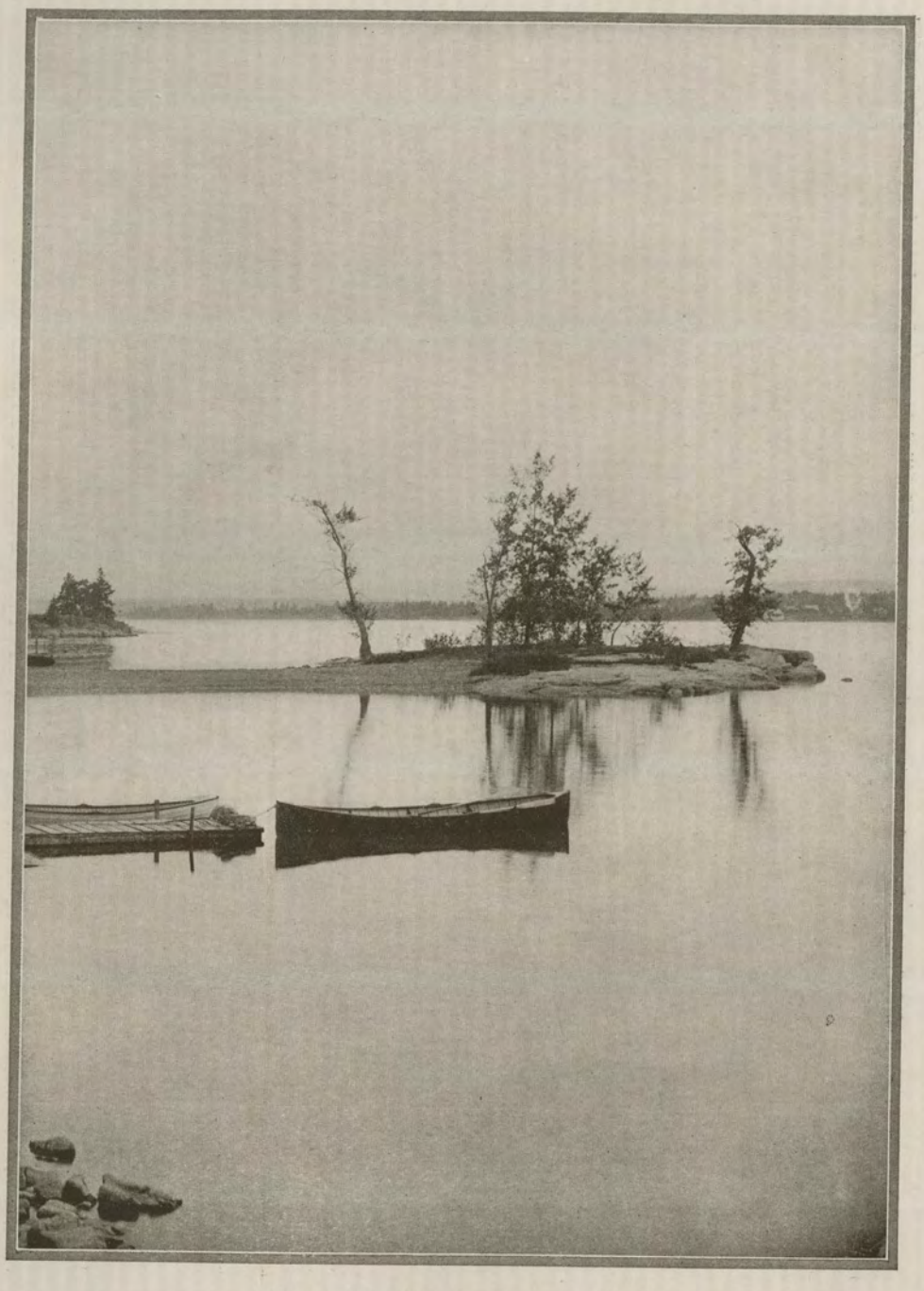
Thou shalt stand a constant beacon,
Crimson tow'rs against the sky.



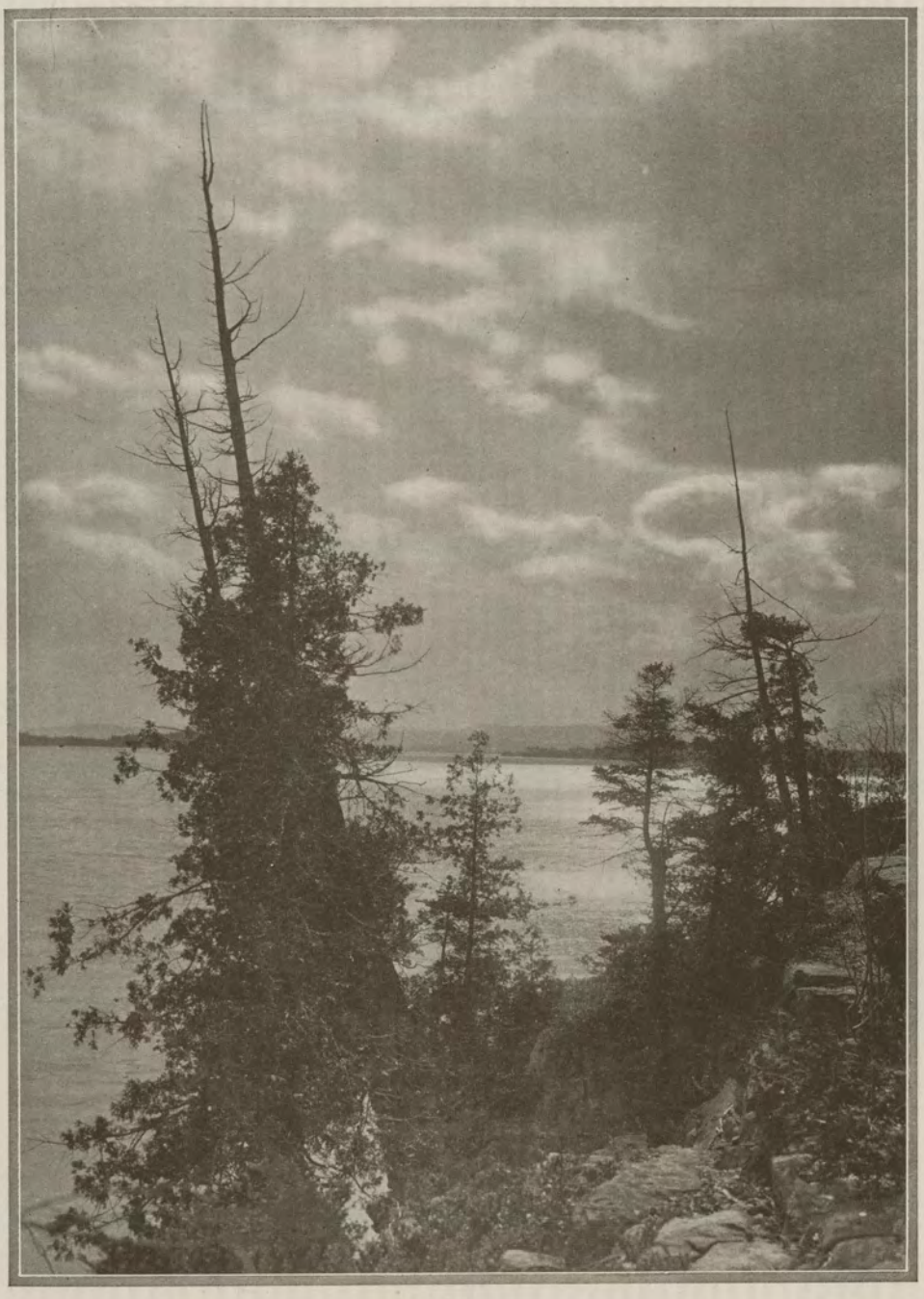
For the structure that we raise,
Time is with material filled;
Our todays and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.



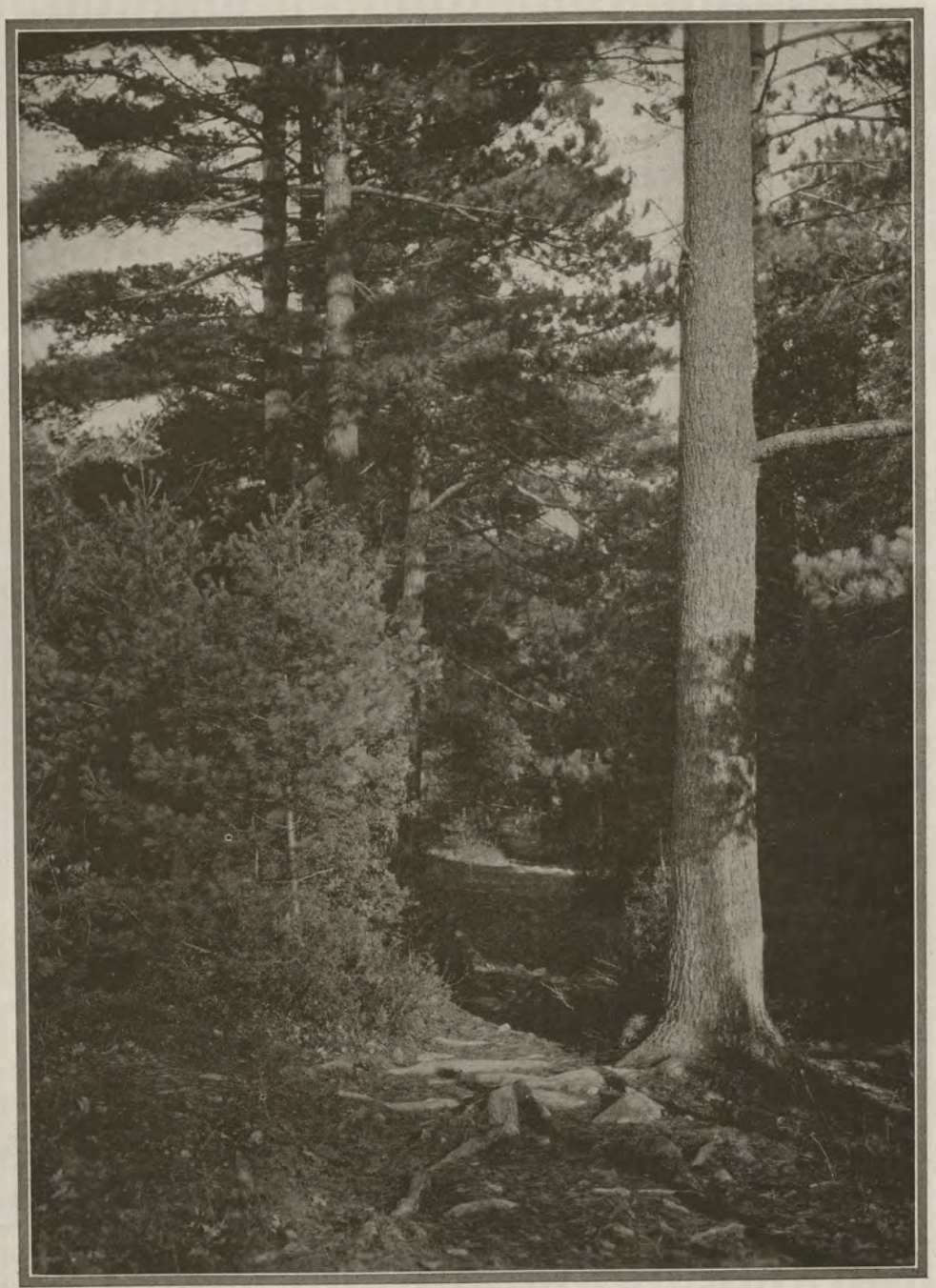
A sovereign symbol he has won,
By work and noble heritage.



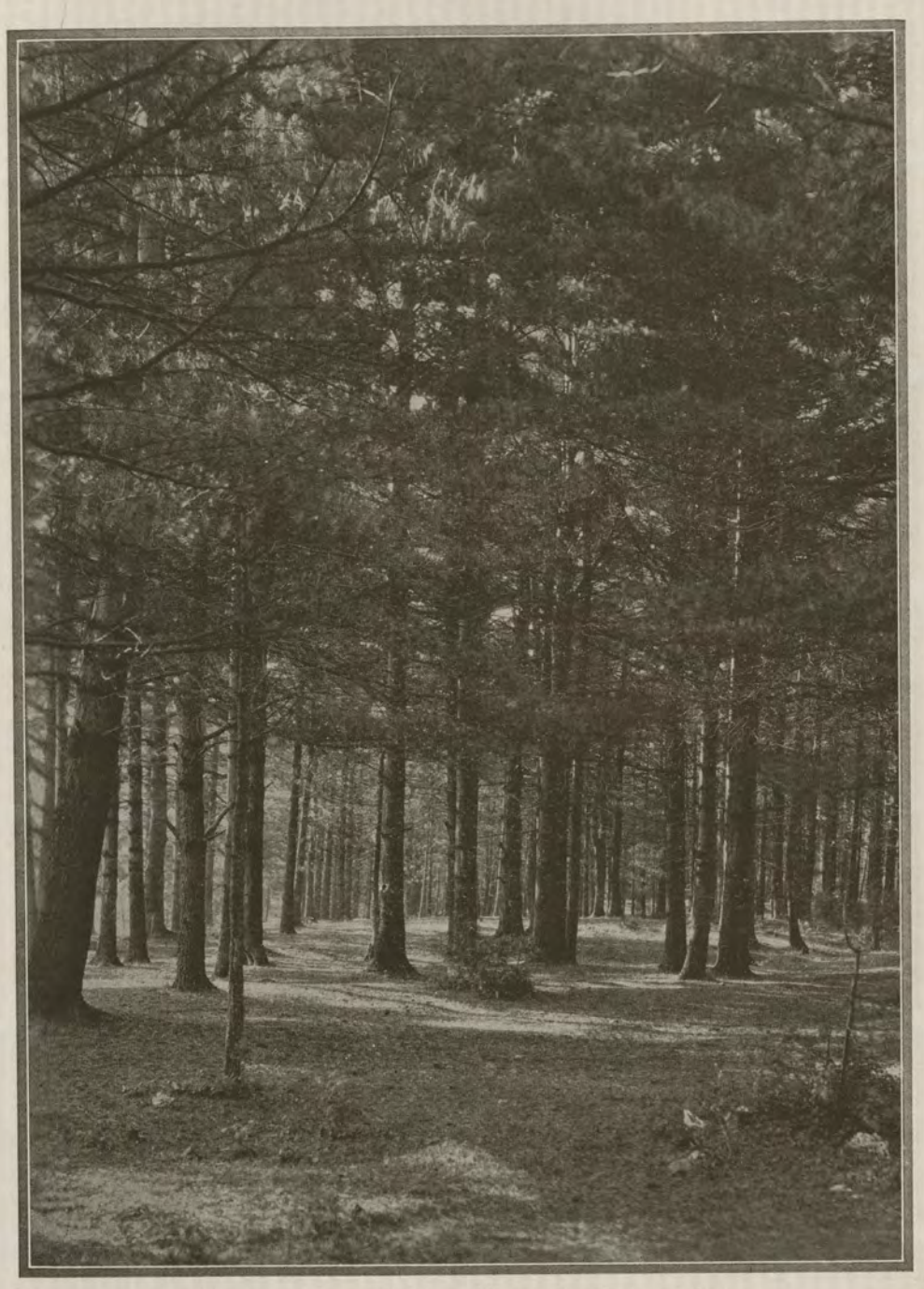
There lingers not a breeze to break,
The mirror which its waters make.



Twilight gently spreads its cloak of dusk
O'er our lovely lakes and hills.



Walking here, in twilight, O my friends!



'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs
The first flower of the plain.



There is a quiet spirit in these woods!



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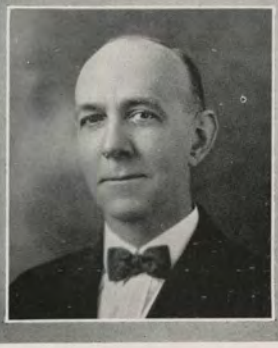
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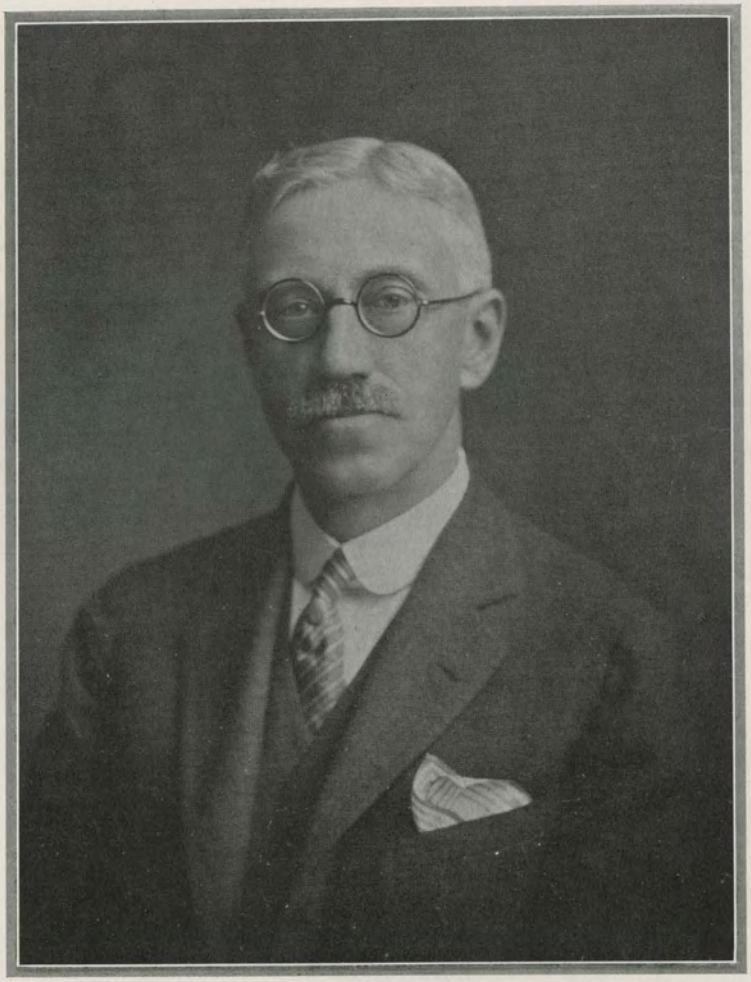
Plattsburgh Normal School; Wellesley College, A. B.; Course at Harvard Summer School.



CLASSES



SENIORS



Mr. W. G. Thompson

We teachers are the delegates of a power divine and the colaborers of human fathers and mothers in the sublime task of building character. Guided by well-drawn plans and specifications, let us put into our work honest material, trained skill, persevering effort, the zest of enthusiasm, and the finishing touch of art. Thus striving, we may hope, through the cooperation of many fellow-laborers, to erect structure that will be at once firm and beautiful, worthy of our eminent vocation.

W. G. Thompson



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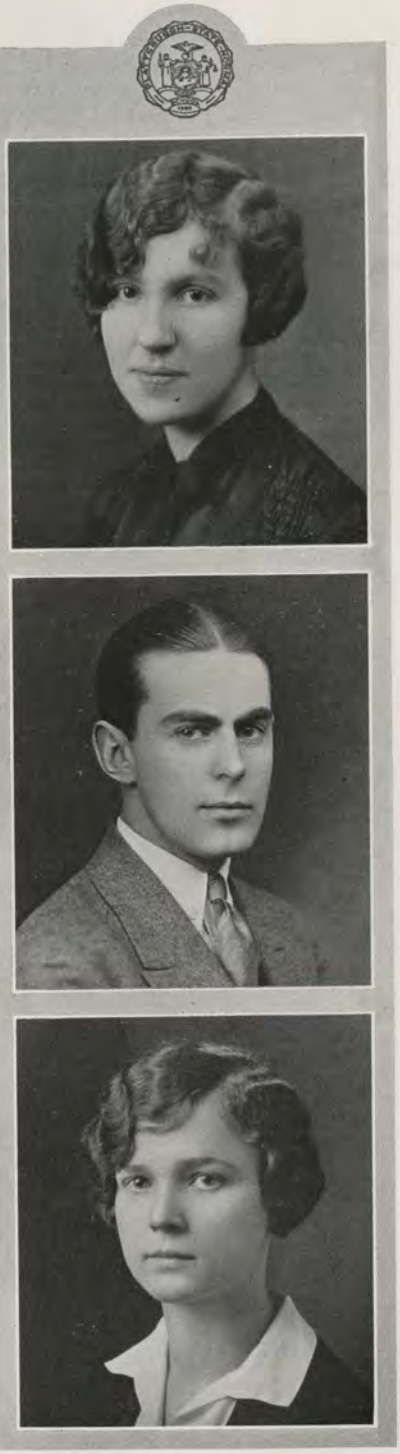
BLUE AND WHITE

Class Flower

WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUM

Class Motto

"BY COURAGE AND WISDOM WE WILL SUCCEED"



RUTH M. ALLEN — Peru, N. Y.

"General"

"For the one worth while is the one who can smile,
When everything goes dead wrong!"

You'd never think to look at Ruth that she had a perfect passion for songs. At least you'd never think of her as liking the songs she does. Now, we understand that "Chawley is my dawling" is her favorite song of songs. I wonder why, Ruth? We can all remember Ruth's smile no matter what kind of a day—rain, cloud, snow—the smile was always in evidence. She's just as good natured as her smile, too—but keep off her toes!

SPENCER B. AMES — Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"A *wise* old owl sat in an oak,
The more he heard, the less he spoke;
The less he spoke, the more *we* heard,
Now what do you think of this wise old bird?"

Δ Tri-Kappa

There are many adjectives that describe "Spud" and they all should be said with a drawl to get the proper effect. "Wise," "slick," "clever," "very clever," all apply to "Spud." And between you and me, did you ever notice his eyes? They are of that shade known as violet, and we believe that he originates his own ultra-violet rays. At any rate, they are the "seeingest" eyes! Not a thing slips by unnoticed.

Class Orator.

DORA ANTHONY — LaFargeville, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"She is little, she is wise,
She's a terror for her size!"

Δ Clio

Just think of all the great people that have died young—there's Edith Cavelle, Napoleon, Joan of Arc and others too numerous to name. And Dora admits that she doesn't feel too well herself. You'd never guess that such a small person could have such a big mind. She's one of the most earnest and industrious workers in our class, and between her and her Siamese twin, Beth, they've managed to keep us good natured with their inevitable candy box and good humor. We're sure that this clever, hard-working little lass will make a great success of her life.

President Δ Clio '27; Senior Class Play, "Applesauce"; Most Sensible; Honor Student.



J. BETH AUSTIN — Richford, Vt.

"Commercial"

"She is gifted with genius who knoweth much by natural talent."

Δ Clio

Beth and Dora could just as well have been the Siamese twins as they're always together. They surely have given us a good example of true friendship. Beth was charted at the head of her class when she came here three years ago, and she certainly has strengthened this position with honor marks. We are sure this little girl will "land" a big position.

Alumni Editor CARDINAL; Glee Club '26; Treasurer Δ Clio '27; Chairman Faculty Banquet '27; Honor Student.



MILDRED BAKER — Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"Oh what avails the sceptred race,
Oh what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Dear lady, all were thine."
—Walter Savage Lander.

Δ Clio

Introducing "Millie," the nonchalant little miss who might be seen strolling leisurely to class almost any morning just before the last bell. And "incredible dictu" the bell always seemed to wait until she got there before it rang. And—whisper—between you and me, 'tis said that she's rollin' (Roland) her own these days. All will be well if she doesn't start putting on "Ayres." Good luck to you, "Millie."



HAZEL BELLEGARDE — Whitehall, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"That smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art."
—Longfellow.

ΑΔ

When Hazel was a child she conceived the idea of being original as the one big thing in life. So *quæ cum ita sint* (as Cicero would put it) she set out forthwith to become original—and we frankly admit she has accomplished a neat job. She's the essence of originality. She wields a clever and facile pen and 'tis said she draws with no small amount of ability. Ah, Hazel, thou art favored of the gods!

President ΑΔ '26.



MILDRED BERKOWE Newburgh, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee, across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs."
—Wordsworth.

"Midge" is one of those girls who always takes things as they come—but she never leaves them that way. As soon as she gets her hands on them they change for the better. Her good nature and unceasing optimism never seem to vary much. She's a good scout and we like to have her around.

Glee Club '26; Most Talkative.



ALICE BILLINGS Saranac Lake, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"What time the daisy decks the green
Thy certain voice we hear
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?"
—Lozon.

Δ Clio

Who's that coming down the street? Who's that looking so petite? Alice! Who's that you know who I mean—sweetest girl we've ever seen? Alice! She's that kind—cute, peppy, never in a hurry, always gets there. She has a winning way all her own. She will undoubtedly be a good teacher, but we doubt greatly if she'll stay at it long!



MARY BOHON Cherubusco, N. Y.

"General"

"O Mary, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor."

ΑΚΦ

We're only beginning to really know Mary when it's time to say "good-bye" to her. For she came to us only in February of our last year. But we've seen enough of her to know that she possesses plenty of brains and some to spare. She just wouldn't know what to do with a mark under 98% And we don't think she'll have to find out either. We need more like her.

Honor Student.



HELENA BOWE — Fort Edward, N. Y.

"General"

"How oft a cloud, with envious veil,
Obscures yon bashful light."

—Moore.

It was only "Dolly's" reputation for being such a good scout that kept her from obscurity. We haven't seen so much of "Dolly" this year—she's been teaching and is only coming back to graduate with us. But during her two years in our midst she established herself firmly as one of us.



LILLIAN BOYLE — Westport, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"Is this the face that launched a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?"

—Marlowe.

Δ Clio

Athletic, full of life, always smiling, all-around good scout—this describes "Lil." On the basketball court she was one of the high lights, and we understand she held her own in the social world as well. "Lil" has great quantities of what Elinor Glyn calls "It," and those blue eyes of hers were meant for more than merely seeing things. And she's wise enough to realize the fact.

Basketball '25, '26, '27; Captain of Basketball '25, '26; Manager of Basketball '27; Tennis Team '26; Recording Secretary Δ Clio '27; Class Athlete.



MARY BRENNAN — Dannemora, N. Y.

"General"

"Love is thy youth, fair maid, be wise,
Old Time will make thee colder,
And though each morning new arise,
Yet we each day grow older."

ΑΚΦ

To look at Mary you would immediately catalogue her in some niche of your brain as a quiet and unassuming person, and it isn't at all easy to know her. But once you do know her, you'll revise your opinion. She's not half so quiet as she appears. She likes fun and athletics, particularly baseball, and she is as much at home knocking home runs as teaching first graders their A B C's. She makes a very good playmate —and you ought to see her eat!



HELEN E. BUCKLEY Peru, N. Y.

"General"

"Whose smile lends joy a double cheer,
Where lives the saint if such be known?
Speak softly—such an one is here!"
—Holmes.

Helen's most prominent, most beautiful and most envied feature is her hair. Her unshorn tresses with the natural marcel have caused us all a sigh or two, especially on rainy days. But do not think, gentle readers, that it is Helen's only asset—nay, her genial, happy disposition is as obvious as her hair—even more so, because she sometimes wears a hat! And the way she "Dodged" to and from Peru proved her a capable chauffeur. Yes siree, Helen's all right!

Glee Club '26.



ELBERT H. BURINGTON Watertown, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"The man of life upright
Whose guiltless heart is free."
—T. Campeon.

Δ Tri-Kappa

Have you seen a tall, rosy-cheeked, dark-haired chap cruising about the corridors or holding down one of the chairs in the Library? Well, that must have been "El." He seemed always to be absorbing knowledge while in the Library, but we'll confess 'twas not always from books he was gleaning it; and 'tis said he was quite a gay dog among the fair sex. We dread to think of the trail of panting hearts he will leave in his wake as he saunters through life. We wish you well, "El."

Cap and Gown Committee; Football '27.



OLIVE M. BUTCHER Sag Harbor, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"How can you bear to leave us,
How can you from us part?"

Δ Clio

In everyone's life there is some besetting sin or specialty. Olive's was smiling, and she could do that to perfection. Although not especially athletically inclined, we understand that "Butch" "Bolles" quite a bit and we wonder if she'll finally decide between the Dodge and the Studebaker. A good student, good friend, good company typifies "Butch."

Tennis Team '26, '27; Captain of Tennis Team '27; Delegate to Δ Clio Convocation '26, '27.



ETHEL M. CARLSON Jamestown, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day."

AKΦ

Ethel is known as one of "The Carlson Kids." She and her little playmate hailed from Jamestown and started right off to make things lively. Everyone thought of course that they were sisters, but for the illumination of those who may still be in the realm of darkness, we broadcast the fact that they're no relation. Ethel is a sincere soul—one of those tall, athletic, wholehearted girls with whom everything is all right, and who is always ready to help out.

President AKΦ '27; Glee Club '26.



GLADYS V. CARLSON Jamestown, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"Gray days are your gray eyes,
Gold days your hair."

AKΦ

This is the other "Carlson Kid." This vivacious blonde beauty is one of the most popular members of our class. And those feet of hers, how they can dance! Her brain, too, is quite as nimble as her feet, for the A's on "Glad's" report card were many—no one ever had to ask her, "Where'd you get those I's?" She was kept busy before and after school and between classes keeping Craig good natured, and she usually managed to do a pretty good job at it. "Glad" bids fair to be one of the illustrious ones of our alumni.

Assistant Literary Editor CARDINAL; President AKΦ '27; Delegate to AKΦ Convocation '27; Secretary AKΦ '26; School Play, "Let's All Get Married," '25; Class Dancer; Honor Student.



MAE I. CHELLIS Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"The darts of toil and sorrow, sent
Against your peaceful beauty, are
As foolish and as impotent
As winds that blow against a star."
—Kilmer.

AKΦ

You couldn't ask for a better sport or better company than "Bobbie." She was hardly ever out of sorts and if she did raise a little dust now and then, it only made her more interesting. She has a deep and vital interest in law—and lawyers. It wouldn't surprise us too much if she eventually took up the study herself—maybe at Fordham! Her latest interest is a deep one. Well, well, Wells! Mayhap this latest penchant explains her frequent visits to Glens Falls, eh, "Bobs"?

Secretary AKΦ '26.



HELEN M. CLARK Florence, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"So calm, so gentle and so ——
You'd be surprised!

"Clarkie's" a great tennis enthusiast. From the time the frost leaves the ground in the spring till the snow covers the court in the fall, this agile Miss could be seen at almost any hour of the day, when she was free from classes. She's always wide awake, keen, alert to what's going on about her, and ready with an answer for all comers. She is well able to look out for herself in life, and we feel sure that she will succeed in the teaching field as well as on the tennis court.

Glee Club '26; Outdoor Club '27.



ROSWELL F. CLUKEY Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"Is this that haughty, gallant, gay Lothario?"
—Rowe.

Δ Tri-Kappa

"Ros" joined us in our Junior year. He'd had a year of Normal and then took another off before he came back. He was welcomed with open arms. He made the basketball team and was elected to the Athletic Council. In general everyone made a big fuss over him and he was more or less a hero—à la prodigal son. We wish to impress the fact that everyone tried to make him happy and contented. And then—what is our reward? What does "Ros" do, but fall in love! Now we ask you—.

President Athletic Association '27; Treasurer Athletic Association '26; Basketball '24, '26, '27; Glee Club '26; Most Romantic.



FANNIE E. COLLINS Saranac, N. Y.

"General"

"Music when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory."
—Shelley.

ΑΚΦ

Meet the girl friend! We tell you confidentially, gentle readers, whenever you're in need of an alibi, Fannie will fix you up. Her intense interest in Darwinism has caused no end of comment, but we have our suspicions that under those masses of unbobbed waves (which she assures you vehemently are *not* auburn) reposes a great amount of knowledge about our prehistoric brethren—especially the gorilla variety. How about it, "Fan"?



JAMES COLLINS — Valhalla, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"For he could talk with crowds and keep his virtue
Or walk with kings nor lose the common touch."
—Kipling.

Δ Tri-Kappa

"Jimmy's" a gentleman. He must be—he prefers blondes. But we don't hold that against him—better men than—well, so did Gungha Din. "Jim" holds the distinction of being the wittiest member of the Senior class, and that's no joke. He always had a snappy come-back ready. And that essay of his! All along the way as we've gone through Normal, "Jimmy's" real Irish wit and smile of the same nationality have brightened many an hour, and the best wishes of the Class of '27 go with him.

President Tri-Kappa '27; Football Team '27; Captain Football Team '27; Athletic Council '27; President Tennis Club '26; Glee Club '26; Senior Play, "Applesause"; Wittiest.



LORENA COLLINS — Morrisonville, N. Y.

"General"

"Though Heaven is better; being here
I long not to be there."
—Bates.

We can't make up our minds how to classify Lorena. We just about decide that she's the quiet sort, when she up and changes our mind again and we're as far at sea as ever. It would be safest and perhaps more nearly correct to say that she's the happy medium.



ALICE J. COONS — Mohawk, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are."
—Coleridge.

ΑΚΦ

Statistics prove that Alice is the cutest girl among our number, and for once we agree with the statistics. "Coonsie" doesn't have a great deal to say, but what she lacks in loquacity she more than makes up in amiability. She isn't much bigger than a pint of honey, but she's every bit as sweet. We wonder what will become of "Charlie" when "Coonsie" leaves town—or maybe she will not leave!

Secretary ΑΚΦ '26; Cutest.



AUGUSTIN L. COSGROVE Peekskill, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"'Jimmy' had a roommate,
As most of you must know,
And wheresoever 'Jimmy' went
There 'Gus' was sure to go."

Δ Tri-Kappa

"Gus" and "Jim" were the only rivals of the gold dust twins. It's a case of association by contiguity—whenever you think of one, you invariably think of the other. "Gus" distinguished himself on the gridiron as well as in the classroom. He's the sort of person you like to have around—cheerful, resourceful and a good worker.

Athletic Editor CARDINAL; Football Team '27; Basketball Team '27; Treasurer Tri-Kappa '27; Manager Tennis Team '26; Tennis Team '26-'27; Most Ambitious; Honor Student.

GERTRUDE M. COULON Redford, N. Y.

"General"

"Haste thee nymph and bring with thee
Jest and youth and jollity."

—Milton.

This is the girl you've been looking for all along—Gertrude, alias "Gert," alias "Chickie." The only difference between her and Sarah Bernhardt is that "Sadie" had a wider reputation. This black-eyed rogue could promulgate more mischief in class than anyone we know of, and then—that baby stare! But she couldn't fool "Daddy"! "Gert" has just enough of that Pollyanna temperament to make her interesting and she's a sure cure for the blues. We feel sure that she'll make her mark in life and, incidentally, be a first-class teacher.

MARIE F. CRONIN Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"General"

"Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together."

—Rossetti.

ΑΚΦ

All hail our class beauty!—and we all agree we made the right choice. Those lovely eyes and fair skin!—but we should not overlook her other qualities. Marie is the possessor of a beautiful, soft, mellow voice which one never tires of hearing. She also draws the bow on the viola with dexterity. Last, but far from least, we cannot forget her dramatic ability which she has displayed many times in school plays and home talent productions of the city. We are proud to have her as a member of our class. We wish her all success in the future.

Vice-President '25, '26, '27; Literary Editor CARDINAL; Orchestra '26, '27; Glee Club '26, '27; Glee Club Octette; Class Beauty; Honor Student.



CLARA B. CRONKRITE Ithaca, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"To divert myself from a troublesome fancy,
'Tis but to run to my books. They always
Receive me with the same kindness."
—Montaigne.

Clara is a lover of books and of nature. When one is looking for her, we direct him either to a library, where she is pouring over some deep book, or to the great open spaces, where she is studying the beauties of nature. Clara's great love for outdoor life has shown itself in her success with the Outdoor Club. Those who were fortunate enough to hear Clara's essay will realize the enjoyment she gets out of hiking. We feel sure that Clara's "sticktoitiveness" will attain great success for her.

President Outdoor Club '27; Most Intelligent; Valedictorian.



MARGARET E. DANIELS LaFargeville, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"She utters rhyme and reason."

Δ Clio

When "Peggy" first came to us she was adorned with a head of hair which marked her as one of the much-heralded "old-fashioned girls." Her locks were innocent of the barber's shears. But now—her crowning glory has given way to a smart bob, and we're quite willing to admit that it made a big difference. You see what one year of Normal life will do! "Peggy" is oratorically inclined and on many occasions she has royally entertained us with her inimitable rendition of the classics.

President Δ Clio '27; Vice-President Δ Clio '26; Glee Club '26; Senior Class Play, "Applesauce."



MADGE M. CURRY Ellenburg Center, N. Y.

"General"

"Sweet stream, that winds through yonder glade,
Apt emblem of a virtuous maid—
Silent and chaste she steals along,
Far from the world's gay busy throng."

She's the kind of a girl that teachers love to have in classes. No matter what the subject, she is well prepared, and her native intelligence and wide practical knowledge make it possible for her to expound on that topic. We understand that school subjects do not monopolize all of her time, however. A certain blonde, curly-haired young man hailing from Peru takes up some of her spare hours.

Honor Student.



A. NORMAN DAVIS Shelter Island Heights, L.I.

"Commercial"

"A combination and a form indeed
Where every god did seem to set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man."
—Shakespeare.

Δ Tri-Kappa

"Norm" is another excellent example of what three years in Normal will do for a person. When he first blew in from Shelter Island Heights he was as modest and retiring a young man as you'd want to meet. We thought surely he was afflicted with an inferiority complex. But how he has changed and he dominates all of our activities with a force that only he knows how to use. "Norm" has accomplished a great deal for his class, and the CARDINAL owes a great share of its success to its capable business manager, "Norm" Davis.

Business Manager of CARDINAL; CARDINAL Staff '25, '26, '27; Glee Club '26; Secretary and Treasurer Glee Club '26; School Plays, "Let's All Get Married" '25, "Tell the Truth" '26, Senior Class Play "Applesauce"; Class Booster; Honor Student.



ALGER A. DAVIS Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"He was in logic a great critic."
—Butler.

Δ Tri-Kappa

"Algy" has many attractions. One is his curly blond hair, another is his ability on the tennis court, another is his Ford coupé, and last, but not least, is his colossal faculty for bluffing. It must have been a combination of all of these that attracted the raven-haired little "General" to him so strongly. Madge and "Algy" have been hitting it off ever since they first entered Normal, and we understand it's a sure thing in the spring!

Basketball '27; Tennis Team '26, '27; Class Bluff; Honor Student.



EDNA DAVIS Brownville, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"Her voice is ever soft, gentle and low."

We didn't know Edna could make any noise until the day she was posted for her essay. Until then we had thought she was unquestionably the quietest person in the world. Now we've decided she's the second quietest. She's the kind who never says much but she always has something to say when called upon. Edna is a most refreshing person to have around and we'll miss her.



HALLIE A. DAVISON Mooers Forks, N. Y.

"General"

"Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
—Shakespeare.

One of the teachers once said, "Miss Davison is brass on the outside and gold on the inside." We wish to amend this statement by saying that she's gold all the way through. To "Davey" is given the happy combination of good sportsmanship seasoned with sound common sense and a sense of humor; one of her most attractive qualities is her willingness at all times to lend a helping hand to whoever needs it. Her pretty, rich contralto voice will be no small factor in making for her success in life.

Glee Club '26-'27; Glee Club Octette; Honor Student.



LULU I. DEVINS Peasleville, N. Y.

"General"

"Teach me half the gladness
That the brain must know."
—Shelley.

And here, folks, is Lulu, the girl with the passionate hair, the demure expression and the rougish eyes, and one of the most ambitious girls in school. She has been one of our hardest and most consistent workers and deserves the long rest which she most assuredly will not have. She couldn't rest if she wanted to—she just isn't made that way. Undoubtedly "Lu" will go further along the roadway of knowledge. We shouldn't be surprised if she specialized in, say history or sociology or economics; she always liked those subjects; we wonder why! Maybe athletics will claim her. Whatever she does, she's sure to succeed.

Basketball '26-'27; Glee Club '26.



MANDANA E. DISOTELL Westport, N. Y.

"General"

"Her touch was cool as flowers
And Oh! her voice was kind!"
—Stewart Hall.

"Mandy" has the rare combination of abilities that make her liked by both students and teachers. She's studious without being a grind—quiet, without having an excess of dignity—conscientious, without being a poor sport. She's a very sweet, unselfish little person and is always thinking of others. She's always among the first to remember a sick friend and I think that she's one that will be remembered longest by the most of us.

Honor Student.



MYRA E. DOWNEY Clayburg, N. Y.

"General"

"All skies are fair
To trusting hearts, when once their truth is tried."

—Taylor.

Myra started in with the Class of '26, but after two years, seeing the error of her ways, she left and taught a year, then came back to finish up and graduate with us. Well, you can't hate her for that. Her year out wasn't wasted either—judging from the amount of correspondence that plies between Plattsburgh and Saranac. No, sir—Myra made considerable headway. We hope she won't decide to abandon her professional career too soon for a domestic one, but then you never can tell!



AGNES M. DUPRAS Clayburg, N. Y.

"General"

"What sweet delight a quiet life affords."

We're sorry about "Mug's" picture. It's a good professional, but she looks too school ma-amish. It doesn't show her smile, which is so essentially characteristic of her. "Mug's" is—well we won't tell how old—but she's young to be finishing Normal. She's a hard worker, too. She has so many ideas that she can't talk fast enough to get them all out, though she does try hard. Some people are wondering about her interest in stairways, but for those, we announce that it isn't the whole stairway, it's only the Newell—isn't it, Mug's"?



DOROTHY L. DUPRAS Clayburg, N. Y.

"General"

"So my task here below
Is a-singing to rove;
If pleasure I sow,
Shall I not reap love?"

—Thackery.

This is the other half of that famous duet—the Dupras sisters. She's still a Dupras, but it won't be long now! We thought she was going to be true to our spinster's profession, but Santa Claus brought her a diamond ring; and it didn't take much to change her mind. Most of us are going to be school ma'ams, but "Dot" seems to have her mind set on being a Butler.



ANNA M. FINNELL Cherubusco, N. Y.

"General"

"A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command,
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel-light."
—Wordsworth.

AKΦ

"Anne" is our heritage from the Class of '25, and how that girl could study! If anything less than an "A" appeared on her report card we wondered what had happened. Now from all this, you'd naturally gather that "Anne" was a quiet, shy, bashful little thing but we've heard that there is an excellent reason for her not wanting to get very far away from Chateaugay. We don't blame you either, "Anne."

President AKΦ '24; Secretary AKΦ '23; Salutatorian.



KATHLEEN M. FORTUNE Keeseville, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"Is she not more than painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy when they love?"
—Rowe.

It might just as well have been Kathleen Mavourneen, for this sweet, vivacious little maiden looks as if she had just come from kissing the Blarney stone. We've never seen her when she wasn't hurrying somewhere. Her perennially sunny disposition has made us feel that every cloud has a silver lining, and we always found it when Kathleen was around.



GRACE A. GALVIN Cadyville, N. Y.

"General"

"Eyes of blue; she's Irish, too!
The top o' the morning, folks, to you!"

The latest report has it that Grace is going to be a history teacher. The rumor isn't official but we know that certain parts of history fascinate her—particularly the Norman conquests. Grace has about everything anyone needs in order to get along—poise, pep and perseverance. That she is as smooth as a teacher is a foregone conclusion. Our best to you, Grace!



HELEN GERBA Passaic, N. J.

"General"

"A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!"
—Wordsworth.

This cheerful little miss from Passaic wandered far from home soil to obtain an education. Now she's going back, with a host of friends to her credit. "Jerb" is irresistible—she just draws people to her without trying, and they couldn't resist if they wanted to—though we can't imagine anyone's being stupid as to want to. Just as things would begin to lag or get tiresome up would bob "Jerb" with one of those great big grins. She and her roommate, "Mart," have smiled their way through Normal, overcoming any little obstacles in their way.

Assistant Editor CARDINAL.



BLANDINA H. GIFFORD Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

"General"

"She walks in beauty, like the night."
—Byron.

Δ Clio

Now here's a wide-awake young lady who seems quiet enough to the casual observer, but who never misses a trick. This lassie from Hoosick Falls "drags" well with both students and faculty and manages always to be on hand when the good things are passed around. We question whether she's actually interested in storage batteries—one would never think it—but she's unquestionably interested in some Willard or other! We have every reason to feel confident that "Blissy" will make a success of anything she turns her mind to.

Recording Secretary Δ Clio '26; Honor Student.



ANGELA G. GIROUX Westport, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"My life is not dated by years—
There are moments which act as a plow
And there is not a furrow appears
But is deep in my soul as my brow."
—Byron.

ΑΔ

We have an ancient grudge against Angela. It irks us to think that she has withheld the fact that she plays the violin skilfully. Think of the pleasure she has denied us, and what the orchestra has missed. Never mind, Angela, you'll be sorry! But what she's denied us in the musical line she's made up in sunshine and good nature, so we can't kick too much.

Treasurer ΑΔ; Glee Club '26.



RITA M. HARNEY Cadyville, N. Y.

"General"

"No soul can ever clearly see
Another's highest, noblest part;
Save through sweet philosophy."

—Cary.

Gaze gently, folks, or Rita's blushes will set fire to the page. It's a generally conceded fact among us all that girlish and shy as the rest of us may be, Rita has us all stopped. She can register more blushes per second than Harold Lloyd's grins. We understand that she prefers Chrysler roadsters but of course that information isn't official. But she'll undoubtedly blush her way through life into a successful career—who knows?



FRANCIS P. HARON Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"Native goodness is unconscious, asks not to be recognized."

—Taylor.

Δ Tri-Kappa

"Midge" came to us from Plattsburgh High with an already brilliant record on the basketball court, and he proceeded to take up his Normal career where his high school one left off. He was acclaimed by popular vote the handsomest man in the Senior class, and, considering the competition he had, this was no mean honor. Could he dance???? Charleston, tango, Apache dances or what have you—were all one to him. He could interpret the most intricate of them. And that's not all. He has more feminine admirers than Babe Ruth has home runs!

Treasurer '27; Basketball '25, '26, '27; Captain Basketball '25, '27; Handsomest.



WINIFRED M. HARRICA Lyon Mountain, N.Y.

"General"

"Great deeds cannot die;
They with the sun and moon renew their light
Forever, blessing those that look on them."

—Tennyson.

We wonder if "Winnie" will buy a little farm out West somewhere and give her time to the butter and egg business. For we understand that butter and egg men hold a particular charm for her. She surely has been consistent in pursuing her likings. In all our ups and downs through three years of Normal life, "Winnie" has proved a good sport, loyal classmate and a true friend.



HAZEL HONSINGER West Chazy, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"Rose in the bud—
Are you afraid to bloom in crimson splendor
Lest someone come and steal your heart away?"

Hazel has a start on the rest of us. She's had considerable experience in teaching which will stand her in good stead in her future career. She is also a pianist of no mean caliber. It's too bad she is so modest about her accomplishments —many of our number are wholly unaware of her talents. Her favorite occupation seems to be wrenching knowledge from books. Good luck to you, Hazel.



MARY HUGHES Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"A chronicle of actions just and bright—
There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine
And since thou owns't that praise, I spare thee mine."
—Cowper.

AKΦ

You've heard about the good things that come in small packages? Well, Mary is a shining example of this truth. She hasn't a great deal to say, but when she occasionally does speak, you may be sure it will be of something worth while. Mary is not strong for anything loud or showy—she's just matter-of-fact and endowed with the right amount of common sense.

Vice-President AKΦ '27; Secretary AKΦ '26.



HELEN JUDGE Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"Beautiful as sweet,
And young as beautiful, and soft as young,
And gay as soft, and innocent as gay."
—Young.

AKΦ

It's hard to describe Helen, because she's so full of contradictions. We might decide to think of her as fairy-like, but just about then she'd emit one of those giggles of hers and we'd decide that fairy-like wasn't it. So we've resolved to state the facts and then advocate liberal interpretation on the part of the reader. She's tiny, graceful, chic, blonde and full of fun. Now draw your own conclusions.

Best Dresser.



ADELE H. KAEMPF West New York, N. J.

"Commercial"

"To thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day
Thou canst not then be false to any man."
—Shakespeare.

AΔ

Adele is a fortunate girl! In these days of illusions she still has an ideal and she clings to it. She doesn't give a definite definition of this ideal, but she's always searching for it, and has yet to find it. Intelligent, enthusiastic, original, she is always ready equally for a debate in sociology or a tutoring game in bridge. She is musically inclined, too, and can render the most difficult classics with ease and skill.

Outdoor Club '27; President AΔ '26, '27; Delegate AΔ Convocation '26, '27; Glee Club '26; Honor Student.



MARTHA KIEVETT Passaic, N. J.

"General"

"I wish that friends were always true
And motives always pure."
—Saxe.

A busy classroom, the debatable point of the effect of liquor on efficiency; the question "How is it some people can drink more than others with approximately no difference in ability?" A momentary silence—and then "Individual differences" out of a clear sky comes "Mart's" stock answer, "when in doubt lead trump" well—if "Mart" is in doubt she does just that—gives her trump answer. She's just like that—when one gets all settled in some point, it's the usual thing to hear her voice, with its drawl and faint biting irony, putting some humor into the thing.



EMILY KUPISEWSKI Garfield, N. J.

"Commercial"

"Is she not passing fair?"

AΔ

Emily's most outstanding feature is her difficult last name, as for all practical purposes we've shortened it to "Kup." And it really seems more appropriate for such a petite maid. Emily's vivacity and pretty smile have been milestones along the way and we envy those with whom she will come in contact in the future.

Outdoor Club '27; Vice-President AΔ '26; Secretary AΔ '25; Glee Club '26.



RUTH LABARE Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"General"

"Fills each day's full measure up
With service sweet and patient hope."
—Brown.

Normal has accomplished a great deal for Ruth. For instance, during her Senior year she did not have the trouble in staying awake during classes that she seemed to experience during her Freshman year. Let this be an inspiration to the struggling Freshmen. We've no doubt that Ruth will travel in England. The way she has of saying "I have been" is decidedly Oxford. She may study harmony there. Well, why not?



MARY LAMOY Glens Falls, N. Y.

"General"

"How beautiful to live as thou doest live!"
—Tennyson.

AΔ

It does seem that we have a crowd of quiet girls in our class. Here's another. Mary must have been Stevenson's idea of the perfectly behaved child, for she never "spoke except when spoken to." We wonder how she'll manage to get on in a classroom, but there's no danger of her not knowing what to do when she's on her own.



RUTH E. LANGFORD Waterford, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"The sunshine of thine eyes
Oh still, celestial beam!"
—Lathrop.

Δ Clio

If "Tex" didn't have another thing except her southern drawl, she'd still be as popular as she is. It's as music to our ears—we almost think we're on a southern plantation when she speaks. "Tex" played the Good Samaritan with her box of candy always at hand to tempt those creatures who were trying to reduce, to indulge in the delightfully unhygienic practice of eating candy between meals. We don't know what we'd have done without her.

Glee Club '26; Recording Secretary Δ Clio '27.



ELIZABETH J. LAWLESS Troy, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"I chatter, chatter, as I go."—Tennyson.

AKΦ

Here she is—"Betty" Jane Lawless of Plattsburgh and Troy. We have to condense what we want to say about "Betty" into as few words as possible to conform with our space. "Betty" plays a good game of basketball, has handled the megaphone capably for three years, sings, is a first-class student, and last but by no means least, she's an accomplished actress. Since she's been in Plattsburgh she's taken part in more plays than you could shake a stick at. And talk—ye gods. But she always has plenty to talk about, so we don't blame her. The financial success of the CARDINAL is due in a large part to "Betty's" efforts. Among her other activities she takes care of "Don."

Advertising Editor CARDINAL; Vice-President Athletic Association '26; Representative Athletic Association '25; Basketball '26; Cheer Leader '25, '26, '27; Glee Club '26; President AKΦ '27; Delegate to AKΦ Convocation '26; School Play, "Tell the Truth" '26; Senior Class Play, "Applesauce"; Most Attractive; Honor Student.



LAWRENCE E. LEFEVRE Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"He serves all who dare be true."—Emerson.

Δ Tri-Kappa

This serious-looking youth is of the artistic temperament. He is a fine violinist, has a good tenor voice, and in addition is very clever with the pen. He is responsible for most of the drawings in this book. We never thought of calling him "Larry" or any such frivolous nickname, he's just Lawrence, a good friend and capable student.

Art Editor CARDINAL; Orchestra '25, '26, '27; Glee Club '26; President Glee Club '26; Junior Prom Committee.



EUGENIA LYNCH Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"General"

"I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true."

"Jean's" career in Normal has been rather spasmodic. She started with the Class of '23, left and taught for a for a few years, and now we're happy to think that she came back to complete her work and graduate with us. This quiet, agreeable, unassuming, auburn-haired young woman is also very accomplished, although she's so modest about her talents that many people do not know that she plays the piano and paints beautifully. During her two years with us "Jean" has won an enviable place in all our affections and we'll remember her long after we've ceased to sit in class with her.



KATHERINE McCAFFREY
Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"This is all my choice—my cheer—
A mind content, a conscience clear."
—Sylvester.

AKΦ

There's only one of a kind and "Kay" is it—especially when it comes to speaking her mind. No one need ever wonder how they stand with "Kay," because she doesn't take particular pains to hide her convictions. She has the typical Celtic temperament—straightforward, friendly, sincere, and humorous. Her attractive personality and genuine ability will make many friends for her.

Honor Student.



MARION McCARTHY Syracuse, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt I love."
—Shakespeare.

Here's a young lady who "knows what it's all about." Marion is just as full of business as a plum pie is full of plums. She's clever, capable, cheerful and *perfectly frank* at all times. She also has an aversion to people's biting their nails and spends much of her spare time trying to convert those addicted to this vice. While we were all singing "I Gotta Get Myself Somebody to Love," Marion's lofty remark was, "Let George do it."

Frankest.



MARIE A. McDONOUGH Geneva, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"A friend to men, to whom thou say'st,
Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."
—Keats.

Δ Clio

Marie is our idea of the acme of ability. Quiet, gentle, dignified, she has a commanding personality. She impresses one as being capable of performing great things. The title of the most dignified Senior suits Marie to perfection. As editor-in-chief of the CARDINAL, she was efficiency personified. Never flustered or nervous, always calm and sure of herself, she ruled all things well. The most sincere wishes of the Class of '27 go with you, Marie.

Editor-in-Chief CARDINAL; President Δ Clio '27; Corresponding Secretary Δ Clio '26; Glee Club '26, '27; Glee Club Octette; Chairman Mid-Year Dance; Most Dignified.



MILDRED E. MACK East Syracuse, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Resembling Heaven by every wink;
The gods do fear when as they glow,
And I do tremble when I think."
—Lodge.

Allow us to present "Millie," the pretty little butterfly who flitted here and there during her first two years, capturing hearts at random. And now, after ravishing all the masculine hearts on the horizon, she leaves them all panting and singles out one, as a worthy object for her affections. "Millie" is a little ray of sunshine—she can always find something sweet and pretty to say about everyone. We need more people like her in the world.

Glee Club '26.



ESTHYR J. MALATSKY Glens Falls, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"Faith, what's in a name."

This fascinating lady is one of the most interesting members of our class. There is an air of mystery about her—she might be an oriental princess or something like that. She's svelte, poised, intensely attractive and possesses, according to competent authority, the perfect figure. We are still wondering about the passionate galoshes which she sported during her Freshman year.



MYRTLE A. MANLEY Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"True to her work, her word and her friends."

Myrtle is like the motor of a car. She's not strong for any flashy exterior, but she's the vital part that keeps us all navigating. We've tried to find out enough about her to give her a big write-up but she's so modest that she refuses to disclose any information. And she lives such a quiet, secluded life that our reporters were completely baffled. Suffice to say that she's one of our quietest, most consistent and convincing workers and we wish her the best life has to offer.



KATHERINE MASON Ithaca, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"Work! Work! Work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work
Till the stars shine through the roof."
—Thomas Hood.

We feel sure that Katherine will be an illustrious member of some faculty. She surely could impart her "single-ar" knowledge of accounting! But accounting isn't her only specialty; we used to delight in her enthusiasm in psychology class. Katherine was especially interested in animal psychology but that may have been due to association with a certain veterinary. Was it, Katherine?

Class Grind; Honor Student.

ESTELLE MAZNER New York, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"I hate nobody: I am in charity with the world."
—Swift.

Now here's a peppy girl. And nobody can fool her either. They say she's from New York, but secretly we believe she's from Missouri. Besides being engrossed in many mental activities, Estelle's an accomplished orator. We feel sure that Estelle's happy-go-lucky disposition will carry her through life and land her first on the finish line.

KATHERINE MURRAY Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"General"

"Blessed is the man who has the gift of making friends, for it is one of God's best gifts."

AKΦ

"Kay" is our idea of an all-around good "scout." She has the happy and rare faculty of being witty without "cracking wise." Many a time and oft have our sides ached after spending a period at "Kay's" seat in the study hall. She seemed a bit man shy on home ground but we're wondering if someone in Brooklyn had anything to do with it. We've discarded the old apple theory and have adopted in its place "An hour with 'Kay' keeps the doctor away."

Corresponding Secretary AKΦ '27.



RUTH M. NICHOLS — Putnam, N. Y.

"General"

"Whence is thy learning?
Has thy toil o'er books consumed the
midnight oil?"

AΔ

It was Ruth's essay that made her famous. Some of us never really knew her till that memorable day when she prophesied the destiny of our Normal School a thousand years hence. This twentieth century Cassandra startled us somewhat by the originality of her predictions. And how she did shine in economics class! The naïveté of her answers completely nonplussed the optimistic professor. She had one stock answer which always covered all queries—what was it? Ask Ruth, she knows!

President AΔ '27; Treasurer AΔ '26; Secretary AΔ '26; Most Original.



ANNA M. NOON — Salem, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"How sweet and gracious even in common speech,
Is that fine sense which men call courtesy."

AΔ

We keep wondering if Anna's smile is painted or tatooed on. We've never once caught her without it. And her heart is so big that we wonder how a person of her size can carry it around. But it never seemed heavy for her—at least she never lets anyone know about it. She's a good student, has a cheerful personality and will be a good teacher.



MARIE PAYETTE — Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"Thou ever young! Persephone but gazes
Upon thy face and shows thee back thine own."
—Fleming.

Δ Clio

"Laugh and grow fat" seems to be an erroneous belief among most of us mortals, for if that were true "Porty" would be a perfect whale, because laughing, or giggling (as the case may be) is this maiden's favorite sport. It's impossible for her to be blue and equally impossible for anyone else to be blue around her. Her favorite song is "A Smile Will Go a Long, Long Way."

Glee Club '26.



MARIAN B. PERRIN Rochester, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"Life's a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once and now I know it."
—Gay.

AKΦ

And here is our priceless jewel, the class cut-up. Perrin couldn't behave if she wanted to. You could never tell what she was up to—this incorrigible mischief-maker. She used to get her exercise dodging "Daddy," but since she handed in her essay she had to keep her figure by other means. You could never conscientiously be blue around Perrin. She probably has more friends than any one in our class, and she bids fair to have many more before she dies.

Joke Editor CARDINAL; Outdoor Club '27; Class Cut-up.



ELIZABETH E. REEVES Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"General"

"And on that cheek and o'er that brow
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow
But tell of days in goodness spent."
—Byron.

Here's another of the "still water" type. To the casual observer she might seem a shy little wren, but those of us who knew her better—well, we just knew her better. For instance, she had enough to say in Specialized Psychology and Principles of Education, and she knew what she was talking about. "Betty" has a special affinity for Normal, she went through the grades at Normal and then through Normal proper—it wouldn't surprise us too much if she came back as a teacher.

Honor Student.



FREDA RICE Schuyler Falls, N. Y.

"General"

"I have often heard defended
Least said, soonest mended."

Freda's long suit was memorizing Stevenson's poems and her next longest was reciting them in children's literature class. When she'd declaimed an almost inexhaustible number to the evident satisfaction of the instructor, she'd look up with that challenging expression of hers that seemed to say, "Ask me another." We wonder whether she'll sally forth to conquer new worlds, or settle down.



AGATHA ROONEY Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"For nature made her what she is
And ne'er made such another."

—Burns.

AKΦ

It's always been a mystery to us why "Ag" ever wasted her talent on a Normal School. Anyone with the musical ability that she possesses is worthy of any conservatory in the country. But we're mighty glad she decided to come and cheer us through our three years at Normal. She's modest, intelligent, enthusiastic and the best sport in the country.

Glee Club '26, '27; Accompanist Boys' Glee Club '26; Orchestra '25, '26, '27.



FRANCIS E. RYAN Saranac Lake, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth."

—Shakespeare.

Δ Tri-Kappa

Behold our president! We have yet to meet a man who possesses a better combination of ability, sense, leadership and good sportsmanship. By popular vote he was chosen the most popular member of our class. "Pop" was never too busy to listen to our tales of woe and to lend a helping hand. On the basketball court, in the classroom, at a meeting, at a party, or on the street he's always just the same good-natured, efficient "Pop." We're mighty sorry to lose him but what we lose, the world in general will gain.

President '27; Assistant Business Manager CARDINAL; Treasurer '26; Athletic Council '26, '27; Basketball '25, '26, '27; Manager Basketball '27; Assistant Manager Basketball '25, '26; Football '27; Manager Football '27; Most Popular.



FRANCIS T. RYAN Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"Obedient to the light
That shone within his soul, he went, pursuing
The windings of the dell."

—Shakespeare.

Δ Tri-Kappa

"Jerry" is one of those quiet, easy-going people whose main occupation seems to be making life pleasant for those around him. He has an inexhaustible supply of patience every whit of which was brought into use by our endless query, "Have the rings come yet, 'Jerry'?" "What say'st thou, 'Jerry'? Have the rings come yet?"

Sergeant '26, '27; Football '27; Ring and Pin Committee '25, '26, '27; Glee Club '26; Orchestra '26, '27; Senior Class Play, "Applesauce."



VERA R. SCHOENWEISS Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"If I wish for a dark-eyed lover
Do you think he will come to me soon?"
—Dean Marshall.

We've always had our doubts about Vera. We don't believe she's an ordinary girl, but a Lorelei in disguise. For everyone who sees her falls instantly under the spell of that magnificent crown of golden hair. She ground our hearts to powder by having it shorn in our Junior year, but she relented and allowed it to grow in again. Not only her hair, but her pleasing personality and agile brain have endeared her to her classmates—and others!

Glee Club '26; Outdoor Club Secretary-Treasurer '26, '27; Most Egotistical; Honor Student.



FLORENCE B. SENEY Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"General"

"One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace,
Which waves in every raven tress
That softly lightens o'er her face."
—Byron.

If Florence doesn't succeed in capturing a man it will be her own fault. Heaven knows she has access to plenty of them. But "Flo" is very discreet and never tips her hand, so if she has a long string of hearts at her feet she doesn't brag about it. Florence is of the type who goes quietly about her business, unobtrusive and almost unheard, but whenever you're looking around for someone to help with anything, "Flo" is always the first one you see.



INEZ M. SIDDONS Morrisonville, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"A volume in a word."

AKΦ

It's hard to know what to say about Inez. No matter what we say, it won't half do her justice, any more than her picture does. No picture can mirror that inimitable smile of Inez nor even suggest that full, rich, thrilling contralto voice of hers, that inevitable good nature or that "Sure I will!" response to every request to help out. Nor is it possible for one to describe those priceless golden hours when we sat and listened spellbound to Inez telling us stories, either from the stage or just from the midst of a circle of friends grouped on the floor. We consider ourselves among the favored of the gods to have had her with us for three years.

Secretary AKΦ '27; School Play, "Tell the Truth," '26; Glee Club '26-'27; Glee Club Octette; Honor Student.



ESTHER A. SIGNOR Harkness, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"Her soul's light shines through
But her soul cannot be seen."

—Kilmer.

There has been much wondering and conjecturing on the subject of Esther's bringing home all her books every night. We don't see how she finds time to study them all, but she's "right on deck" with her answers every day in classes, so we wonder—. Now that school is over, Esther, tell us—how did you do it? We've never been able to catch her without that smile of hers and we hope 'twill always be so.

Glee Club '26, '27.



DOROTHY A. SINGLETON Glens Falls, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"She loves a man, oh my!"

AKΦ

"Dot" is the remaining Singleton sister. We started off with two, but one deserted us after our Freshman year and we have had very good grounds for the fear that haunted us every time "Dot" went home lest she, too, woud leave our ranks. We're vastly relieved to know that she's stayed with us and has stayed Single(ton), but it won't be long now! "Dot" has been one of our best stand-bys and our best wishes for achievement go out to her.

Vice-President AKΦ '27; Treasurer AKΦ '26.



DORA D. SMITH Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"General"

"There be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee."

—Byron.

Δ Clio

"Smitty" is the girl who inspired the writers of "Precious" and she couldn't help it either—neither could they! Anyone who could fail to get an inspiration from this bonnie lassie of the flaxen locks would be beyond inspiration. To name over her accomplishments would take much more space than these few paltry lines. Art, however, is her forte. She surely can draw. And she has personality plus! She never hurries, never fusses, always gets there, always makes the best of a situation and always sees the bright side of everything. She's the *sine qua non!*

Recording Secretary Δ Clio; Glee Club '26, '27.



DOROTHY M. SMITH Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

"General"

"Nor love thy life,
Nor hate: but whilst thou livest,
Live well.

—Milton.

Δ Clio

"Dot" has been with us only two years but we feel that she belongs to us as much as if she'd struggled through three years with us. This quiet, dark-eyed president of our Glee Club has won our hearts just as surely in her two years as if she'd had ten years with us. We were always discovering new qualities in "Dot." One of her most pleasurable features is her pleasing soprano voice which we discovered only this year.

President of Glee Club '27; Glee Club '26, '27; Honor Student.



MARY E. STANTON Elizabethtown, N. Y.

"General"

"No never say nothin' without you're compelled to,
And then don't say nothin' that you can be held to."

Δ Clio

"Molly" is a product of Elizabethtown and she likes the place so well that she'll doubtless stay right there. Of course the people may have something to do with her decision, but we can't tell. "Moll" is what you'd call wholesome. The minute you meet her you feel the effect of her big, healthy smile and warm, friendly personality. She is especially devoted to athletics and outshone all of us in our gym work.

Basketball '26; Glee Club '26; Orchestra '27; Corresponding Secretary Δ Clio '27.



ANNA STAVES Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud."

—Lodge.

This pretty, charming, brilliant lady has been one of our greatest joys throughout our scholastic life. Her mind is an inexhaustible supply of knowledge and she has the happy faculty of being able to retain what she learns. And she's not a bit stingy about passing it on either. We think that Anna is just about all right.

Most Studious; Honor Student; Ivy Orator.



VIOLET M. TROMBLY Morrisonville, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"A violet in the youth of primy nature."
—Shakespeare.

AΔ

In the three years we've known Violet, we've never found her but one way—good natured. She is the happy-go-lucky type and never worries. Violet seems unlucky in but one thing and that in cards, but you've heard the saying, "People who are unlucky in cards are lucky in love." Well, Violet never holds anything higher than a "Jack" in her hand. That's lucky enough, though, isn't it, Violet?



CELIA M. TRUDEAU Altona, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"Her mirth the world required:
She bathed it in smiles of glee."
—Matthew Arnold.

You can almost always hear "Ceil" coming! Not that she's so noisy or anything like that! It is her giggle! She has the most melodious, musical giggle, and it is almost always in evidence. She's a very happy person—always has a smile or giggle for everything and has the happy faculty of always looking on the bright side of everything and turning serious events into jokes. She seems to be a student of nature lately, too—is very much interested in the qualities of dells ("Del"). That's a worthy study, Celia.



MARION TUBBS Randolph, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty."
—Isaac Watts.

Δ Clio

These are our sentiments to "Tubby," but it is a general opinion that this rose will be a "Thorn(ton)". "Tubby" has made us sit up and take notice since September, 1924. She scores high in good looks, good sportsmanship, good marks and most of all among her friends. Our best wishes for success and happiness go out to you, "Tubby."

Glee Club '26; Treasurer Δ Clio '27; Honor Student.



MARION E. TURK Utica, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"Happy am I, from care I'm free—
Why aren't they all content like me?"

AKΦ

"Turkey" is our little star of the sea, quiet in the darkness, oil on the troubled waters, or a whole litany of names. There's more fun rolled into this one lady than in four circuses. Gaze gently on this lady fair—she's buxom, blithe and debonair.

Glee Club '26; Vice-President AKΦ '27; Secretary AKΦ '26; Best Natured.



GERTRUDE F. TURNER Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"Common sense is genius in its working dress."

Δ Clio

We had Gertrude all classified with the "F's" but she wouldn't have it that way. Gertrude's popularity and efficiency are proven by the fact that she has been chosen as our secretary three years in succession and it goes without saying that she was a good one. We're sure that her married life will be a happy one, for with her disposition it couldn't be otherwise.

Secretary '25, '26, '27.



EDMUND H. VIEMEISTER Gansevoort, N. Y.

"General"

"I was never less alone than when by myself."
—Gibbon.

"Ed" holds the unique distinction of being the only Senior man in the elementary section—and it is no mean distinction either. At first he, being very, very bashful, blushed violently upon the slightest provocation, but he outgrew this little peculiarity and was soon able to manage his harem in true sheik fashion. He was always the very essence of helpfulness. Besides making an enviable scholastic record, he succeeded in making himself indispensable among the fair sex.

Football '27; Glee Club '26; Orchestra '26, '27; Secretary Orchestra '26, '27; Honor Student.



ELIZA WALKER Westport, N. Y.

"General"

"I see thee in beauty's young hour,
As pure as the morning's first dew on the flower."

—Moore.

"Liza" has two outstanding characteristics—her quietness and her hair. One wonders how she could be still for such long periods at a stretch and not extrovert even a little. We guess she must be the introvert type. She just gloried in fussing around those little "imps" in the first three grades and never once was known to say a cross word. "Liza," how do you do it?



SELMA WASHBOND Keene Valley, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"Of all the girls that are so smart
There's none like pretty 'Sally'."

—Henry Carey.

"Sally" is full of surprises. She surprised us when she bobbed her pretty blonde hair, which fact in itself was a surprise that she looked so much prettier afterward. We expect her to smile all the while but when she does, it surprises us to see her face light up in that dazzling brightness. We're surprised at her quietness and right away we're surprised by the wisdom of her few occasional comments. She's just one surprise after another!



LYNDA E. WELLS Penn Yan, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter."

—Keats.

Δ Clio

There are without a doubt more diamond rings in the Class of '27 than in any other class in the history of the school. This sweet, gentle maiden was the last to startle us with one. Lynda was chosen as the most sincere member of the Senior class and her excellent scholastic record speaks for itself, while her cheerful temperament has won her a high place in the affections of us all.

Assistant Editor CARDINAL; President Δ Clio '27; Treasurer Δ Clio '27; Corresponding Secretary Δ Clio '26; Basketball '26, '27; Captain Basketball '27; Most Sincere; Honor Student.



ANNA P. WOODWARD Sag Harbor, N. Y.

"General"

"I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."
—Hunt.

AKΦ

There has been only one cloud on "Anner's" horizon since she first entered Normal. It seems she lost a pair of storm rubbers during her Freshman year and has been conducting a ceaseless but fruitless search for them ever since—and the inimitable way in which "Anner" (and only "Anner") could say "stohm rubbahs!" Whatever she does, she does with all the enthusiasm and fervor of an earnest nature—whether it's doing the Charleston, laughing or teaching some struggling student the three "R's." We're firm in our conviction that this little maid from "Sag Habbah" will make a success of anything she may undertake and our heart-felt good wishes go with her.

President AKΦ '27; Treasurer AKΦ '26; Best All-around.



MARIELLE S. WOODWARD Sag Harbor, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed."
—Shelley.

AKΦ

Here is "Anner's" sister. And she is a gem! We can't say which of the two is the better natured or more cheerful. We think they must have been holding a contest all the time—but it will have to go on indefinitely, we can't decide the issue. Marielle's sparkling giggle is one of her most noticeable characteristics—if you couldn't hear the giggle Marielle wasn't around. She is one of the most agreeable and sincere members of our class and we feel confident of her making many more friends with the same qualities which endeared her to us.

Vice-President AKΦ '27.



DORIS E. WRIGHT Ilion, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"Thrice welcome darling of the spring!"
—Byron.

Δ Clio

Nothing "gets" us like the demure expression that this little auburn-haired maiden can muster. It reminds us of a passage in one of our popular songs, "There's an angel's sweetness in your sigh—there's a little devil in your eye!" She's a sight for sore eyes, a panacea for all blues, and a tonic for anything. We just couldn't have struggled through school without her. With her personality and pep she has every chance of doing big things in the world.

Glee Club '26, '27.



Class Gift

The gift of the class of nineteen hundred twenty-seven to our Alma Mater completes the mural painting which now adorns the front wall of Normal Hall. The class of nineteen hundred twenty-three conceived the idea that a painting of this type would be an inspiration to students of future classes, but as it was a financial impossibility for that class to make the gift unaided, the three succeeding classes gladly joined with them.

The theme of the painting is "The Normal Graduate," a most fitting one. We trust that this work of art will be an incentive to other classes, as it has been to the Class of '27.



Senior Class Poem

The pathway of life is before us,
We're leaving old Normal today,
With three years of gladness to cheer us
As we enter the broad highway.

Our joy is o'ershadowed with pain,
As we leave the Normal today,
But thy love, with us shall remain
As we travel the broad highway.

We've learned the lessons of service,
Of truth, and of faith; these three
Shall ever in future be with us,
For we gained them, dear Normal, from thee.

The path on the mountain before us
Seems rocky, and steep to climb;
But the light of thy faith before us,
Will help us to heights sublime.

J. Beth Austin.

Who's Who in the Senior Class

Class beauty ..... Marie Cronin
Class athlete ..... Lillian Boyle
Class dancer ..... Gladys Carlson
Class grind ..... Katherine Mason
Class question box ..... Adele Kaempf
Class booster ..... Norman Davis
Class bluff ..... Alger Davis
Class cut-up ..... Marian Perrin
Most dignified ..... Marie McDonough
Most popular ..... Francis E. Ryan (Pop)
Most enthusiastic ..... Inez Siddons
Most romantic ..... Roswell Clukey
Most egotistical ..... Vera Schoenweiss
Most talkative ..... Mildred Berkowe
Most ambitious ..... Gus Cosgrove
Most intellectual ..... Clara Cronkrite
Most studious ..... Anna Staves
Most sensible ..... Dora Anthony
Most original ..... Ruth Nichols
Most attractive ..... Betty Lawless
Most sincere ..... Lynda Wells
Most popular prof ..... Mr. Rusterholtz
Frankest ..... Marion McCarthy
Cutest ..... Alice Coons
Best natured ..... Marion Turk
Handsomest ..... Francis Haron
Wittiest ..... Jimmie Collins
Best all-around ..... Anna Woodward
Best dresser ..... Helen Judge

Fair Exchange No Robbery

We are all endowed with certain traits,
And many, too pronounced;
If those outstanding were switched around,
Among the Seniors might be found:

Adele Kaempf's art of questioning transferred to Hazel Honsinger.
Beth Austin's ambition to Robert Conley.
Mildred Berkowe's boldness to Esther Signor.
Anna Woodward's sunny disposition to Dorothy Singleton.
Marielle Woodward's height to Alice Coons.
Lawrence Lefevre's neatness to Francis (Jerry) Ryan.
Augustin Cosgrove's knowledge to Helen Clark.
Roswell Clukey's untiring devotion to Edmund Viemeister.
Doris Wright's sweetness to Estelle Mazner.
Celia Trudeau's giggle to Bernice McNally.
Mildred Mack's flattery to Katherine McCaffrey.
Clara Cronkrite's brilliancy to Francis Haron.
Esther Malatsky's taste in dress to Angela Giroux.
Marie Cronin's dignity to Marion McCarthy.
Dora Anthony's intellect to Spencer Ames.
Alger Davis' ability to bluff to Idris Wheeler.
Marian Tubbs' smile to Eliza Walker.
Vera Schoenweiss' self-assurance to Agatha Rooney.
Marian Perrin's mischievousness to Myrtle Manley.
Lillian Boyle's attractiveness to Anna Noon.
Mildred Baker's "airs" to Mae Chellis.
Marie McDonough's friendly ways to Katherine Mason.
Lulu Devins' pep to Freda Rice.
James Collins' "stand in" with Mr. Diebolt to Ruth Nichols.
Agnes Dupra's drawl to Winifred Harrica.
Dorothy Dupra's earnestness to Dora Smith.
Hazel Bellegarde's originality to Violet Trombley.
Helen Gerba's winsome ways to Madge Curry.
Martha Kievitt's good nature to Mary Abare.
Dorothy Smith's voice to Mary Brennan.
Ernest Lemieux's enthusiasm to Francis (Pop) Ryan.
Ruth Langford's speed to Alice Billings.
Elbert Burrington's sense of humor to Edna Davis.
Anna Staves' capacity to learn to Fanny Collins.
Olive Butcher's self-satisfaction to Kathleen Fortune.
Emily Kupisewski's innocent eyes to Gertrude Free.
Margaret Daniels' cleverness to Idris Wheeler.

Class Will

We, the Senior Class of 1927, of the Plattsburgh State Normal School, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, and realizing that your youth and inefficiency will prevent you from attaining the heights reached by your famous predecessors, unless we in passing bequeath to you some timely hints, do make, publish, and declare, this to be our Last Will and Testament.

First. To the class of 1928, we bequeath a little more consideration for their classmates. Perhaps the next time exams are over early, they will avoid the office and not ask permission to go home.

Second. To the class of 1928, we bequeath a generous supply of T. N. T. to awaken them to their responsibilities.

Third. We also bequeath the following:

To Andrew Brunelle—A chaperone to see that he gets the Normal girls in on time.

To Mary Shannon—Some of Marian Turk's excess weight.

To Cecelia Burger—Some stove blacking to dull her brilliancy.

To Mildred Fraser—A gold medal as a prize for being the quietest girl in Normal.

To Nora Kinney—A course in Test and Scales to find her "Norm."

To Ethel Stafford—The privilege of running things to suit herself.

To Vera Hargrave—A pair of stilts to bring her up to Kermit's level.

To Mrs. Blinn—A boarding house that will come up to her expectations (if there is such a thing).

To James Morrissey—A carton of Palmolive soap to preserve that "school girl complexion."

To Ruby Grimble—Exemption from Miss Goodridge's physical examinations.

To Clayton Lombard—A girl to take to all the Normal dances.

To "Peg" Hagen—A year's supply of wearever, snapless, chewing gum.

To Craig Martin—A cap to take the place of his "high hat."

To "Peg" Metzloff—A cook book so that she can practice while Clukey is away.

To Marjory Martin—A little respect for her superiors.

To Mable Close—The opportunity to keep "Close" to Ken next year.

To Raymond Bramer—The hope that he will soon grow up.

To Myrtle Molony—A book entitled "How to Act Like a Lady." (Hip! Hip!)

To Priscilla Broadwell—Some of Alger Davis' preciseness.

To Kenneth Brown—A box of rouge to give him some color.

To Isabelle Downey—Some of Alice Coon's petiteness.

To Winifred Coleman—A voice silencer to give her friends a rest.

To Evelyn McCloy—Credit for coining a new work "ish."

To "Bill" Libby—Special telephone rates to Ti.

To Dorothy Mars—An alarm clock to get her up in the morning.

To Helen Monteny—Some of Lynda Wells' sincerity.

To Madeline Fallon—A solo part in the Glee Club.

To Velma Turner—A megaphone so that she can be heard.

To Mary LaBrie—Special lessons from Miss Goodridge, in order that she may learn how to walk gracefully.

To Charles Ellis—A pair of rompers so that he may romp around in his childish glee.

To Leo Laravie—Mrs. Post's book on Etiquette so that he may learn how to conduct himself during assembly.

To Robert Rienzi—A pair of non-skid basketball shoes, and special lessons to teach him how to stand on his feet.

To Ivan Boland—A new hat to replace his green one.

To Hazel Arksey—Several pairs of non-transparent hose.

To Mrs. Baker—Gladys Carlson's short skirts.

To Helen Douglas—A man who will not get the measles at such an inopportune time as the day of the St. Patrick's dance.

To Claire Culnane—The chairmanship of the Health Board next year.

To Kathleen Penfield—Some place besides the girls' cloak room in which to hold her conferences.

To Hazel Trim—Martha Kievitt's self-confidence.

To Violet Columbe—A box of reducing soap.

To Evelyn Porter—A seat in the study hall wide enough for two so that "Dot" won't have to sit on the floor.

To Aurilla Gregory—A constant friend like "Eddie" Viemeister, who will re-introduce her to the P. S. N. S. faculty at every mid-year.

To Ethel LaMare—A car to take her to Lyon Mountain each week-end.

To Esther Merwin—Good posture.

To Kathleen McCannah—A fog horn which can outdistance her laugh.

To Madge Sennett and Mildred McGrath—The hope that they will surprise the faculty a few times next year by arriving at school before the last bell has rung its warning.

To Frances Nash—A permanent job as chaufferette for that "flivver built for two."

To Elizabeth Schweighardt—A position as head of the Music Appreciation Information Bureau.

To Paula Cummings—Good luck in putting over her "bluff" next year.

To Dorothy Riley—A set of false teeth so she will not require so many dates with the dentist.

To Helen Geddes—A beautiful garden, a mellow moon—and a man.

To Theresa Clute—A position as assistant to Miss Carroll in geography. We feel she would be a very important teacher after tutoring Sylvia so much this year.

To Martha Magoon—A little of Madge Currey's dignity.

To Ruth Rising—A man to suit her views. She hasn't found one so far.

To Isabelle Sleight—Some of Lulu Devins' "pep."

To Alice Smart—An extension on the halls at the Normal so that she can have more room in which to roam about.

To Olive Bigonaisse—A soft pedal for her voice.

To Evelyn Forcier—A diamond all her own—not a borrowed one.

To Hazel Gregware—A wish that she may have Clayton Lombard for her own—without any competition.

To Jane Behan—A definite solution as to just who her ancestors were—the ape or Adam and Eve.

To Evelyn Sleight—A diet different from the one she is following at present.

To Mary Cross—"Bobby" Chellis' sweet disposition.

To Margaret Canning—A cottage by the sea for Pender and herself.

To Marjory Kennedy—A definite decision as to just who is the larger—Dorothy Rice or herself.

To James Meehan—A book entitled "How to Become a Cynic" so that he may become as cynical toward women as he likes to think he is.

Our days in P. S. N. S. are over. With faint heart and gasping breath we resign ourselves to the hereafter. Sorrowfully we relinquish our happy school days. We hope that these last gifts may be cherished through all times to come and trust that this, our Last Will and Testament, will be faithfully executed.

(Signed) The Senior Class.

Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the Senior Class, in our presence; and we, at their request, and in their presence, and in the presence of each other, have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses on this, the twenty-first day of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-seven.

Dora Smith,

Dorothy Singleton.

Class Prophecy

For a pupil to fall asleep in class is a common occurrence, but for a teacher to fall asleep, and that, too, in his own class, is almost unheard of. Yet this is what actually happened many years ago in that renowned old Knowledge Factory, the Plattsburgh State Normal School. I will not reveal the name of the delinquent professor, but if you happen to have been one of his pupils you can doubtlessly identify him by the pet mannerisms and idiosyncrasies to which it will be necessary to refer in this narrative. The poor professor had labored diligently all the year to saturate the class of '27 with sufficient knowledge to graduate them. During the very last recitation of the year the accumulated strain proved too great and he sank into a deep and dreamless sleep. The sympathetic students waited the customary ten minutes, then quietly left the room and were graduated with horrors.

Twenty years passed before the professor again opened his eyes. It is impossible to describe the wild search of this twentieth century Rip Van Winkle for the class of '27, his bewilderment at the strange scenes around him, his desperate attempts to explain his identity, his doubts of his own sanity, or his joy at being recognized finally by two of his former pupils, through his performance of a simple little mannerism which they had witnessed so many times in class—that of polishing his eye glasses on his necktie.

These former pupils, who proved to be "Pop" Ryan and "Spud" Ames, conducted the old professor to a magnificently furnished room, which they explained was the joint office of Ryan & Ames, Attorneys-at-Law, Specializers in Rapid Divorces. There, sinking into a chair, the bewildered professor begged to be enlightened as to the happenings of the last twenty years and especially as to the class of '27, in which he was profoundly interested.

"Tell me," he begged, "whatever became of that brilliant student, Cosgrove; he must be an outstanding figure in the educational world by this time."

"Oh," explained "Pop," "there is no longer an educational world. Formal education has been eliminated, as it was found to be a tedious and unpractical waste of time. We rely now entirely upon heredity and environment."

"What, no more education!" ejaculated the professor. "This is too much, too much! More air, girls, more air."

"To be sure," continued "Pop," "Gus was instrumental in bringing this condition about. He discovered a wonderful process by which education and culture could be transferred innately from generation to generation. Closely allied with him in this great work was Edmund Viemeister, who invented a delicate instrument which, when placed beneath the tongue of any person for five minutes, tells exactly

what environment contains the right stimuli for developing the character of that person to its full capacity. Drs. Anna Woodward and Mary Brennen, prominent psychologists, have also been of great assistance in this work."

(Here "Pop" was interrupted by a customer calling for a divorce. While he stepped into the next room to wrap it, "Spud" continued the ancient history narrative.)

"Yes, we surely had some brilliant material in the class of '27. Take, for instance, the astronomers, Buckley, Boyd and Murray. They are doing great work for science. Not long after graduation they conceived the idea of numbering the stars so that each could be referred to definitely rather than vaguely, as, for example, 'that celestial body just east of the big dipper, etc.' They have worked steadily every night for twenty years and estimate that they have about one-fiftieth of the stars neatly labeled, each with its own individual number. They are very enthusiastic about the work as it gives them an opportunity to stay out as late as they wish every night. Several members of the class went in for politics. Ruth Allen is now mayor of Peru, Rita Harney is city manager and ward boss of Cadyville, while Clara Cronkrite is president of North America, elected through the efforts of Katherine Mason, her campaign manager. You see the women have complete control of politics now and have made many improvements in governmental affairs. Senators Seney, Rice and Reeves have made such a thorough study of bootlegging conditions that they have been able to reduce it to a highly systematized art. The chief source of governmental income is now derived from the taxation of bootleggers."

"Your honor, girls, your honor," exclaimed the shocked professor.

"The Dupras girls have at last succeeded in doing what thousands of others have failed in doing—controlling the heat of the sun. There is no longer any need for artificial light and heat. Encouraged by this success, Blandina Gifford and Winifred Harrica made a desperate attempt to get control of the heavenly rain bucket. They succeeded a few times in tipping it over, which caused such a terrific deluge that the world lived in constant fear of a second flood until Mary Bowen, secretary of the Weather Department, forbade any further meddling with the clouds by unlicensed experimenters. The girls are now waiting until they become of age to obtain a license. We have not heard much from Mandanna Disotell and Eliza Walker, but gather that they have been working hard during the last twenty years to give Westport a more prominent place on the map. Two famous artists were graduated with the class of '27, Dora Smith and Lawrence Lefevre. Both paint in blank verse style. Their joint painting, 'Portrait of a Louse on a Lady's Bonnet' (with all due respect to Robert Burns), hangs in the Art Museum at Morrisonville. This museum is owned and conducted by Inez Siddons, who gives lectures on the picture in her home town and in the surrounding cities. Another lecturer from our class, Miss Adele Kaempf, while on a lecturing tour among the planets, choked on an uncommonly big word and is now in a serious condition. Drs. Hallie Davison and Madge Curry state that if all the syllables can be extracted before the next

new moon, there are hopes for her recovery. Dora Anthony, Beth Austin and Ruth Langford, Inc., now own the largest candy store in the world.

"And to think they got their start selling candy in P. S. N. S.," murmured the professor, then added as an afterthought, "that's fair enough, isn't it?"

"Dorothy Smith and Mollie Stanton are supervising the building of a foot bridge across the Atlantic, that being the latest requirement of the League of Nations."

The professor became greatly excited. "I knew we should have to enter the League of Nations!" he shouted. "I knew it was the solution! But how were we persuaded to enter? Elaborate on the point, if you please."

"We were not persuaded, but rather forced to enter," elaborated "Spud." "Do you remember that radical girl, Lulu Devins? Well, she preached the League of Nations morning, noon and night in Peru until she had converted every last inhabitant. Then Grace Galvin fell in line, with Cadyville at her heels, and the two communities rose in rebellion and actually threatened to secede from the union unless it became a member of the League, so what else could we do but join? It is thought that Fannie Collins, for reasons of her own, assisted the rebels by secret propaganda. She is now proprietress of the League of Nations Hotel."

The professor let his fingers skid aimlessly over his smooth pate, stroked his goatee (which during the twenty years had become a full-grown goat) and, because he could think of nothing else to say, murmured from force of habit, "I said to my wife, 'Now a handsome man like me—' "

"Several old classmates have taken up their abode in foreign countries. Lorena Collins, Eugenia Lynch and Mary LaMoy are now operating a Christmas-tree ranch in South Africa. Gertrude Coulon, famous dietitian, is also somewhere in that vicinity, working out a theory that everything hinges on the proper diet. She has succeeded in changing several black negroes to peroxide blondes, simply by a prescribed diet. The day after graduation Myra Downey left for the 'Far East' to settle the Chinese question. She walked right through the Open Door and married a Chinese prince. She is now the Dowager Empress Tehe Haha and has settled at least one question. Martha Kievitt and Helen Gerba are still doing missionary work in New Jersey.

"Do you remember 'Jimmie' Collins? His was a sad case. He was killed by an automobile here on earth; then as his soul was ascending upward to the Great Beyond, it was struck by an aeroplane and smashed to smithereens. Poor 'Jimmie,' concluding that he was neither safe on the earth nor off it, gathered together his shattered soul and returned to earth. He is now working out an improved traffic system for use between heaven and earth."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of "Pop," who seemed to be in high spirits over the sale of a gilt-edged divorce to an old schoolmate, "Ros" Clukey. It seemed that on his wedding day his wife, "Peg," presented him with a diamond studded can opener and directions for its use. For twenty years he endured that life, then became so hungry that he decided something must be done.

Consequently, he set up an automobile factory, with the accumulated supply of tin cans and ordered a divorce. Then "Pop" explained that some technical business required the presence of both lawyers in the next room for a few minutes. Whereupon "Spud" handed the professor the latest novel, "Supplement to a Child, His Nature and His Needs," written by Ruth LaBare and published by Ann Finnell, and begged him to amuse himself until their return.

While the two lawyers were thus engaged, the bewildered professor sat staring into space as though under some hypnotic spell. They returned quite pleased with themselves for having ensnared another foolish victim into buying a new-fangled divorce with lace inserts on the plea of more service and less alimony.

"B-b-but, 'Norm' Davis—he surely must be carrying the burdens of the world—what has become of the cleverest boy of Normal?"

This speech of the old man's produced an alarming effect on the former students. Tears coursed down their cheeks and their bodies shook with sobs of despair.

"So far poor old 'Norm' has been unmolested. We live in fear for his life as he supports golf tournaments, golf teas, golf dinners, golf cars, and golf socks. Only last week he came to us for a loan to buy some lavender-checked plus fours." "Spud," as usual, left this different and sad task to present itself through the medium of "Pop."

At this crucial moment the office boy (whose face was familiar and who proved to be Myrtle Manley's oldest son) came in and announced a customer. "Pop" went forth, the picture of professional aptitude.

A great noise of hammering and banging arose from the offices below.

"What's that?" asked the former instructor.

"Oh, you remember them, Gladys and Ethel Carlson, stirring up propaganda for Denmark and Sweden. They are flooding the market with boneless herring and Blondex Hair Wash."

The door opened and mercifully let "Pop" ooze through the opening. "That was one of our worthy townsmen, Marion McCarthy's George. He wanted some 'hush' money to keep his spouse quiet."

To appease the old man's thirst for knowledge of his former delinquents the lawyers, in turn, gave résumés of the fates of their various classmates, while the aforementioned elderly person sat and wondered.

" 'Kay' Fortune is the same old, placid, smiling girl. No 'Rivers' to cross in her life.

"Olive Butcher is doing very well manufacturing smelling salts to administer to girls who faint on the rostrum.

"The three dashing maids known as 'The Three Musketeers of Normal' are still together, namely, Daniels, Boyle and Berkowe. One and inseparable, united they stand; divided they marry.

" 'Midge' Haron and 'Bob' Conley, both of fame and renown, are posing for Arrow collar ads—Haron is the neck and Conley is the collar.

"That shop across the way belongs to 'Porty' Payette. Yes, the one with the

giggle. She sells an exclusive line of men's ties. Nauseating greens with pink stripes, a specialty!

"Alger Davis, in spite of marceled hair and shining fingernails, has gone back to nature in a last desperate attempt to prove that Darwin was right. He had an awful time getting Nellie's permission.

"Emily, alias Kup. alias Kupisewski, alias Kup O'Whiskey, etc., is heading a campaign against alarm clocks. They never let one sleep.

"Among the many tragedies of P. S. N. S. none is so formidable as tall Helen Marie Judge. Harking to the call of romance and adventure she took a ride one day on the trolley and was annihilated by Mrs. Marion Farrel, nee Turk. Mrs. F. unwittingly sat on poor Helen and now there is one less to feed in the Judge family.

"Hazel Bellegarde has her name in the *Knickerbocker Press* and is content to die of old age.

"Marion Tubbs, believing that feminism is destructive of women's happiness, and having a good start by way of a hair cut, is getting some good notes from the famous ethnologist, Bernice McNally.

" 'Ver' Schoenweiss is posing for the picture, 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes'—the famous Rosettie is doing the work, being a gentleman and preferring blondes.

"Helen Clark is rivalling Texas Guinan and has established an exclusive night club at Florence, N. Y. Her great success is due to the many lengthy pointers which she receives from Angela Giroux on the subject of auction bridge. Miss Giroux, by the way, has played with the crowned heads of Europe and has told King George not to trump his partner's ace.

"Esther Signor, Edna Davis and Hazel Honsinger crave excitement and are on the trail of the Royal Cazumas, a beautiful but flighty bird.

"Jerry Ryan has come up in the world. He always was a progressive lad. He is now painting the skylights of the New York skyscrapers.

"Coons, Hughs and McCaffrey (accent on the 'a') are now in heaven. We received a celestialogram telling us to send them a chocolate soda.

"Violet Trombley has plenty of 'Jack' to help her over the rough road of married life.

" 'Dot' Singleton and Marion Perrin are still roommates. 'Dot' is getting 'peeved' as she earns the money and Perrin draws the salary. Perrin always was a good little artist anyway.

" 'Gert' Free is Free again as she obtained one of our reversible divorced-forever decrees. Whatever should Turner from her husband is quite unknown.

"Estelle Mazner and Alice Billings still correspond. Estelle is staying at the Vanderbilt's and she's home any time after six after she gets the dishes done. Alice isn't quite so advanced in society—she's married at last to Larry.

"No, 'Bake' and Roland are not married. Marriages are made in Heaven. Morrisonville is a poor excuse for Heaven.

" 'Bobbie' Chellis, the maid from Cucumber Avenue, has become sylph-like from chewing Sylph. Ain't nature gr-rand?

" 'Millie' Mack is still Lisle's guiding star and influence. Everything's gonna be all right.

"Esthyr Malatsky has left this mortal realm. She expired from lack of funds to buy a new frock. We hear from authentic sources that she is now editing a magazine, 'What Best Dressed Angels Will Wear.'

"Anna Noon has surprised us all by getting married. She captured him in a net manufactured by Trudeau and Washbond, Inc. The newly organized company is well informed on the subject of husband catching.

"Anna Staves has set a standard for good marks in the stock market of love. Every time Clayton L. looks at her the stock rises above par.

"Misses Woodward and Wells are the chief attractions of a traveling western side show. Their daily performances are well attended by those who love hair-breadth escapades."

"It can't be true," moaned the professor.

"Seeing is believing," returned "Pop" and "Spud." "This little machine, invented by our notorious genius, Elbert Burington, will prove all."

Immediately they clamped some wires between his teeth and adjusted the foot propeller. A blur—and then the old man was gazing into a fairy land of lights and glittering jewels. Wonder upon wonder, the sound of soft melodies came to his ears. The tune was "Little Aggie Rooney" played by the original. A huge operatic stage loomed up out of apparent oblivion. Upon this elevation stood Marie Cronin, "Betty" Lawless, Inez Siddons, Marie McDonough and Doris Wright. They were still confident that they could sing and each was doing her best the other one to outsing. These one-time famed song birds of Normal were torturing the world at large as they had once tortured the poor, helpless Normalites.

The professor seemed much disturbed and alarmed at the event. Suddenly he cried out in horror, "I must report them. It's after nine-thirty and they had no late permission." With his hands waving, eyes bulging and necktie awry he dashed from the office.

The two lawyers gazed at the closed door. They turned to each other and sadly shook their heads. The tired business men then powdered their noses, gargled their throats and called it the end of a perfect day.

Ruth Nichols,
Hazel Bellegarde.



JUNIORS





Junior Officers

President

LOUIS ROSETTIE.....Corning, N. Y.

Vice-President

DOROTHY RILEY.....Morrisonville, N. Y.

Secretary

ESTHER W. KOCH.....Schenectady, N. Y.

Treasurer

MARIO DEL FAVERO.....Garfield, N. J.

Class Colors

BLUE AND GOLD

Faculty Advisor

SAMUEL TODD.....Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Class History

This is the class of the Juniors. The murmuring class of the Freshmen,
Like to infants, disdain we. In garments resplendent with glory
Stand like prophets the Seniors with pride and achievement and learning.
Loud from the halls of the Normal, the noble class of the Juniors
Speaks, and in accents firm, proclaims the deeds of its members.

Every year there is a Freshman class at Normal, newcomers, determined to gain wisdom and knowledge. There is nothing startling or unusual about that; it is merely an annual occurrence to which the people of Plattsburgh have become so accustomed that they take no notice of it. But, in September of the year 1925, one hundred and thirty-eight young people unceremoniously invaded the town and proceeded to proclaim their presence to the multitude. The largest class that has ever entered the Normal! All eyes were upon them. What were they going to do for the school and for themselves? This question did not long remain in the minds of the upperclassmen, for these Freshmen entered whole-heartedly into everything that was set for them to do, and soon proved themselves to be one of the most versatile and original classes that had ever come to P. S. N. S.

Let us recount some of the most important things they have done and you may judge for yourselves of their worth. The first step, of course, was organization. Mr. Samuel Todd, who has served for a number of years as a member of the faculty, and served well, proved to be most popular with the new students, for they bestowed upon him the office of faculty critic. The choice of officers was next in order. Francis Morhaus was elected president; Kathleen Penfield, vice-president; Margaret Hagan, secretary; and Robert Farnsworth, treasurer.

Later in September the upperclassmen decided that the new students had been sufficiently impressed by their superiority and aloofness and decided to show their good-will by giving an entertainment and dance for them. The affair was a huge success.

To show their gratitude the Class of '28 gave a return party in the gym for the Juniors and Seniors.

The Freshmen responded generously to the call for members of the Glee Clubs and the Orchestra.

Then came the basketball season. Here was an opportunity to rise from obscurity. Six Freshmen made the squad: Kermit Williams, who became one of the team's star players, Mario Del Favero, Charles Ellis, Leo Laravie, Kenneth Brown and Leo Grenier. Evelyn Forcier and Lillian Balder made the girls' basketball team. Myrtle Moloney was chosen Freshman cheer leader.

When it became necessary to choose a representative for the CARDINAL staff, Francis Burke was elected.

Late in January the new class was initiated into the hair-raising mysteries of mid-year exams. As an antidote they gave the mid-year dance. The gym was transformed into a harmonious profusion of blue and gold (the class colors) for the

occasion. Everyone agreed that it was the outstanding social event of the year.

In March a musical comedy, "Rings in the Sawdust," was given. Many people chosen for the cast were from the Class of '28. Kenneth Brown and Mario Del Favero represented the Freshmen in the interclass play, "Nothing But the Truth."

Then came June—Commencement—farewells. The Freshmen looked back with pride upon the year they had spent in P. S. N. S. They had supported heartily every event; they had been loyal and generous at all times. Sorrowfully they made their adieux; happily they made plans for the year to come.

In September, 1926, there emerged from the spacious cars of the D. & H. a large group of students. Some were proud and dignified, carrying with them an air of lofty importance. These, of course, were the Seniors. Others were loud and boisterous, prating incessantly of nothing. These were the Freshmen. And then came a group, not too proud, not too boisterous, but well-mannered, pleasant and friendly. It is needless to say that these were the Juniors.

Again the class met to elect officers, with the following result: President, Louis Rosettie; vice-president, Dorothy Riley; secretary, Esther Koch; treasurer, Mario Del Favero. Mr. Todd was unanimously re-elected faculty critic, to continue in that office until the graduation of the class.

Craig Martin was elected Junior representative on the CARDINAL staff.

A pin and ring committee composed of Kenneth Brown, Ethel Stafford and Helen Douglas was appointed, and was kept busy throughout the year with orders for keys, rings and pins.

To help the Freshmen get acquainted the Juniors gave a dance, to which the entire student body and the faculty were invited. It is needless to say that the dance was successful.

This year the Normal boasted a football team, and some of the most valuable members were contributed by the Junior class. The following Juniors were awarded letters: Mario Del Favero, George Gallant, Leo Grenier, Leo Laravie, James Morrissey, who is captain-elect, Craig Martin, Robert Rienzi and Kermit Williams.

Basketball season opened again with a promise of greater victories than ever before. When the squad was announced, we found that there were four Juniors' names on the list, namely, Kermit Williams, who was indispensable to the team, Mario Del Favero, Bob Reinzi and Charles Ellis.

The Juniors came out victorious over both the Seniors and the Freshmen in the interclass basketball games, thus winning the championship of the school for this year.

With June comes the Junior Prom, which, judging from the other social events the Juniors have given, will be nothing short of a triumph not soon to be forgotten.

Thus endeth the second year.

Still stands the class of the Juniors; but though to the hall of the Normal
Other classes shall come, to win other honors and glories,
Never within these portals shall such another class enter;
Never again such friendships shall be, such triumph, such laughter.
And by the evening fire we'll dream again of its glory,
When from our happy days here the sonorous voice of duty
Speaks, and in accents firm the Juniors answer, "We're ready!"

ALICE J. REA.

Class of 1928

COURSE FOR COMMERCIAL TEACHERS

Abrahms, Miriam	Plattsburgh, New York
Avery, Beatrice L.	Saranac Lake, New York
Balder, Lillian L.	Falconer, New York
Barnwell, Josephine M.	Southampton, Long Island
Bartlett, Ruth	Gloversville, New York
Bellows, Marion E.	Brushton, New York
Bennett, Catherine F.	East Hampton, Long Island
Blinn, Mrs. Anna M.	Glens Falls, New York
Boland, Ivan L.	Plattsburgh, New York
Bourdeau, Ciona M.	Plattsburgh, New York
Boyer, Jessie E.	Trumansburg, New York
Bramer, Esther G.	Sodus, New York
Bramer, Raymond	Clyde, New York
Brenan, William O.	Plattsburgh, New York
Broadwell, Priscilla	Schenectady, New York
Brown, Kenneth	Plattsburgh, New York
Brunelle, Andrew	Plattsburgh, New York
Burger, Cecilia	Peekskill, New York
Burke, Francis E.	Ausable Forks, New York
Butler, Ruth	Saratoga Springs, New York
Carlish, Isabel	St. Johnsville, New York
Chauvin, M. Ruth	West Chazy, New York
Chea, Helen J.	Witherbee, New York
Close, Mabel G.	Rochester, New York
Coleman, Winifred	Peekskill, New York
Conway, Genevieve	Peru, New York
Del Favero, Mario	Garfield, New Jersey
Downey, Isabelle	Southampton, New York
Dudas, Walter	Garfield, New Jersey
Ecker, Blanche E.	Lyndonville, New York
Ellis, Charles	Ilion, New York
Evenson, Lois	Plattsburgh, New York
Fallon, Madeline	Old Forge, New York
Farnsworth, Robert	Cadyville, New York
Fraser, Mildred C.	Fowlerville, New York
Gallant, George	Plattsburgh, New York
Goldman, Anna	Plattsburgh, New York
Grenier, Leo A.	Plattsburgh, New York
Hagan, Margaret M.	Corning, New York

Hamilton, Jennie	Walton, New York
Hargrave, Vera F.	Belleville, New Jersey
Harvey, Gertrude F.	Old Forge, New York
Healey, Samuel E.	Plattsburgh, New York
Hildebrant, Blanche I	Newburgh, New York
Jackson, Helen	Hampton Bays, New York
Java, Anna E.	Mineville, New York
Jepson, Paul M.	Old Bennington, Vermont
Jones, Evelyn A.	Amsterdam, New York
Kastner, Alfreda A.	Newburgh, New York
Kinney, Nora	North Bay, New York
Koch, Esther W.	Schenectady, New York
LaBrie, Mary B.	Schenectady, New York
LaCroix, Charles	Plattsburgh, New York
Laravie, Leo A.	Plattsburgh, New York
LeClerc, Albertine M	Montpelier, Vermont
Lombard, Clayton L.	Chazy, New York
McCloy, Evelyn	Newburgh, New York
Malone, Alice K.	Southampton, New York
Martin, Craig T.	Amsterdam, New York
Martin, Marjory L.	Clarence Center, New York
Meehan, James R.	Schenectady, New York
Melofsky, Sylvia A.	Newburgh, New York
Metzler, Elizabeth	Herkimer, New York
Metzloff, Margaret	North Tonawanda, New York
Molony, Myrtle	Ausable Forks, New York
Morhaus, Francis E.	Elmsford, New York
Morrissey, James	Yonkers, New York
Murphy, Helen M.	Saranac Lake, New York
Nadeau, Wilfred C.	Ticonderoga, New York
O'Malley, Etta F.	Hardwick, Vermont
Persons, Laura M.	Indian Lake, New York
Rea, Alice J.	Schenectady, New York
Rienzi, Robert G.	Garfield, New Jersey
Rombach, Charlotte M.	Mannsville, New York
Rosettie, Louis	Corning, New York
Semple, Wilhelmina	Schenectady, New York
Shannon, Mary S.	Rome, New York
Smith, Eloise	Glens Falls, New York
Stafford, Ethel M.	Mount Vernon, New York
Sullivan, Philip J.	Hogansburg, New York
Terwilliger, Freda I.	Newburgh, New York
Torpey, Dorothy	Nunda, New York
Turner, Velma	Plattsburgh, New York
Voris, Helen	Lincolndale, New York

White, Adelaide E.	Saranac Lake, New York
Williams, Kermit	Cadyville, New York
Wilson, Jane J.	Whitehall, New York

COURSE FOR ELEMENTARY TEACHERS

Anson, Mary	Wadhams, New York
Arksey, Hazel E.	Ellenburg Depot, New York
Behan, Jane	Plattsburgh, New York
Bigonnaisse, Olive	Ticonderoga, New York
Bola, Celia	Ausable Forks, New York
Canning, Margaret R.	Dannemora, New York
Clute, Theresa A.	Whitehall, New York
Columbe, Violet	Plattsburgh, New York
Cross, Mary	Essex, New York
Culnane, Claire A.	Johnsonville, New York
Cummings, Pauline	Keeseville, New York
Douglas, Helen	Hawkeye, New York
Finnegan, Anna	Plattsburgh, New York
Forcier, Evelyn M.	Ticonderoga, New York
Geddes, Helen G.	Ogdensburg, New York
Gove, Helen	Peru, New York
Gregory, Aurilla R.	Plattsburgh, New York
Gregware, Hazel	Plattsburgh, New York
Higby, Doris	Willsboro, New York
Kelly, Bertha	West Chazy, New York
Kennedy, Marjorie H.	Brainardsville, New York
LaBarge, Pearl	Ellenburg, New York
LaMare, Ethel	Lyon Mountain, New York
McCannah, Kathleen	Ticonderoga, New York
McGrath, Mildred L.	Granville, New York
Magoon, Martha	Plattsburgh, New York
Merwin, Esther R.	Blue Mountain Lake, New York
Nash, Frances	Elmsford, New York
Penfield, Kathleen	Plattsburgh, New York
Porter, Evelyn E.	Ticonderoga, New York
Riley, Dorothy	Morrisonville, New York
Rising, Ruth C.	Hague, New York
Roblee, Minnie	Blue Mountain Lake, New York
Sargent, Edna	Ellenburg, New York
Senecal, Alice M.	Hudson Falls, New York
Sennett, Magdalene	Granville, New York
Sleight, Evelyn	Fort Edward, New York
Sleight, Isabelle	Fort Edward, New York
Smart, Alice	Cadyville, New York
Trim, Hazel	Morrisonville, New York

Junior Class Song

To the tune of "A Cottage Small by a Waterfall"

When you've wandered away from your classmates,
With a tear and a sigh of regret,
You'll recall old friendships and happy days,
Old scenes that you cannot forget.
When we answer the call of our life's work
And success we feel we have won,
We'll look back on the past, that has shown us at last,
That we owe P. N. S. all we've done.

CHORUS

We're the Junior class of this Normal School,
And we love its halls of fame.
We are loyal true to the gold and blue
And our love will always remain.
Be it work or sport or simply play,
We accept the gift of Fate,
For there's not a class like this Junior class,
It's the Class of '28.

MARGARET M. HAGAN.

Junior Class Poem

TO P. S. N. S.

Here the whispering willows sigh
To the heart of the drowsy pool.
Here the sunbeams smile and die
In the evening shadows, cool.

Here the waking flowers at dawn
Breathe their fragrance to the breeze
That dances o'er the verdant lawn,
And sports among the laughing trees

Here the murmuring fountain sings
To the pale enchanted moon;
Here the sighing zephyr brings
The night bird's melancholy tune.

Here is shining, ageless truth—
Truth, untouched by withering time;
Here is glorious, dreaming Youth,
Worshipper at Wisdom's shrine.

ALICE J. REA.

THE UTOPIAN

EDITED BY AL KOHOL

JUNE 15 1935

25¢



IN THIS ISSUE

TAILS AND REMARKS BY

Sir Ivan Boland — O. William Brennan —
Mabel Getaway Closer — Winifred's Coal Man —
Anna E. Formosa — Alice K. Montreal — J. Morrisey
Laura M Peoples — Ruth M. Shoveout — Baroness Melafsky
Olive Mayonaisse — Ethel Le Horse — Prof. Lombard —
MISS UTOPIA

Contents

FOR JUNE, 1935

Cover Design by Evelyn Forcier

FICTION

		PAGE
The Dead Ride Hard	Sir Ivan Boland	2
Alibi	O. William Henry	7
The Girl Men Don't Forget	Mabel Get-away Closer	9
The Whirlwind	Winifred's Coalman	11
Distinguished Outlines	Anna E. Formosa	12
Her Back to the Wall	Alice K. Montreal	14
From Missouri	Mr. Morrissey	17
The Big Fellow	"Kerm" Williams	20

ARTICLES

Do We Waste Time?	Ruth M. Shoveout	24
Guarding the Hairs of Your Head	Laura M. Peoples	25
There Ain't No Justice	Baronness Melofsky	27
Your Oven Will Keep You in the Kitchen	Olive Mayonaise	29
Is Education a Failure?	Ethel LaHorse	33
How to Become a Merchant	Prof. Lombard	35
Week-Ending With Nature	Mrs. Anna M. Blinn	37
Answers to Women	Miss Utopia	39

FASHIONS

Flounces and Bows	Myrtle Molony	42
Play Togs and Party Dresses	Charles LaCrosse	43
Fashion Talks	Madelon Falloon	44
Practical Clothes for the Romper	Helen Jackson	46
Up-River Clothes	Hazel Trim	47
Hand-Painted Accessories	Jessie E. Boyer	48
Theater Togs	Leo A. Grenier	49
Lace and Fine Muslin	Manie Yards	50

THE UTOPIAN

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Executive Office	Cadyville, N. Y.
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THE UTOPIAN, JUNE, 1935

MISS UTOPIA'S ANSWERS TO WOMEN

It is not a decent human urge to get at the truth about our common worries and the best ways of meeting and surviving them which keeps this page alive. Rather it is curiosity about other people's doings. To satiate this relentless craving is the present purpose of this page. If immediate personal information is desired, send stamped addressed envelope to Miss Utopia, THE UTOPIAN, Peru, N. Y.

Dear Miss Utopia:

Nine years ago I met The MAN. The following June we were married and lived happily until July.

Then one day I overheard Mr. Haw telling a neighbor what an ardent lover of Tennis he was.

Miss Utopia, if you could only guess how miserable I've been for these last nine years—knowing all the while that my darling loves some huzzy, but not daring to divorce him.

What shall I do? What shall I do? The crisis is at hand.

MRS. JESSIE BOYER HAW.

My dear Jessie:

You poor, poor child. When we brood over our trials, we add mistake to mistake. Perhaps we wouldn't if we had a quiet word from someone who has experienced a similar confusion.

Your husband is true to you so cease worrying. That interloper, Tennis, is nothing more than a game that was played when you were in training for the teaching profession. It isn't your fault, Jessie, so just go right on living the same as ever.

MISS UTOPIA.

Dear Miss Utopia:

I possess proof that my husband is disloyal to me. But I have three children, therefore I cannot divorce him.

Now I know it is a sin to waste my health, my good looks, my very life, for an unfaithful man, but, unfortunately, this affair has a vice-like grip upon me. I feel as if the bottom had dropped out of everything. It is a torment to be a "one-man woman."

Who can tell me how to end this waste of the best in me? I cannot change the man. Don't tell me that.

MRS. MARGARET METZLOFF CLUKEY.

Dear Peggy:

You shouldn't moil over your troubles. Here is what a certain Mrs. Vera Williams has written to me:

"The reason I did not break my heart over my once best belovedest is this: He believes he is just a big boy who must be humored. He sees life only in terms of play. Love itself always has been play to him, but to me, both serious and sacred. Now I see him as he is and it is no trick at all to wipe my tears. Now I put into our marriage as much as I get out of it, companionship, courtesy, sympathy and cooperation. But of the romantic love which he scatters here and there, I measure portion for portion. So only can I escape the bitterness arising from injustice. The result is that we get through life with considerable comfort and content."

When a husband proves superficial and shallow, a wife should discover other diversions which actually possess the quality of genuineness.

MISS UTOPIA.

Dear Miss Utopia:

I surely have a problem for you to solve. I have been offered a very wonderful position as a teacher in a large school in one of our western states. Then just recently a friend I admire very much asked me to marry him. My new offer would enable me to realize all my dreams—that of travel—and still have plenty of money left to live on while teaching. The man who has offered me marriage would be able to make me comfortable but I would not realize my dreams. I hope you can untangle this problem for me.

"DOT" RILEY.

Dear "Dot":

Your problem is quite characteristic of life.

I would advise you to marry the man and urge him to take an I. C. S. course which would immediately double his earnings and thus permit you to travel on his increased earnings, or, on the other hand, marry him as in the first solution and then collect his insurance. You know, men have died for love and worms have eaten them.

MISS UTOPIA.

Share Miss Utopia:

Ya undra um du kunna scriva to me alt

du vet um flickerna som yik te Plattsburgh Normal Schoolan some tid sedan?

Tak for ingenting du kau yurra for me.

OLLE OLSON.

Dear Olle:

Yes, you're quite right in doing what you've done and I am quite certain that everything will come out all right in the end.

MISS UTOPIA.

Dear Miss Utopia:

While attending the Plattsburgh State Normal School I became interested in the selling game.

Since graduating in 1928, I have been trying to sell ladies' silk hosiery for a living, but each year my sales decrease.

What shall I do?

KENNETH BROWN.

Dear Mr. Brown:

I am very sorry to inform you that I cannot answer your question through these columns but I would be very glad to send you the requested information upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelop.

MISS UTOPIA.

Dear Miss Utopia:

Is there such a thing as a "headache" meaning a pain somewhere in the head?

ISABELLE DOWNEY.

Dear Isabelle:

Your question is of such a nature as to cause it to fall under Personal Health Service Columns and consequently cannot be answered through the medium of my section. Anyway, that isn't the kind of a question even a doctor would like to take up space in answering.

MISS UTOPIA.

Dear Miss Utopia:

I am writing you about the same old question, that of a flapper and her attractions.

Last summer I went to Europe and while on shipboard I was fully convinced that men care only for the shy little Miss in her gingham gown, etc.

I can't seem to shake off my flapper traits and mannerisms, and as a result I am neglected.

Please succor me in my plight.

AURILLA GREGORY.

Dear Aurilla:

To master even our ordinary trials and tribulations takes intelligence, fearlessness and persistence. Ultimate success or failure await us in the end. If we don't succeed, we can at least fail. Don't go to pieces over your troubles. That would be strategic. Rather, go about telling them to everyone you meet and then everyone will help you solve your problems and everything will be rosy and everybody will be happy.

MISS UTOPIA.

Dear Miss Utopia:

I was employed in an office and was successful there. I had the independence and resourcefulness of a man. Finally my natural longing for a mate clamored. I married.

I know I have a good husband and I love my baby but somehow or other I just can't seem to enjoy housework. Internally all is chaos. Please help me get at the truth of my restlessness.

MRS. ETHEL STAFFORD MEEHAN.

Dear Mrs. Meehan:

As I see your situation, you should go back to business. Hire a domestic to look after your child. Get back where you belong. Live your own life.

MISS UTOPIA.

Dear Miss Utopia:

I was a high-strung girl, at the head of my classes and a social leader. I married my hero and proceeded to make him miserable. Not at first but soon after I lost interest in things, wanted to lop around, just wouldn't do my share and I am becoming exceedingly irritable.

What to do? What to do?

MRS. MARGARET HAGAN COLLINS.

Dear Mrs. Collins:

You'll have to buck up or Mr. Collins will scold you and maybe stop loving you.

There's nothing the matter with you. No disillusionment need destroy us unless we permit it to do so. What you need is a fad. Take up roller skating or play cowboy and Indians with the neighbor's children.

MISS UTOPIA.

Dear Miss Utopia:

I am a young married woman and although my husband and I get along together all right, I am afraid my children will bring disruption to my fireside.

I have two boys, Mike and Ike, aged seven and eight, respectively, and they will persist in chewing tobacco and picking girls up in their aeroplane.

THE UTOPIAN, JUNE, 1935

Their father has always been such an upright, good man that I just know he will divorce me if he learns of their actions because he studied psychology once and he will at once conclude that these undesirable tendencies have been inherited from me. Oh, please give me a quiet word or two to help me out of this predicament.

MRS. ESTHER KOCH RYAN.

Dear Mrs. Ryan:

Give the little devils the "killycure." Put some arsenic in their pocket flasks, partly drain the gasoline tank of their aeroplane so that the next time they go up they'll come down with a jolt. Follow these instructions to the "T" and I'm measurably certain that Mike and Ike will never "queer" you with Mr. Ryan.

MISS UTOPIA.

Dear Miss Utopia:

At twenty-six, married, I find that my husband is running around with girls; or rather, the girls will not let him alone.

Francis owns a garage. He is an expert mechanic. For four years after our wedding I worked as a stenographer.

Sorrow has ruined my sleep. I have no clothes and no money for grooming. My health and beauty are knocked into a cocked hat. But Francis has money to spend on pretty girls.

Can't there be something done to the girl who tries to take another girl's husband from her? Where are the landladies who used to get rid of such boarders?

Please suggest something in THE UTOPIAN. I do not want a personal reply because Francis gets the mail first, in order to grab his perfumed notes before I see them.

MRS. ALICE BILLINGS MORHAUS.

Dear Mrs. Morhaus:

Get a new interest—LIFE! Don't become introspective and melancholy as women used to do. Sisters, remember that the old, old way brought only misery. Is this new way not worth a trial? Remember it never has failed. Try your luck at Hotel Uneeda Rest!

MISS UTOPIA.

The following have been saved from unthought-of suffering and misery through the medium of these columns and it is their express desire to let the whole world know about it.

Priscilla Broadwell, Catherine F. Bennett, Helen J. Chea, Miriam Abrahm, Mary B. LaBrie, Nora Kinney, Jennie Hamilton, Alice J. Rea, Mr. and Mrs. John Owens, Elizabeth Metzler, Mr. and Mrs. Rosettie, Adelaide E. White, Theresa A. Clute, Doris Higby, Madeline Fallon, Pearl LaBarge, Mildred I. McGrath, Kathleen Penfield, Alice Smart and the Sleight sisters.

If any of our readers are particularly inquisitive and wish to correspond with some of these saved people, they may obtain the desired addresses by writing to Miss Utopia, who will be only too glad to do all within her power in order to bring about the desired connections.

THE UTOPIAN, JUNE, 1935

HOTEL UNEEDA REST

PLATTSBURGH NEW YORK



GRAND OPENING JULY 4, 1935

HOTEL UNEEDA REST, formerly P. S. N. S., monopolizes the ideal vacation spot of the world. This circumstance, coupled with its location in Plattsburgh, the metropolis of Northern New York, makes vacationing here peculiarly desirable. From the roof gardens of the hotel one can glimpse Canada in the dim distance.

Remodeled, repainted, redecorated, refurnished, re-everything, Hotel Uneeda Rest is now impractically ready to saturate its guests with an atmosphere of taste and cultivation.

Large, well-equipped and well-lighted rooms on the lower floor provide every facility for all forms of activity connected with wagering. (Absolutely no interference from State Troopers.)

The management promises a good time for all in the hotel's spacious, well-lighted and well-filtered natatorium. Dressing rooms and shower baths are convenient, but the contractor forgot to install them.

On arriving at Plattsburgh, patrons should go immediately to the Main Office in the hotel proper, where the newcomers will be met by the management and introduced to the other guests and hotel help.

Excellent bell-hop service! Only graduates of Mr. Sullivan's Correspondence School of Bell-hopping employed.

Rooms ..... Ventilated
Meals ..... Starvation Plan
Rates ..... Normal

PROPRIETORS

PAUL JEPSON JAMES MORRISSEY WILLIAM NADEAU

ADVISORY BOARD

MR. SAMUEL TODD

NOTE.—Hotel Champlain has filed a petition of bankruptcy. It is rumored that the catastrophe was due to an attempt on the part of the management to compete with the extensive advertising campaign launched by the "Three Horsemen." *Act now!* Only a few choice rooms left for the month of July.



FRESHMEN

Twenty-niners

While penning these lines for the CARDINAL,
We tremble with fear and vexation;
We know very little (you'll think it far less)
About writing for this publication.

Our contributions are funny in part,
And some of them almost sane;
Too modest are others, you're bound to admit,
But none, we hope, are too vain.

Politicians we have, and orators, too,
Musicians and athletes galore;
But how lacking in all things we must appear
To the Seniors, who know so much more!

Then judge us from every point of view,
As we flourish our Silver and Red;
We're only the Frosh of P. S. N. S.,
But we'll tell the world we're not dead!



Freshman Class Officers

Presidents

GEORGE GILLEY.....Plattsburgh, N. Y.
ALBERT ANGELL.....Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Vice-President

MAE P. BROWN.....Bay Shore, L. I.

Secretary

ANNA E. MULHOLLAND.....Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Treasurer

THOMAS H. O'NEILL.....Bay Shore, L. I.

Class Colors
MAROON AND SILVER

Class Flowe
RED ROSE

Class Motto
"TO BE RATHER THAN TO SEEM TO BE"

Faculty Advisor

HARRISON M. TERWILLIGER.....Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Class History

How difficult the task of properly recording the intellectual and social achievements of our class during this, our first year at Normal! These days which are slowly fading into past history leave behind them many pleasant memories, a few of which merge themselves into a series of facts termed a history.

This résumé which may perform the major part of its duty—that of recording our Freshman activities—cannot, we know, express the benefit that we as individuals have derived from our association with each other as members of a somewhat unusual class.

With the opening of school on September 7 a new world was laid before us and a wider range of educational possibilities was opened to us. We lost no opportunity to grasp these various advantages, and the records of many of our members show how successful we have been in our first great advancement along the path of knowledge.

At first we felt rather isolated among so many strangers, but our organization as a class shortly after the beginning of our first semester put an end to this. We chose our officers with great care and from our members selected the following: President, George Gilley; vice-president, Mae Brown; treasurer, Thomas O'Neill; secretary, Anna Mulholland; CARDINAL representative, Sheard Parker. Mr. Terwilliger was chosen class advisor.

In acknowledgment of the reception given us by the Juniors and Seniors, we entertained them at a Hallowe'en party in the Gymnasium, where appropriate decorations, excellent music and novelty dances contributed to the success of this, our first social activity.

Again, at the annual mid-year ball, we proved ourselves competent hosts and hostesses. The Gymnasium was transformed into a veritable danceland, adorned with our class colors, maroon and silver. Our banner, surely a work of art, designed by Agnes De St. Guay, one of our members, was displayed here to its best advantage. It was a royal entertainment and more than repaid the efforts of the capable committees in charge.

After mid-year examinations we received the resignation of our president, who decided to leave Normal in order to enter upon other duties. As a worthy successor, Albert Angell was chosen by the class to fill this office.

The weeks following the close of these activities have been filled with earnest study in preparation for our June examinations and many social events.

Perhaps we have made some mistakes, but by these we have profited. Our success thus far has greatly encouraged us and strengthened our determination to fulfill the sentiments expressed in our class motto, *"Esse Quam Videre,"* that is, "To Be Rather Than to Seem to Be"—the greatest class in the history of the Normal, the Class of '29.

ANNA MULHOLLAND.

The Ship of State

How like a sea the world of knowledge is,
With ships that dot its surface near and far,
Some ploughing through the storm and wind-tossed waves,
Some lying safely moored beyond a bar.

How like a ship our Alma Mater is,
A Ship of State whose flag, 'neath azure sky,
Shows rich maroon as from the staff it floats,
With P. S. N. S. in white letters high.

And at the head of this, our dear old ship,
Is one who's ever wise, ever our friend;
His officers most helpful, always kind—
To him and them our thoughts will ever trend.

See, running here and there upon the deck,
Students, as sailors, bent upon their work;
Many their tasks, but always gladly done,
Right seldom find we one who tries to shirk.

Thus, sailing onward through the seven seas,
The ship oft docks along the coast or shore,
Dismissing sailors who have earned release,
And passes ever on, enlisting more.

The sailors who are left at every stop
Have served aboard the ship for three long years;
And now, their voyage ended, see at last
The happy outcome of their hopes and fears.

We all have weathered many mighty storms,
Ploughing the waste of waters, wild and rough,
But never have abandoned our loved ship,
For are we not all made of sterner stuff?

In the year twenty-nine, with colors flying,
May we at last our anchor safely fall
In the much-longed-for port of Graduation,
The harbor where reward awaits us all.

GRACE WARNER.



The Mid-Year Dance

The Mid-Year Dance

The mid-year dance, given by the Freshman class, was held in the Gymnasium of the Normal School on the evening of February 3. It was a success, indeed. No efforts were spared by the members of the committees in charge to make the delightful occasion one long to be remembered.

Everyone was pleased with the decorations. The ceiling was skillfully covered with alternating crimson and silver strips, which extended down the walls. In the middle of the hall was suspended the Freshman banner. One corner of the room, set apart for the orchestra, was inclosed by lattice-work according with the color scheme. Directly opposite was a cozy nook for the comfort of the faculty. Much time and effort was spent in order that the faculty might have an enjoyable evening.

One of the attractions of the evening was a balloon dance, during which a string was pulled and balloons began to fall from the ceiling of the room. The red balloons were artistically painted, bearing the Normal initials and the class numerals.

The programs were original and unique. Refreshments were served throughout the evening at the entrance to the hall.

The patronesses and patrons of the evening were: Dr. and Mrs. George K. Hawkins, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Terwilliger, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Todd, Mr. and Mrs. F. Osgood Smith, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Thompson and Miss Elizabeth M. Ketchum.

The committees were: Decorations—Helen M. Montany, chairman, Mabel Brewer, Joyce Creswell, Esther Weiner, Mary Stenger, Robert Carpenter, George Taylor and Thomas O'Neill. Dance and program—Albert D. Angell, Jr., chairman, Donald Downs, Harold Hartwell, Ruth Siddons, Kathleen Sorrenson and Albertine Darling. Reception and refreshment—Frances E. Jersey, chairman, Lillian Stone, Grace Garrison and Ethel Ketchum. Arrangements—C. Sheard Parker, chairman, and the men of the various committees.

Helen M. Montany,
Celia M. Zepf.

Those Representing Us in School Activities

FOOTBALL

Robert Carpenter
Roland Ayres
Thomas O'Neill
Guy Beaubriand

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Thomas O'Neill

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Mary Stenger
Arlene Chapman
Dorothy Wing
Frances Daly
Albertine Darling
Sarah Rowe

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Gertrude Baker
Grace Garrison
Geneva Thayer
Dorothy Gold
Kathleen Bowen
Agnes Connery
Ruth Siddons
Gladys Lancto
Cecelia Plumley
Agnes De St. Guay
Pauline Cummings
Katherine McGhan
Barbara Barnes
Helen Fitzgerald

ORCHESTRA

Celia Zepf
George Taylor
Guy Beaubriand
Anna Mulholland
Harold Hartwell
Alwyn Mooney
Albert Angell

Through the Freshmen's Glasses

EXCERPTS

THE SENIORS

"* * * One group was the Senior class, but its members were so high above us that we seldom came close enough to them to form any impressions; and, when we did, the atmosphere was so rarified that we were mighty glad to escape their dread presence—much less spend any time philosophizing on the general impression they made on us."

"They are grave, pedantic and pompous—the Seniors of '27."

"* * * And as for the present Seniors—may they never falter in withstanding the blows they are destined to receive in this world's college of hard knocks."

"We offer congratulations to those who have successfully completed their courses of study and are now Seniors. With our congratulations go our best wishes!"

THE JUNIORS

"It seems to me that the Juniors are ever striving to attain the place of the Seniors. They are always trying to acquire that haughty attitude, that feeling of superiority, and to usurp the right to rule the Freshmen * * *."

"* * * I can readily see that the standards of the present Juniors are falling below those set by other Junior classes."

"* * * Several members of the Junior class were bold enough to make public their feelings. Those few Juniors who appeared in the first picture of the Freshman class realized how honored they would be if * * *."

"It is possible the Juniors can reform if they repent now of their waywardness, improve, and continue to improve until June, 1928."

"The Juniors are a 'nice bunch,' but terribly immature and irresponsible."

"Call the members of the present Junior class *'Juniors'* often enough and you can rely on psychology to prove its claim that one's career is determined by the

number-vibrations of his name. The class of '28 unconsciously assumes the characteristics and tendencies attributed to its name, and we have, therefore, an adolescent, carefree and irresponsible group."

"* * * But it is a 'decent group'—this class of '28—in spite of its shortcomings."

"The Juniors have forgotten that once, not very far back in the past, they, too, were lowerclassmen and that they were even more stupid and unsophisticated than we now are! That is an established fact, but one which has been conveniently forgotten by them."

"When we found many of them in our classes, repeating subjects, we no longer looked upon the Juniors as superior beings * * *."

"But here's to the Juniors! We shall know them better another year and learn to love them more both in and out of school. We offer them this counsel: Improve next year!"

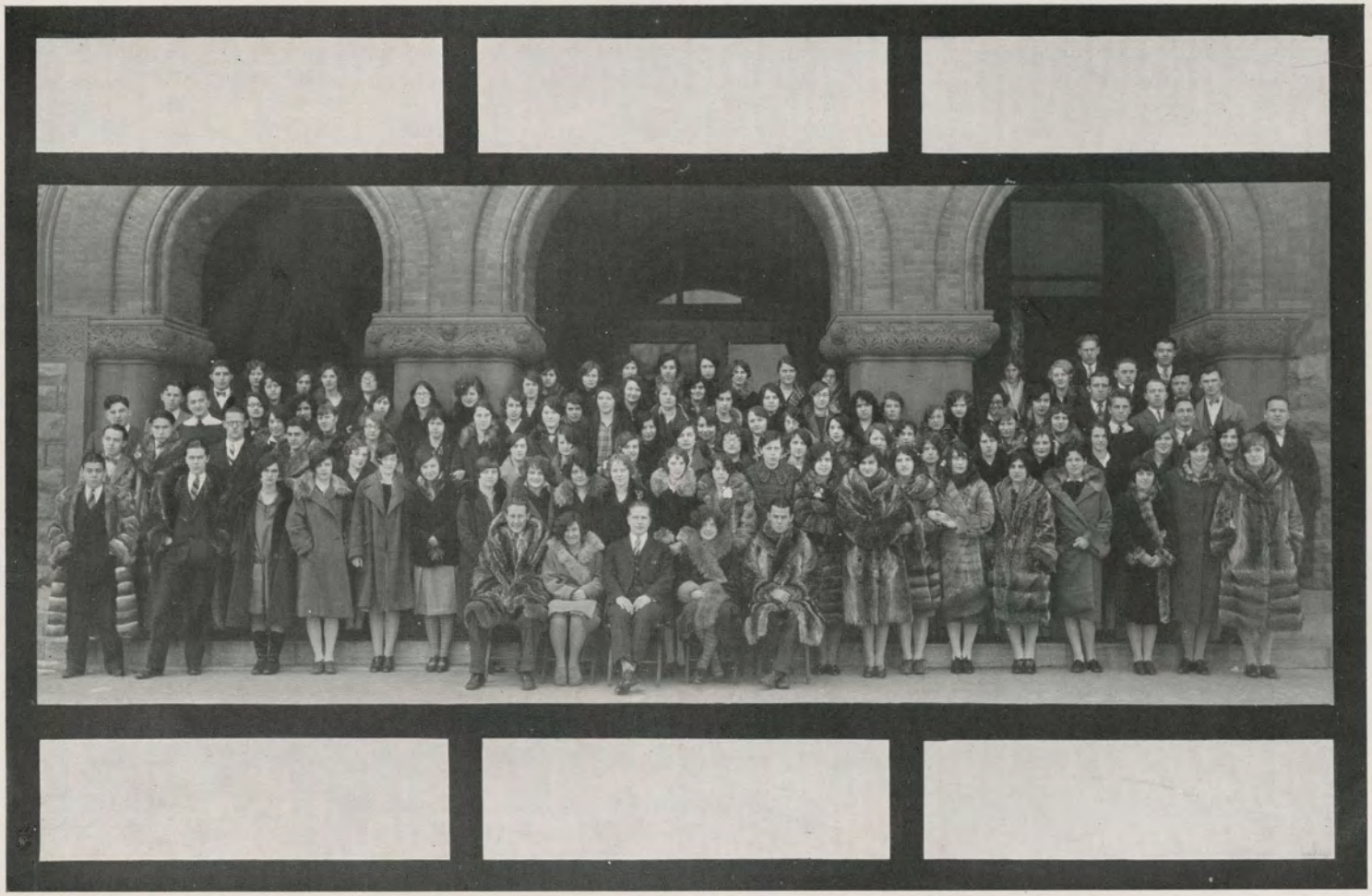
GRACE GARRISON,
LUETTA RAUX,
CELIA RUBINS,
GEORGE TAYLOR,

Credit to Whom Credit is Due

We of the Class of 1929 came to the Plattsburgh State Normal School an unorganized unit, painfully ignorant of what was before us, but anxious to establish a record as one of the best classes that ever entered the institution. Though our experiences in high school had given us some notion of what we ought to do here, we soon realized that our ideas had to be modified and enlarged.

In adjusting ourselves to new conditions we have been most fortunate in having for our counselor and guide Mr. H. M. Terwilliger, whom we unanimously chose as our faculty advisor. He has worked faithfully with us, in many cases harder than any of our own body; when we found ourselves in perplexity he has always been ready and willing to set us right; and he has taken great pains to see that all our undertakings were properly planned and successfully carried out. We take this opportunity of expressing to him our sincere thanks for the assistance and encouragement he has given us.

C. SHEARD PARKER.



Class of 1929

COURSE FOR COMMERCIAL TEACHERS

angell, albert d.	plattsburgh, new york
armstrong, hannah	massena springs, new york
ayers, rolland e.	morrisonville, new york
bain, henrietta e.	bay shore, long island
baker, helen m.	plattsburgh, new york
barney, genevia f.	crown point, new york
beaubriand, guy a.	dannemora, new york
bickle, arda g.	batavia, new york
brewer, mabel d.	lyons, new york
brewer, marguerite m.	hancock, new york
brockney, florence m.	ticonderoga, new york
brown, mae p.	bay shore, long island
carpenter, robert w.	poland, new york
chapman, arlene b.	east moriches, long island
clarke, edrie n.	plattsburgh, new york
clarke, mary	tarrytown, new york
cole, helen r.	harriman, new york
creswell, joyce	bangall, new york
cushner, esther p.	napanoch, new york
daly, a. frances	malone, new york
darling, albertine e.	palmyra, new york
degenhardt, catherine j.	poughkeepsie, new york
de vasto, mary c.	newburgh, new york
de veto, rose m.	lyons, new york
donovan, joseph f.	salamanca, new york
dorfman, anna r.	locust valley, new york
downs, donald a.	peru, new york
dupras, john h.	clayburg, new york
fitzpatrick, doris a.	fort edward, new york
garrison, grace b. r.	walton, new york
gnecco, sarah c.	amityville, long island
gordon, arthur h.	peru, new york
grimble, ruby m.	lyndonville, new york
hale, christine e.	newburgh, new york
hart, may t.	peru, new york
hartwell, harold d.	plattsburgh, new york

herling, pauline v.	plattsburgh, new york
hitz, irene f.	poughkeepsie, new york
kennedy, francis	mineville, new york
libby, william s.	plattsburgh, new york
macheski, mary p.	newburgh, new york
magoon, ward e.	plattsburgh, new york
mars, dorothy n.	dewittville, new york
marsh, gertrude h.	plattsburgh, new york
montany, helen m.	barrytown, new york
mooney, alwyn m.	plattsburgh, new york
mooney, howard	plattsburgh, new york
o'neill, thomas h.	bay shore, long island
parker, c. sheard	endicott, new york
pelkey, clede	ausable forks, new york
raux, luetta b.	ilion, new york
rubins, celia	newburgh, new york
sanders, curtis e.	peru, new york
schwartz, dorothy e.	newburgh, new york
siddons, ruth h.	morrisonville, new york
sorensen, kathleen p.	plattsburgh, new york
stenger, mary a.	corning, new york
stone, lillian c.	west chazy, new york
taylor, george l.	plattsburgh, new york
turner, pauline	plattsburgh, new york
vander burgh, cora m.	plattsburgh, new york
walrath, earl h.	herkimer, new york
weiner, esther	saranac lake, new york
wilson, ruth m.	whitehall, new york
yates, marion w.	walton, new york
zepf, celia m.	hyde park, new york

COURSE FOR ELEMENTARY TEACHERS

arthur, imogene l.	peru, new york
baker, gertrude f.	plattsburgh, new york
barnes, barbara t.	troy, new york
bonville, ruth e.	plattsburgh, new york
bowen, kathleen f.	plattsburgh, new york
bragg, norman e.	peru, new york
burgess, alma i.	plattsburgh, new york
bush, genevieve g.	ticonderoga, new york
call, m. hildred	lake placid, new york
chase, hilda r.	lyon mountain, new york
coffey, gertrude m.	peru, new york

connery, agnes m.	saratoga springs, new york
conroy, anna b.	plattsburgh, new york
de st. guay, agnes e.	glens falls, new york
dubreuil, doris m.	standish, new york
emnott, winifred f.	elizabethtown, new york
fitzgerald, helen m.	saratoga springs, new york
gergeley, mary h.	port henry, new york
giles, bernice e.	plattsburgh, new york
gold, dorothy e.	plattsburgh, new york
goodale, shirley i.	west chazy, new york
gregory, doris	plattsburgh, new york
hull, sarah e.	morrisonville, new york
jersey, frances e.	morrisonville, new york
ketchum, ethel i.	plattsburgh, new york
king, marian e.	plattsburgh, new york
lancto, gladys e.	cadyville, new york
lefebvre, beatrice e.	plattsburgh, new york
meghan, catherine r.	saratoga springs, new york
masterson, sara ann	port henry, new york
mulholland, anna e.	plattsburgh, new york
plumley, cecelia l.	bloomingdale, new york
robinson, bernadetto a.	champlain, new york
rowe, sarah j.	chazy, new york
smart, violet h.	elizabethtown, new york
spaulding, harriet s.	crown point, new york
thayer, geneva h.	carthage, new york
warner, grace m.	peru, new york
whitty, ellen m.	schroon lake, new york
williams, priscilla m.	ausable forks, new york
wing, dorothy r.	plattsburgh, new york

Freshmen

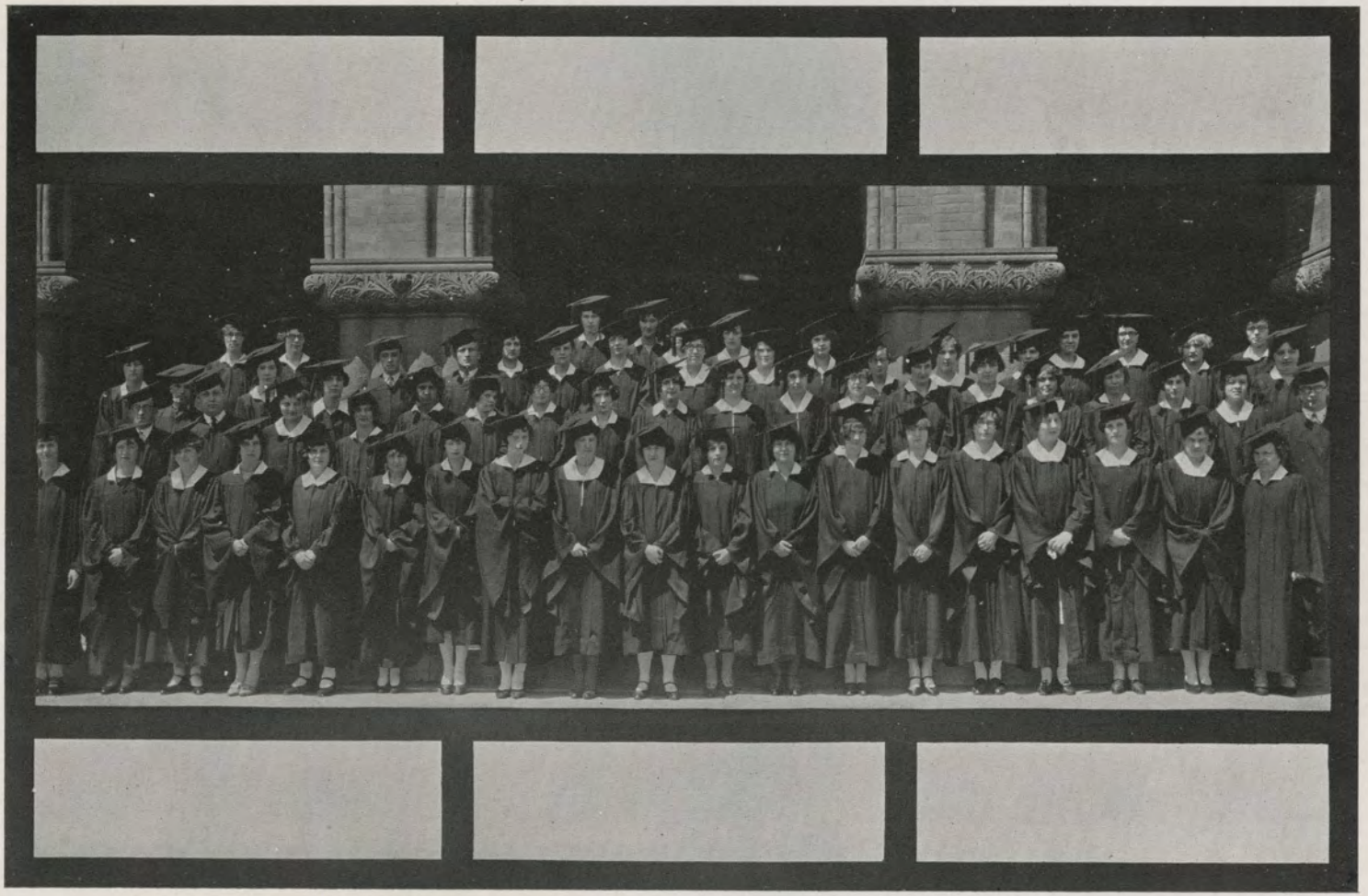
F illed with vim to get ahead,
R esolved to lead and not to be led,
E ver trying to gain their goal,
S uccessfully acting as a whole,
H ere they come with standards high,
M eaning always to do or die,
E ver punctual, rain or shine,
N ineteen hundred and twenty-nine.



FEATURES



1890 ALUMNI 1927



Class of '26

Alumni Officers

MR. JAMES O'CONNELL '21 ..... *President*
MRS. CORNELIA ALLEN '08 ..... *Vice-President*
MISS AGNES BOWE '19 ..... *Secretary*
MISS ELIZABETH R. HAWKINS '14 ..... *Treasurer*

June is here, the month of sunshine, month of happiness and song,
And the memories of my classmates, as I sit here, come along;
It takes me back to school days and the thoughts of yesteryear,
While a picture of old Normal and its campus reappear.

Time has not changed the joy we knew in days now long gone by;
It seems to make it dearer, yet I cannot help but sigh
And wish I might live o'er again those joys of long ago,
And taste once more the old delights of days we used to know.

A host of cherished memories comes rushing back to me,
The hopes and loves of long ago, and friends I plainly see;
We tread again the time-worn halls and happy youth renew,
It all appears before my eyes as in a bright review.

From every haunted niche a voice comes back to give me cheer
And bring me pleasant memories of our Alma Mater dear,
And as I think of happy hours, the friends, and all the rest,
My heart goes back to Normal, the noblest and the best.

J. B. A.

THE 1927 CARDINAL

THIRTEENTH EDITION **ALUMNI NEWS** PUBLISHED ANNUALLY

PLATTSBURGH STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, PLATTSBURGH, N. Y., 1927

BIG BANQUET, PLATTSBURGH STATE NORMAL SCHOOL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK CITY HELD AT HOTEL McALPIN, SATURDAY, MAY 7

News from the Class of 1926

Frances Allen is a member of the faculty of the public school in Ausable Forks, N. Y.

Madeline Arthur is spending this year, following her graduation, at her home in Mohawk.

Charles Beahan has a position as instructor in the Commercial Department of the Liverpool High School.

Florence Biser and Catherine Oles, roommates and chums in P. S. N. S., are still together, teaching in Hudson Falls, N. Y.

Port Henry is very fortunate in having Christine Braman and Nellie Cardillo as members of its high school faculty. We were pleased to see these two schoolmates at our mid-year dance last January.

Dorothy Brothers' address is now Winthrop, N. Y., where she is teaching this year.

Martha Carlson is a member of the faculty of the Lincoln Junior High School of Jamestown, N. Y. Miss Carlson is fortunate in having secured a position in her home city.

Elizabeth Carney is now a teacher in the high school of Woodridge, N. Y.

Hugh Conway has visited us several times this year while on short vacations from his work as head of the Commercial Department of the Alexandria Bay High School.

Margaret Cunningham's mail may be forwarded to George Junior Republic, Freeville, N. Y., where she has a position as teacher.

Lois Delano and Florence Mulvey are together teaching in Central Islip, Long Island.

Louis H. Drinkwine is a successful teacher in North Tarrytown, N. Y.

Gladys Eaton has a position as teacher in Seaford, Long Island.

Beatrice Fox writes that she is enjoying her work as a teacher in Clinton, N. Y.

Bessie Facto holds a position as teacher in Lyon Mountain, N. Y.

Genevieve Finnegan is located near Albany, but we have been unable to obtain her correct address.

Over a hundred members of the P. S. N. S. Alumni Association attended the delightful banquet at the Hotel McAlpin on Saturday, May 7. Just prior to the banquet a business meeting was held for the purpose of electing officers for the year. Among those present was a member of the class of 1896, the vice-president, who came all the way from Washington, D. C., to attend the meeting. After the repast dancing was enjoyed by all present.

The officers of this organization for 1927 are as follows: President, Mr. Leon G. LaFleur, 324 McLean Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.; vice-president, Miss Elizabeth Falsey, Washington, D. C.; secretary, Mr. J. F. Gallagher, Battin High School, Elizabeth, N. J.; treasurer, Miss Margaret Murray, 110 Fortieth St., Union City, N. J.

We are pleased to announce the engagement of Doris Frazier to Mr. Charles Silver. Miss Frazier was an outstanding figure of the class of '26, a member of the Alpha Kappa Phi Sorority and editor-in-chief of the 1926 CARDINAL. She is teaching in Warrensburg this year, but is giving up her position in June to be married some time this summer.

Julia M. Gardephe's address is 86 Fifth Ave., North Troy, N. Y., in which city she is teaching.

Mrs. Theodore Carmon (Adele Gardner), who is now living in Prattsville, N. Y., recently spent a few days with P. S. N. S. friends.

Anna Gill is teaching in Elmsford, N. Y.

Dorothy Hayes now resides at 3 North Oak St., Hudson Falls, N. Y., where she is teaching in the Commercial Department of the high school.

Esther Goldman is at her home in this city.

Gertrude Heath's present address is Northville, N. Y., where she holds a position as teacher in the public school.

Edith Huber resides at her home, Mineola, N. Y. Miss Huber is teaching in Farmingdale, Long Island.

Darwin Keysor is principal of the Slingerlands, N. Y., grade school.

Ruth Larson, who accepted a position to teach in the Commercial Department of

the Bay Shore, L. I., High School, has proved to be a very successful instructor.

Helen Lathrop holds a position in the Glens Falls High School.

The Ogdensburg Free Academy is very fortunate in securing the services of Miss Harriet Lavison as instructor in the Commercial Department.

Ruth Ledger is a member of the Saranac Lake Grade School faculty.

Margaret Tunney is now teaching in Ellenville, N. Y.

Mary Lucian is teaching in Margaretville.

Lois McCarty is with us this year, taking a post-graduate course at P. S. N. S.

Hildegarde Mentley spent her Thanksgiving vacation with friends and classmates in Plattsburgh. She returned November 28 to Wappinger Falls, where she is a teacher of commercial subjects in the high school.

Alberta Moody has left her native state and is teaching in the Richford, Vt., High School.

Mable Morrison has a position as teacher in Dolgeville, N. Y.

Evelyn Nelson is instructing the high school students of Clymer High School along commercial lines. We understand that next year she will have changed her profession from teacher to housewife. Miss Nelson will be married to Mr. Norman Davison of this city in the near future.

Mrs. Pearl O'Donnell is now residing in New Hyde Park, L. I., and with her, teaching in the same school, is Edna Shattuck.

Norma Payne is teaching in her home town, Amsterdam, N. Y. Norma visited in Plattsburgh during the Thanksgiving holidays, and we expect that soon she will permanently reside here as Mrs. Carl Myers.

Ruth Pratt is now teaching in Mineville, N. Y.

Herwood Prevost is a teacher in Altona.

James Quenan holds a position as instructor in Potsdam, N. Y.

Maurice Rabin has a position in the Commercial Department of the Elizabeth, N. J., High School.

Gladys Roberts, who is teaching in Ticonderoga, has visited her schoolmates in P. S. N. S. several times this year.

Anna Ryan now resides at Tuxedo Park, N. Y., where she is teaching in the public school.

Francis Ryan has a position in the Albany Business College, Albany, N. Y.

Marie Shroeder is a member of the Fulton High School faculty.

Margaret Sorenson of New Berlin, N. Y., is a successful teacher, as is her P. S. N. S. roommate, Maryland Wing, who is now teaching in Black River.

Thelma Vaughn is a teacher at Lake George.

Mable Weldon is at her home in this city.

Vivian Wescott's address is Bridgehampton, Long Island, where she is teaching.

Gwendolyn Wilcox has a position as stenographer with the Quaker Oats Company of Richford, Vt. We were pleased to welcome Gwen back to P. S. N. S. for a few days in February.

Births

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Halpin of 34 Monroe St., Pittsfield, Mass., are parents of a daughter, Patricia, born October 21, 1926. Mrs. Halpin will be remembered as Winifred Call '26.

Reunion

The Misses Margaret Reed, Pauline Rosebrook, Elizabeth Ellis, Lillian MacDougal and Emily Cunningham, pals in P. S. N. S., and commonly known as the "Senecal Quintette," returned to Plattsburgh for their Thanksgiving recess, and spent four days at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Senecal of Margaret St.

All of the young ladies were obliged to travel a considerable distance for the reunion. Miss Reed is teaching this year at Center Moriches, N. Y., Miss Rosebrook at Sea Cliff, Long Island, Miss Ellis at Brownville, N. Y., and Miss MacDougal at Lindenhurst, Long Island. Miss Cunningham resides with her parents at Yonkers, N. Y.

In Memory of

MISS MILDRED STAFFORD

Of the Class of 1926

"The place where two friends first met is sacred to them all through their friendship, all the more sacred as their friendship deepens and grows old."—Phillip Brooks.

News from the Class of 1925

Miriam Anderson is now teaching in Orchard Park, N. Y.

Elma Anson teaches in the public school of Ticonderoga, N. Y.

Helen Ausman is at her home in Saratoga Springs.

We were pleased to welcome Gladys Baker back to P. S. N. S. during her Christmas holidays. She is teaching in Hampton Bay, Long Island.

Francis Brennan, a teacher in Manhasset, paid us a hurried call during his Christmas vacation.

Hazel Drew, who left our country for Canada, her native land, is now a successful teacher in Montreal, P. Q.

Mrs. Richard Duquette holds a position as bookkeeper in one of the local offices.

Helen McCaffrey and Mary Grimes are together this year in Floral Park, Long Island, where they are teaching in the fourth and fifth grades, respectively.

Marion Holland is at her home in this city.

Charlotte Hulihan was fortunate in securing a position as teacher in her home town, Hoosick Falls.

Frances Johnson's address is Hotel Lewis, Fulton, N. Y.

Sylvia Johnson is a member of the Lakewood High School faculty.

Katherine Kiley, Mary O'Sullivan and Eileen McGaulley are now in New York City, but we are unable to obtain their present addresses.

Margaret McGraw is teaching in Camden.

Hannah Marvin teaches in Balston Spa.

Norma Kohl may be reached at Hudson Terrace, Piermont, N. Y., where she is teaching. We were pleased to welcome Miss Kohl back to P. S. N. S. for a week-end in February.

Foster Loso is a successful teacher in Elizabeth, N. J.

Mary McCarthy is teaching in Elmira, N. Y.

Genevieve Lyons holds a position as teacher in Woodridge, N. Y.

Genevieve Milvo teaches in Herkimer, N. Y.

Mrs. Clarence Mousseau is residing in this city.

Evelyn Nash and Eileen Rockwell were always together in P. S. N. S. so we are not surprised to find them together, teaching in Beacon, N. Y.

Evelyn Pettingill has a position in the Commercial Department of the Clyde High School.

Adolph Pfisterer is teaching in the high school at Elizabeth, N. J.

Rita Rooney is at Loon Lake, N. Y., where she has a position as teacher.

Bernice Sheffield is now Mrs. John Seney of Cadyville, N. Y.

Julia Shufelt taught in the Amsterdam High School during the first semester of this year, and during the latter half of the year has held a position as instructor in the Syracuse High School.

Margaret Carroll is teaching in a business school in Syracuse, N. Y.

Laura Sorrell is instructing in the high school at Long Lake, N. Y.

M. Kathryn Sullivan is a successful commercial teacher in the Sidney High School.

Mercedes Tierney's address is 17 Holley St., Lyons, N. Y.

The "Wagemaker Twins" are separated after always attending school together. Lila is teaching at Warner, N. Y., and Lula is at Caldwell, N. J.

Helen Spencer teaches at Fair Haven, N. Y.

Alberta Chase is a teacher in Lawrence, Long Island.

Marion Cronin, now Mrs. John Pender, resides at 442 West 4th St., Elmira, N. Y.

Lydia Erickson is teaching at Woodstock, N. J.

Mary Powers is teaching at Cadyville, N. Y.

Sara Hoffman and Gladys Keddy are both teachers in the Beacon public schools.

Katherine O'Connell Reid is now living in Panama, where her husband, Lieutenant Reid, is on duty with his regiment.

G. Hayward Webster is teaching at Amityville, Long Island.

Harold Stratton may be reached at Farmingdale, where he is an instructor.

Helen McCrae is teaching in the public school at Kent Cliffs, N. Y.

Dorothy Henry is teaching at Southampton, Long Island.

Cynthia Brooks is a teacher in the high school at Highbridge, N. J.

Gailey-Ernst

News has reached us of the engagement of Pauline J. Gailey to Mr. Lester Ernst of Rochester, N. Y. For the past two years Miss Gailey has been a valued teacher of commercial branches in the Elmira Heights High School. The wedding will take place in the near future.

EDITOR
J. Beth Austin



COMMENCEMENT

Class History

"By Courage and Wisdom We Will Succeed"

It is a well-established fact that every Senior class, no matter how large or small, how great or how lowly, has made for itself a history—a history of its accomplishments during the years passed with its Alma Mater. As members of the present Senior class we purpose here to set forth our history, that the underclassmen may listen, profit and, in a way, copy our achievements. They need the instruction and we are happy to be the example they are to follow.

When we entered the gates of the Plattsburgh Normal School, September, 1924, we were pleased to learn that our class was the largest that had ever entered this institution. We surprised the upperclassmen not only with the greatness of our number but also with the intelligence that we, as individuals, possessed. Our class officers were elected. Andrew Broadwell was our choice as president; Marie Cronin, vice-president; Gertrude Free, secretary; Kermit Williams, treasurer; Spencer Ames, sergeant at arms. Miss Lynch was chosen faculty advisor and helped to make our Freshman year a successful one.

After school had been in session a few days it was reported that the Juniors and Seniors were writing songs with which they intended to surprise us. Just as if they could! Immediately committees were appointed to write songs and yells for us. Naturally it was necessary for us to meet as a class and practice the songs, so one evening at 7 o'clock found us gathered in the auditorium of the school. But the illustrious and intelligent upperclassmen, fearing that we might "walk away" with all the laurels, decided they would become eavesdroppers, and this they did. In spite of the fact, the next day at school showed that we were "holding our own." Indeed it proved such a shock to the Seniors and Juniors to learn that we were so much more original than they, that during the rest of the year they seemed to walk in a daze.

In athletics our class was well represented. Four of our members belonged to the Athletic Association. In basketball we were proud of the work of Francis Haron, Kermit Williams and Francis E. Ryan, Lillian Boyle and Helen Cartmell. They added glories not only to our class but to their school by their work on the teams.

When it came time for the school play, "Let's All Get Married," to be presented, we found three of our members in the cast, contributing much to the success of the production.

In June came many entertainments. Then came Commencement, after which we were compelled to say farewell to the Seniors. Our records in athletics and studies were everything we had hoped for.

Vacation came and passed—very quickly it seemed. Our first duty after our return to school in September, 1925, was to choose our officers. Those elected were: Ernest Lemieux, president; Marie Cronin, vice-president; Gertrude Free, secre-

tary; Francis E. Ryan, treasurer; Francis T. Ryan, sergeant at arms. Miss Lynch did not return in the fall and Mr. Thompson was chosen faculty advisor.

In order to live up to our reputation of being original, we held a card party, which was well attended by the student body. The get-together party given by the Juniors and Seniors to make our new Freshmen feel at home was indeed a success.

And then, the Junior-Senior basketball game! It is useless to go into detail about this game. Of course we won with a high score. Our prowess in basketball could not be doubted.

In the school play, "Tell the Truth," four out of a cast of seven were Juniors. Mr. Terwilliger directed this play in a very capable manner.

Soon June came with its round of proms. Although the Senior reception was well attended, it could not be doubted that the dance given by the Juniors was just as successful and pleasing. The decorations were novel and everything else connected with the dance was unique. Next came commencement, and then vacation again.

September, 1926, brought us back to Normal once more, but now as dignified Seniors. It became our duty to watch over the doings of the Juniors and Freshmen and keep them ever in the right path. Francis E. Ryan was elected president to lead us through our last year, and at the same time Marie Cronin was chosen vice-president; Gertrude Free, secretary; and Francis Haron, treasurer.

Mr. Thompson continued in the capacity of faculty advisor and we profited greatly by his guidance and sympathetic understanding of the difficulties which we as Seniors encountered.

This year, as in former years, we were well represented not only in basketball but also in football, which came into being here only last fall.

As a result of an unfortunate accident at the beginning of the skating season Ernest Lemieux, one of the most popular members of our class, was forced to discontinue his schooling. We are deeply grieved to learn that he is unable to graduate with us and the sincere sympathy of his classmates is extended to him.

Now it is time for us, as a class, to part. Together we have made history in our Alma Mater, but now we are leaving and, as individuals, we are to make history for ourselves. For a time we shall doubtless find it difficult to meet the problems of life, knowing that we cannot turn to other members of our class for help, but since our motto is "By Courage and Wisdom We Will Succeed," so shall we individually succeed with the knowledge that our school, friends and classmates are forever with us in thought.

"I do not say new friends are not considerate and true,
Or that their smiles ain't genuine, but still I'm tellin' you
That when a feller's heart is crushed and achin' with the pain
And teardrops come a-splashin' down his cheeks like summer rain,
Becoz his grief an' loneliness are more than he can bear,
Somehow it's only old friends, then, that really seem to care.
The friends who've stuck through thick an' thin, who've known you, good an' bad,
Your faults an' virtues, an' have seen the struggles you have had,
When they come to you gentle-like an' take your hand an' say:
'Cheer up, we're with you still,' it counts, for that's the old friends' way."

INEZ N. SIDDONS.

Class Oration

PROBLEMS WHICH CONFRONT US

It is with mixed feelings of pleasure and misgiving that we stand here, on the eve of Commencement, for ours must be a true Commencement—that is, it must mark a right beginning. All too soon the time has come for us to depart from this institution, to assume as teachers our share in preparing the growing generation to bear its responsibilities. Youth with its unlimited possibilities must be trained both in character and in mind. Only in this way can the obstacles which will be encountered throughout life be surmounted, only in this way can the world problems be solved.

In this age of self-indulgence and lust for wealth, too many parents neglect the moral training of their children. They profess to be too deeply involved in the struggle for existence to give the child the guidance it rightfully deserves. Therefore, in many cases, it falls to the teacher to undo, as far as possible, the mischief caused by parental neglect. The ever-active minds of the young must continually be inspired with ideals of democracy, justice, integrity, courage, faith in their fellow-beings; in fact, with all the ideals for which our nation stands.

We admit that in our age many faults exist. The catalogue of our national shortcomings is long. We realize further that the generation soon coming to maturity will be confronted by these evils, but through education and guidance toward nobler things in the future we hope to aid in correcting the errors of the past and present.

The task before us is, indeed, a serious one. In our political life the constantly threatened ideals of disinterested public service must be recovered and cherished, corruption in high places must be eliminated, true cooperation on the part of all citizens interested in honest government must take the place of partisan quibbling, and public servants must be imbued with courage to incur unpopularity and even to endure odium for the sake of fidelity to principles.

Since the great war we have confused liberty and license. The artificial stimulation of prices and wages, the easy reaping of massive profits out of all proportion to the services rendered, have encouraged a spirit in our social life which manifests itself in a thirst for pleasure, an aversion to work, and a mad desire to get somebody else's money by fair means or foul. We have difficulties to cope with also, in the character of the population of our large cities, which are breeding places of crime—difficulties which our Americanization agencies and our legislation restricting immigration are attempting to remedy. The remedy, however, is not to be found in legislation. The real hope of betterment lies in the unceasing efforts of teachers to educate public opinion in the appreciation of our common responsi-

bility for the success of democratic government, and in the realization that the man who disregards this responsibility is the most dangerous enemy to social progress.

Our economic task is still to make good the promise of equal opportunity proclaimed so confidently by the founders of our country as the essence of American democracy. We are proud of our economic strength. Yet the distribution of the vast wealth of the country is so unequal that millions are on the verge of misery. Monopoly and privilege still exist. Many large industries are controlled in such a way as to stifle competition, discourage initiative and exact enormous tribute from the people.

There is also the disquieting struggle between capital and labor. Progress toward a better understanding depends upon the subordination of class consciousness, selfish greed, mutual hostility, and suspicion to a spirit of fair play and common devotion to American democratic ideals.

Finally, there remains the question of a definite attitude of the United States toward the League of Nations. The League has proved itself an essential part of the machinery of civilization. We have taken part indirectly and furtively in many activities of the League and have been officially represented on five of its commissions. We are no longer a weak nation dreading foreign imposition; our duty is to help give stability to the world.

The world has had enough of hatred and selfishness, of destruction and war. It has had enough of the wrongful use of material power. For the healing of nations there must be good-will and charity, confidence and peace. Our power and influence among nations must be based on justice and mercy. It, therefore, is the solemn duty of all teachers to do their part, insignificant though it may be, toward the final solution of the great problems which confront our country.

SPENCER B. AMES.



THE LAKE

Charge to the Juniors

Classmates, Faculty, Freshmen, Friends, and last and least, our little charges, the Juniors: It has fallen to my lot today to bring to these frightened little creatures huddled together in these few front rows a message which, undoubtedly, they would rather not have so publicly given. This message is a review of what they have accomplished, or rather what they have attempted and failed to accomplish, for if I were to endeavor to tell you what they did which is really worthy, I should have nothing to say. In order to give everyone present a clearer vision and an insight into the workings of this group of people called the Class of '28, I am going to explain very clearly what has happened in the past two years here, and what part these children have taken in these activities. This procedure will give our guests an opportunity of forming their own opinion of such a group and will give the Class of '29 some valuable information which they, at the present time, do not have.

There are three things which an honorable class in any school or college strives to do. These are: First, to work conscientiously through all its school days, giving due respect to all those who have made it their life work to educate the youth of the country. Second, to manage the class and all its activities in such a way that pride in accomplishment may be rightfully felt at the end of the course. Third, to try to make the lowerclassmen realize the value of these first two ideals. We believe, that as a class, we have accomplished the first two, but we had not been acquainted with our lowerclassmen two weeks before we realized that it would be useless even to attempt the third. These people were so very different from us. They seemed to be forever in a daze. It was a familiar sight to see some of them gathered in halls, weeping because they knew not what class they were scheduled to be in. They couldn't remember their class schedules from one day to the next. At different times groups of them would be standing in the Library door gazing at the rows of books on the shelves; and when they noticed an upperclassman passing one of the number would ask, "Could you tell us where the Library is?" When told to report for roll call, some were heard to ask, "Is that something to eat?"

At other times, while walking down the hall to our classroom, we would hear the pattering of small feet behind us as though someone were creeping along the floor. We would then receive a tap on the shoulder and be asked some childish question. I remember that one of the girls, acting as leader of a group, showed her childishness one day by tapping one of the boys on the shoulder and asking him if his name was "Jim." Upon inquiring the reason for such a question she replied, "Our Health Ed. instructor told us to report to gym for practice and we can't seem to find anybody here by that name." These are just a few of the exhibitions of brightness shown to us the first two weeks the infants were let loose to play in the halls of this building. Is it any wonder that we abandoned all hopes right then?

You, who sit here pretending to look so surprised, have probably been wondering why we gave you such names as babes and children. When we think of these things it brings to our minds something small and that is why we think of you in these terms. Some of you are small in stature, some in spirit, and some in ambition, and in some of you is found a combination of all three of these. It did not take us very long to discover this, and your acts during the past two years have only emphasized to us the fact that we were correct in our first assumption. And it was during your first winter here that you impressed our worthy townspeople with the same thought. You would go about town in groups holding each others hands for fear that you might get lost or be run over in the traffic. Do you remember the day when some of the boys of your class went into a store to purchase a package of cigarettes and were told that it was not permissible to sell cigarettes to children? And another day when you struck upon the idea of joining the Y and were assigned to the the Boys' Department? It doesn't take long to decide who these boys were, does it? You, of the weaker sex, showed the same amount of intelligence to the townspeople. When purchasing tickets for a show you did not tell them the tickets were for yourselves and the agent was obliged to ask, "Are they for yourselves or for adults?"

The first event over which you were allowed to assume any responsibility was your Mid-year Ball. You were then given the opportunity of showing the Juniors and Seniors what you could do. You did. The day before the dance was to be given, not a thing had been done. What a hurry there was to "throw" the mid-year dance that night! And "throw" is the only word that seems to explain everything. It was all thrown together so that it reminded us of one of your kindergarten dances. The only thing that seemed to be visible was a large piece of old flannel resembling a small town baseball pennant, which we afterward learned was your much-prized banner.

Nothing more was heard of the Class of '28 until we were handed our year books in June, 1926. We had heard rumors to the effect that you people had used only half of the space that was allotted to your class and we all thought that, if this were the case, you were putting forth some very select material in that space. But, much to our disappointment and dismay, your section of our annual was conspicuous by the absence of ideas. There was not one page of material that could be said to be original. Everything was copied from the year previous. Then as a last resort we looked for your advertising page. You remember you paid $20 for this page and it is the usual custom for those trained in business to get their money's worth, and of course we expected your class to be up to the standard. So we looked forward to something extraordinary on that page and you know what we found. Nothing on the entire page but the words "Bought and Paid For." We can't imagine what genius came forth with this idea. Just imagine "Bought and Paid For"! You purchased a page, as did all other classes and organizations, and instead of placing valuable material there, or even the words "Compliments of," you felt called upon to tell the entire world that you had bought and paid for a page in the Normal School annual. That was a great achievement, wasn't it? A good example of your childlike genius; so original.

Well, summer vacation came and, as you had done nothing to impress us, we soon forgot you. In fact, we didn't think that the majority of you would have nerve enough to present yourselves for registration another year. But what a surprise we had in September! You were all here, everyone of you! And you felt so big, didn't you? You thought that you would show everybody in Plattsburgh just where he stood and just about what he could do. What big ideas for little Juniors to have in their heads! Of course, we Seniors noticed your egotistical attitude and immediately decided to disregard you as a class. You came around and almost begged us to enter into an agreement whereby the Juniors and Seniors would combine and give a party and dance to the new Freshman class. You already realized that they did not care to partake of anything your class might offer them. Then, after we refused, you broke all the rules of courtesy and gave the Freshmen a little dance before the Seniors had entertained them, thereby attempting to gain the respect of the Freshmen. This dance was similar to the ten-cent dances you tried to sell during the winter months. Soon after your dance we gave the Freshman class an entertainment and dance. The Freshman class seemed pleased to learn that we respected them enough to put forth the effort of giving them an entertainment in addition to a dance.

About this same time you held a series of meetings for the purpose of electing your class officers. After several disorderly meetings and a few battles, you finally succeeded in electing them. We then became aware of the fact that you were at last awaking. You realized your proper place in this institution and how little you yourselves could do, for, after electing your officers, you appointed a very capable man to act as your advisor, to take care of you, and to guide you over places which, without him, would have been impassable. It is only through the unfailing efforts of this gentleman that you are here today. From the day of your election till now you have had your fun, haven't you? You would hold what you termed a class meeting and war would commence. This has been carried on during the entire year. You have not only lost all of your friends outside of your class but you have divided into groups and fought away among yourselves. The only logical conclusion to this is that you are sadly in need of some real class officers that can conduct a class meeting and know how to gain the good-will of the class by pleasant relations rather than by means of the methods used.

Then came the biggest joke of the year. An act of yours which showed us that you were still in your infancy, mentally as well as physically. We had a football game at Potsdam last fall. Some of the boys of your class were on the team, and therefore had for the first time an opportunity of visiting another school. There the Freshman boys were getting their initiation, during which they were forced to wear little dummy caps. The boys of our class and of the Freshman class took this as a good joke, and were glad to be waited upon by these boys. But we had not been home very long before the Junior boys held what they thought was a secret meeting. And what do you suppose these people seriously discussed at this meeting? They wanted each one of the boys in their own class to buy one of these dummy caps and wear it throughout the year. Just think now of that meeting, children!

You, as Juniors, wanted to wear as honor emblems these emblems of humiliation that the college Freshmen were forced to wear much to their displeasure! You can thank the Creator for placing a grain of natural wisdom in the head of one member of your group, so that he was able to tell you the real significance of these caps, else you would have been the joke of the city for the rest of your days here. It might be interesting to know that these same people later formed what is commonly known throughout the school as the "Boys' Club."

You gave us another opportunity to see what you were made of the day that you and the Freshman class had your group pictures taken. That day, for the first time, some of your worthy members started thinking. You, to whom I refer, were beginning to realize that you were representing a Junior class in a State Normal School. Some of you felt so cheap and small when this realization dawned upon you, that you waited for the Freshmen, the beginning class in this institution, to have their group picture taken, and crept around the back and placed yourselves in their group. At first we thought that this was another of your childish pranks, but soon after we came to the conclusion that you were so ashamed of yourselves that you were trying to get down, down, down to your own level. Too bad the kindergarten pupils didn't have their picture taken!

And then, to top it off and show you where you did belong, the Freshmen, who were disgusted with your looks (and I believe they were justified in this), held a meeting and, as an example of their intelligence, voted to reject the picture entirely and have a better looking one made, one in which would not appear your faces.

Finally the time drew near for the interclass games. You showed a great amount of enthusiasm long before the date of the games arrived. You had a reason for this. You realized that you had just double the number of boys in your class as we Seniors have in our class, and that it was quite certain that you would win. But we were good sports and went into the fray that night showing the same spirit that we have shown for the past three years. What was the result? We lost. But were we disappointed? No! We realized the impossibility of winning when you could place two men on the floor to every one Senior man. Furthermore, no one in this institution, except yourselves, considered it any honor for your class to win at such odds. But you have prided yourselves to this day on that feat and probably always will, since it is your only victory even under these circumstances in your two years at Normal. But the Class of '27 learned one thing at that game. We found that we had friends in Plattsburgh. Do you remember how you children were grouped together on one side of the hall and that all other members of this institution were with the Seniors? That is what pleased us more than any victory could. We knew that we had made hosts of friends here and you should have realized that aside from your own classmates you had none.

And so your second year at Normal went on. You just drifted along, causing a little trouble here and a little there. You have done but little for your Alma Mater. What you have attempted, I will refrain from telling you here, as it would

only further humiliate you. However, there is one more thing of which I must make mention.

Through the winter months the different classes and organizations here at Normal each give entertainments of different kinds. Throughout this year your class came forth now and then with a little spurt in an attempt to show the other classes that you were here, realizing, of course, that we had no other way of knowing it. Only once did you strike upon a bright idea, and to give credit when credit is due, I must confess that the idea would have been a good one had you been intelligent enough to carry it out successfully. I refer to the occasion when you invited the students to a free dance in the "gym" one afternoon. Your idea, as I have said, was good, and was also businesslike; for you not only wanted the students to attend the free dance and have a fairly good time but you also wanted to ask them to come to another the following week to which admission would be charged. And don't forget, infants, that when you finally did set a value on your own dance, the price was ten cents. This valuation we found was a correct one. But some of the members of your class weren't educated enough to realize the excellence of this plan, for, upon inviting us, they made remarks to the effect that the Seniors would all be there, as it was a free dance. I wonder who could have said that. Not hard to guess, is it boys? Of course we as a class resented this form of invitation and immediately set about planning revenge. Before that same afternoon was over we had settled with you. You know what you are going to hear now, don't you? Yes, we took your banner, that banner which you were going to place on exhibition at your dance. And we didn't sneak up and take it. There was no reason for that. You were as absent minded as usual that day and instead of hiding it as people of ordinary intelligence would, you left it in our own study hall. The only dishonorable part of this act was the fact that the Juniors lost their banner. You never did find out who took that banner because you realized that in every direction you looked you found enemies of your class, and there were too many groups of people to suspect. But we were a little disappointed after we committed that act. You probably didn't know this. We found that your pride hadn't been hurt at all but that you were mourning over the financial loss you had suffered instead of your humiliation. You didn't realize that all of your honor had gone when your banner was lost. Let me tell you now, children, before our guests, that the greatest downfall that could occur to a class is to lose its banner, the emblem of its organization. And if you ever do decide to drain your treasury to purchase another banner it behooves you to keep this one in some guarded place such as your "Club Room."

But I have said enough and I must hasten to a close. In parting with the Freshmen we have just one little suggestion to make. That is, that you continue your good work. Your sort of work can only be lengthened into years; it cannot be improved. Juniors, you now realize why I stated in opening that I had a sad duty to perform. I had to tell these people how you have acted during the past two years. Just take a little word of advice in parting. It has been called to my attention that you as a class have not even a motto to follow. No wonder you are groping around in little select groups each headed for no place in particular and

not caring how you get there. It is too bad that all of you people have to share the humiliation of a class because of the mistakes of a few in that class. I say this because the majority of the mistakes have been made by a comparatively small number. We, the Class of '27, will now leave with you the following suggestions for your Senior year:

First: Forget your mistakes of the past two years and begin all over again next September.

Second: Find some kind of a motto and stick to it.

Third: Elect class officers and conduct your meetings as a fraternal organization, not as a battlefield with opposing forces lined up.

Lastly: Don't be too haughty to take advice from people who know more than you do whether they are your superiors or otherwise.

We, the Seniors, have finished our work here and must enter the great mysterious world to try our hand at molding the minds of the youth of the state. But during the ensuing year we shall all think of the Normal School and wonder if our places have really been filled here. We want to hear good reports of the Class of '28. We want to know that you are profiting by following our motto and becoming successful at last. And if, by any chance, we are in the audience a year from today when you are making your departure from the Plattsburgh State Normal School, nothing would give us more pleasure than to hear that your class has become the most successful class in the history of this institution.

A. Norman Davis.



The Bay

Reply to the Seniors

Although tradition demands from the Junior class of each year an outpouring of scathing invective in reply to the charge by the Seniors, the class of 1928 has decided to disregard this custom. Instead, we want to live up to our reputation of being original and have, therefore, decided to handle this situation in an entirely different manner, because of the close relationship which exists between some of our members and some of the members of the class of 1927. Moreover, the training which we have received during the past two years forbids us to give what might be termed a "snappy retort." Having thus relinquished our rightful privilege, we have thought it not out of place to give instead a few words of kindly advice to the class of 1929. Our words of advice are based upon our experiences in our dear old Normal and, needless to say, the experiences are those met with in our associations with our own class members only and not with outsiders.

Sit back, rest easy, and drink in, most worthy graduates of 1927, the things I am about to enumerate to the humble Frosh.

1. If next September, we, then Seniors, fail to cooperate with you in giving the get-together party for next year's Freshmen, you have our permission to ignore us completely, and to go ahead and give a party yourself.

Why are you restless, most honorable Seniors? Surely my words do not apply to you.

2. If anyone of next year's Senior class, for any reason whatsoever, appears and acts as though he or she owned and managed the Plattsburgh State Normal School, we hope you will completely ostracize that individual, and dismiss him from your class councils.

Why are you restless, most honorable Seniors? Surely my words do not apply to you.

3. Most honorable class of 1929, do not become enamored by the beauty of any class banner other than your own, and, above all, do not contrive to take such a banner while the class to which it belongs is busy at other work, for this would not be sportsmanlike. One might in a moment of forgetfulness call it dishonorable.

Why are you restless, most honorable Seniors? Surely my words do not apply to you.

4. Next year, when you are studying in the Library and some Senior wanders in and acts as though he or she owned the building, do not let your judgment be swayed by his or her actions. As such times, facts speak louder than actions.

Why are you restless, most honorable Seniors? Surely my words do not apply to you.

5. If certain members of next year's Senior class go about the school without

speaking to each other, you may rest assured that they are competing with each other in showing how gifted they are. This rare sport has been practiced in this school by various Senior classes.

Why are you restless, most honorable Seniors? Surely my words do not apply to you.

6. Dear underclassmen of next year, if any individual in the class ahead of you tries to make you believe that, because you are underclassmen, he can tell you whom to vote for at any school election, especially for team managers, do not let him misguide you. We suggest that you have a little meeting of your own and put up the man you want. If you know even a little about political methods, you can elect your man. It has been done.

Why are you so restless, most honorable Seniors? Surely my words do not apply to you.

7. When a challenge comes to you from another class, accept it, especially if it is given openly. I will quote the words of a member of the class of 1926 in his charge to the class of 1927: "Don't forget that the Lord hates a coward." But surely no class in this school would be guilty of ignoring such an open challenge!

Why are you so restless, most honorable Seniors? Surely my words do not apply to you.

8. Be sure to patronize all school dances, not merely those that are free. It has been observed that certain individuals, owing to a mistaken idea of school spirit, attend all free dances and are strangely missing from the dances that cost even a thin dime. Specifically, we have reference to our Friday afternoon dances held just before Lent.

Why are you so restless, most honorable Seniors? Surely my words do not apply to you.

9. Business is business, so that if you can get class equipment such as rings, etc., at lower prices than those given you by the agent of another class, we suggest that you take advantage of the lower figures.

Why are you so restless, most honorable Seniors? Surely my words do not apply to you.

10. When you give entertainments be sure to pick characters who can act their parts well. Our class was once treated to a little sketch entitled "Oh, the Farmer," in which four farmer boys took the principal parts.

Why are you so restless, most honorable Seniors? Surely my words do not apply to you.

11. When a member of your class becomes manager of the basketball team, we would suggest that you buy him a basketball for his personal use to have and *to hold* as long as he wishes at all the games. This will do away with any feeling on the part of the other members of the team that they are being slighted when it comes time to pick the most popular man in your class.

Why are you so extremely restless, most honorable Seniors? Surely my words do not apply to you.

12. Suppose, dear Juniors of next year, that the results of an examination

show that one of your members attained a very high grade and that some other member of equal intelligence received a mere passing mark, it would not be right for the one receiving the low standing to go to the professor who conducted the examination and suggest to him that there was unfairness in conducting the examination. This would indicate a very low form of class spirit.

Why are you so extremely restless, most honorable Seniors? Surely my words do not apply to you.

13. There may be among you some very good bluffers, some so good they even attempt to bluff the faculty, but remember always that out of a student body of over three hundred, someone is going to find it out and give you away. Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles I had his Cromwell, and someone may come along who will discover the truth concerning you.

Why are you so extremely restless, most honorable Seniors? Surely my words do not apply to you.

14. Shakespeare once said:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood leads to fortune."

When a diploma is handed you on the day of your graduation, take it, for it may be that graduation time is the tide in your affairs to which the noble Shakespeare refers.

Why are you so extremely restless, most honorable Seniors? Surely my words do not apply to you.

15. When the time comes for your class to choose the class egotist, we suggest that you dispense with the custom. There was one class in this school which had so many candidates that in their issue of the year book they had to print several names under the heading "Most Egotistical" in order to prevent a riot among the aspirants for the honor.

Why are you so extremely restless, most honorable Seniors? Surely my words do not apply to you.

And now, most worthy members of the class of 1927, in order that in our reply to your charge we may at last make mention of you, so that you may not feel utterly neglected, we, the class of 1928, extend to you our best wishes for success in your chosen profession; warning you, however, not to take our wish for an accomplished fact. We have already held up the dreadful example of a class so abounding in members who for unblushing egotism would scale A plus, that they could not decide upon their supreme egotist. Heed our solemn warning and follow no further in their footsteps, lest outsiders, when they catch sight of one of you, might slyly nudge one another and whisper, "There goes a fellow who is in love with himself and has no rivals."

LOUIS R. ROSETTIE.

President's Address

Classmates, Schoolmates, Members of the Faculty, Parents and Friends:

The days of our youth are numbered. The last golden sands of the hour-glass have run out. Within two days we shall have reached that goal towards which we have been striving for three long, yet seemingly short, years. We are now to enter upon the greater fields of life which lie stretched out before us; we must cast away our present privileges and pleasures, and assume those graver burdens which beset us as we leave the threshold of the Normal School. Our equipment is good, our armor strong. Let us then meet our worldly battles resolutely, remembering that both nature and destiny are honest, and that to the capable and faithful they grant the spoils.

Let today be the brightest and happiest of our Normal School course, and although the Class of '27 as such has but one more day to live, let us be of good cheer and enjoy these last few hours while we still have them with us.

Members of the Faculty: The time has come for us to take leave of you. And as we address you today, we cannot refrain from expressing our deep sense of obligation. We have spent three important years of our lives under your care and have received under your direction the training which forms a large part of the equipment for life; and we appreciate, in some measure, how much the value of that which we have received has depended upon your care and faithfulness. We have passed through this course with a growing respect for your scholarship, and with a deepening conviction that each department is presided over by one worthy to represent its higher life and culture. We leave you with a deep love for our Alma Mater, with a profound respect for her history and tradition, and with the firm purpose to live so as to add new honor to her name. And now, in the name of my class, whose representative I am proud to be, I bid you farewell, with the hope that your memory of us may be as pleasant as ours shall always be of you.

Students of the undergraduate classes: Today we leave you, and we leave our beloved Alma Mater in your care. You are to walk these halls and paths after we have gone away. You will still make these groves and buildings ring with the cheers in which our voices so often joined. We shall often be lonely when we think of the friendly companionship which we enjoyed here with you. And for most of you, for most of us, this is our farewell forever. Good-bye.

Classmates: We are assembled together for the last time and I wish to thank you for the honor you have bestowed upon me in giving me a chance to serve you during the past year as president of our class. We have passed three of the most enjoyable years of our lives here, and have solved many difficult problems together. But the last hour has struck. With changeless love for our Alma Mater, with steadfast loyalty to one another, with a heart bent on high things and broad enough for all—so go we forth, and Godspeed!

F. E. Ryan.

Salutatory

The hopes of the future of our country center in the young of today. How far these hopes will be realized depends in large measure upon the teachers of our schools.

So long as the chief problem of our people was the opening up and development of a new country, such matters as the training of teachers received no attention. As soon, however, as the pressure of this earlier problem was in part relieved, our forefathers had time to think of other things, and it was at this stage that American education was affected by influences from abroad.

Before the spread of the theories of Rousseau and the methods of Pestalozzi, educational theory and practice took the adult mind as its starting point. Now, on the contrary, educators began to realize the necessity of making careful study of the child, and assisting nature in securing a symmetrical and harmonious development of all its faculties.

By reason of these changes the teacher of today differs greatly from the teacher of yesterday. Today education aims not merely to teach the rudiments of a few essential subjects, but to prepare the child for complete living, so that now one must have had several years of training, under competent instructors, before entering upon the work of teaching.

Such a course of study we have now completed in this institution, and this morning, which marks its completion, is one of the most important in our lives. To you, the faculty of the Plattsburgh State Normal School, we are indebted for the careful training you have given us, and for the high ideals of our future calling with which you have imbued us. We are eager to prove by our lives how thoroughly we have learned from you the meaning of the word service.

To our dear parents we owe lasting gratitude for having made it possible to enter the noble profession which we have chosen. It is with joy that the Class of Nineteen Hundred Twenty-seven greets you, and welcomes your presence, which bespeaks your interest and faith in us. It is because of your efforts and sacrifices on our behalf that we are here today. May we prove worthy of the love and devotion you have lavished upon us.

ANNA FINNELL.

Valedictory

Solomon, ancient oracle of God's chosen peeople, once said: "Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting, get understanding!" Education has been our paramount objective, but what shall it profit us if in our learning we have not learned to understand?

We, as students, can look back over our school days, now for most of us about to close, and mentally review our teachers—one after another, men and women—patient, tireless, guiding the young mind, moulding the plastic character, advising with keen insight and understanding.

We brought our problems to these teachers; not alone the problems in arithmetic, in algebra or in history, but also the problems of life. Why? Because we felt that they, patterning after the Great Teacher, could assist us ably and well, understanding our difficulties and sympathizing with our perplexities.

Now, classmates, we are embarking on a new venture. This is not only a day of farewells, but also a day of beginnings. Our student days will soon be memories —pleasant, ever-abiding memories. We are completing one phase of education, and entering upon a new phase, that of experience.

Which life-road shall we travel? The broad, level path, with tempting, pleasure-giving side excursions, easy to follow, no rocks, no insurmountable obstacles, and—no reward at the end?

No! We shall turn our eyes toward the heights of achievement and press fearlessly upward along the rough, stony path, and on reaching the summit we shall receive our reward, not in material things, but in the strength, the faith, the love, the understanding which our struggles have developed in us.

As we bid farewell to the teachers and classmates who are near and dear to us, let us keep one thought ever before us. We shall seek wisdom, but in our seeking, we shall diligently, fervently strive for that greater thing, understanding—understanding of our fellows, of those who look to us for guidance, of those who labor with us; their natures, their wishes, their needs, that in helping them to prepare for life, we may find life for ourselves, in greater abundance.

CLARA B. CRONKRITE.

Ivy Oration

As we go forth from this institution never again to return as a class, we leave this ivy—symbol of our loyalty and fidelity to our Alma Mater.

As the ivy climbs ever higher and higher, so may we in our profession, by putting forth sincere and honest effort, continue to proceed steadily onward toward success.

During the past three years we have worked to attain the point which we now have reached. From here we pass on to other fields of endeavor. Success will be ours only as the reward of effort. Let us then ever bear in mind the words of the poet, "Life nothing gives to men without great labor."

ANNA J. STAVES.



SALMON RIVER



LITERARY

And Ever the Twain Shall Meet

PRIZE STORY

It was springtime. Feathered songsters announced the fact from the tops of oak and pine. The drifted snow on mountain top, under the dissipating glare of mid-April sun, rushed down to join the river in the vale. Earth adorned herself in garb of emerald hue, bedecked here and there with sprays of blue and pink and white. Warmth, color, pulsating life, all proclaimed the passing of winter, the entry of spring.

Even the sturdy, stolid oaks along the driveway of the Graham mansion were, it seemed, stretching their arms as if in pleasant relaxation from their long and lonely vigil, as does a sentinel who delights in the approach of dawn and life after a night of darkness and solitude. They, too, had felt the urge, caught the spirit of restless, throbbing growth unfolding all around them. Buds were appearing on the tips of their brown limbs—signs of welcome to robin and squirrel to come and dwell once more among them.

Nor was nature alone in the thrill of joyous living and awakening activity. Down the gravel drive, which wound among the oaks and terminated at the wide porch of Judge Graham's suburban home, could be heard the sharp clatter of horse's hoofs, the resonant bark of a dog, the rippling laugh of a girl. A short moment and the three could be seen—a bounding Scotch collie sporting and yelping, yet keeping pace with the rapid flight of a mettled and high-strung steed, on which was mounted the third member of the trio, riding with the ease and grace of a professional bare-back rider—youthful, masterful, joyful, beautiful.

June Graham was radiantly alive. She was twenty and pretty. Possessed of a slim boyish figure, delicately molded nose, dimpled chin, full red lips, eyes like wells of indigo, a peaches-and-cream complexion crowned by a wealth of long, coppery curls, she was indeed a pleasing picture.

Everybody liked June Graham. Good-natured, jolly, a born sport, she was always the life of the party. Hunting, fishing, swimming and dancing were to her as wine to a thirsty traveler. However, June's chief delight was to be with her horse and dog, to gallop, wild and free, over the countryside, worshipping nature in all her different moods.

Dismounting at the stable, she led her horse within, rubbed him down, and finally left him with a lump of sugar and a few caresses. Whistling to her collie, and with hands in pockets, she set forth for her favorite retreat, a rustic arbor in the corner of the spacious garden where she spent many hours with a book or alone with her thoughts. She had no cares, her time was her own. The future was an

unwritten page, a mystic scroll on which even then the destiny of June was being formed by two men peacefully smoking while they conversed on weighty matters in the library.

John Graham and Andrew Melburn had been close friends and neighbors for nearly fifty years. Judge Graham, who was a short, rather stout man with grey hair and eyes, lived alone with his daughter except for several servants. Andrew Melburn, his companion, had but lately returned from Europe with his wife, and had taken the first available opportunity to call on his old friend and neighbor.

"Well, John," said Andrew as he leaned back in his chair, "what do you think of the proposition?"

"But, Andrew, do you think the kids will agree to it? You know June is a determined little thing, and she has a mind of her own, while Robert—well, you know—Robert just won't be driven."

"Yes, I know, John, you are right. But it means a fortune for Bob, and certainly June will be willing."

"Perhaps, but you remember when they last saw each other. My, what a fight! Bob went away with a bloody nose, and June was ugly for a month on the topic of Bobby Melburn."

"I know it. Both of them were hard to manage." Then after a moment of deep thought, "Is June at home? Suppose we broach the subject to her and see how she takes it."

"Very well, Andrew, but prepare yourself for a rude jolt. Pull in the sails and haul for port, for if I'm not greatly mistaken there's a storm due soon."

John Graham pressed his short, pudgy index finger upon the silver-tipped electric bell and waited. A few minutes later the library door opened and Sarah, the maid, looked in.

"Call Miss June, if you please, Sarah. Tell her I wish to see her."

A moment later the patter of running feet was heard on the turf outside, then a girl's laugh of pure joy, followed by the sharp bark of the collie dog. The outer door slammed, running steps came down the outside hall, and the door of the library opened with a bang. A boyish figure rushed in, followed by a black woolly streak.

Both girl and dog were the best of friends. The girl wore khaki knickers and a boys' shirt with the sleeves rolled. Her hat was off, her hair in disorder, bits of leaves and earth clung to her clothes. It was evident that she and the dog had been having a romp.

"June, take that dog out at once. He's tramping dirt all over the library. Take him out, I say, and go and brush your hair. Such a girl! The idea! Why don't you speak to Mr. Melburn?"

"How do you do, Mr. Melburn."

She ran her fingers through her hair carelessly and seated herself on the arm of a chair with her feet swinging. The dog, knowing he was on forbidden ground, slunk close to his mistress and stayed there.

"Well, papa, what is it? Hurry please and get it over. Pal and I aren't half through our romp yet."

"My dear, Mr. Melburn's brother died last week. You know he always admired you, and it was his wish, even when you were a small baby, that you and his nephew, Robert, should marry. Now, don't sniff and let your temper run away with you. Remember Mr. Melburn is here, and for heaven's sakes don't forget that he is Bob's father. I know you don't like him or you think you don't, but you haven't seen him for twelve years. Mr. Melburn has been telling me that his son is expected home soon, and I want you to be nice to him. Do you promise?"

"I'll do my best, Dad, but if I don't like a person, he is sure to know it."

"It is for your interest to like Bob, because Larry Melburn left a will and a check for one million dollars comes to you and Bob the day you marry."

"I shall be as agreeable to him as possible, Dad, but I shan't marry him, no, not for two million or more. I hate him and I shall always hate him. He called me bow-legged and freckle-faced once. By the way, suppose I did agree, what about him? He hates me. Don't you remember how I pulled his hair and blacked his eye in Sunday school that day twelve years ago?" and June smiled at the recollection.

"I know I shall be aching to do it again." Then at a look from her father she hastened to add, "But, Dad, you needn't worry. I shall act as if I were walking on eggs. I shall be as dignified as a queen. See, like this," and June shook hands gravely with the arm of a Morris chair, exclaiming with mock seriousness:

"How do you do, Mr. Milburn. Delighted to meet you again. Isn't it a delightful day?, I do so hope you have been well during the past twelve years."

Then, turning to her father, "Is that all right, Dad? Lead me to the slaughter anytime you please. I shall go as peacefully as a lamb."

With these words, snapping her fingers at the watching collie, June flung herself out of the room, leaving the two men breathless and undecided as to whether the battle was won or lost to them.

It was a somewhat rebellious young lady that same afternoon who galloped along a winding wood-road several miles from the Graham estate. So absorbed was she in her own thoughts that she entirely forgot her horse, and when that high-spirited young animal suddenly shied at absolutely nothing at all June lost her balance and fell heavily. The cause of the mischief snorted, wheeled and was gone with reins dangling and stirrups flopping.

June tried to arise but a sharp pain in her ankle caused her to sink back with a little cry of dismay. To the girl it seemed hours that she lay there rubbing her aching ankle and thinking of her horse in anything but complimentary terms.

"I beg your pardon. Is anything the matter?"

The voice came from behind her, and June turned quickly to behold a tall youth clad in sport clothes leaning against a tree trunk, his cap in his hand and his lips parted in a smile which revealed even white teeth.

"Of course there is; I've hurt my ankle," answered June impatiently. "Did

you think I was sitting here enjoying the scenery? Darn it! Why don't you do something instead of standing there grinning?"

"I'm sorry; let me help you. I met your horse down the road and he was running like mad. I thought perhaps he had thrown his rider and I came on to investigate. May I carry you? My car is just around the bend."

"No, thank you. I can walk if I may lean on your arm. I'm sorry I was so cross, but you see I wasn't in a very pleasant state of mind."

"Oh, that's all right, but you'd better let me carry you," and he picked her up in his arms despite her protests and striding forward placed her in his small blue roadster, which stood under a spreading white pine. As the car neared the public highway June suddenly exclaimed: "Oh, look! There is Prince in someone's meadow. Do you mind catching him for me?"

"Shan't I take you home first?"

"O, no! I want to go home on Prince. I should never have any peace if Dad found out that I had to be carried home."

The horse seemed to have forgotten his recent mischievousness, or else repented, for he allowed himself to be caught and led to June. She mounted with the help of her companion and rode off shouting and waving her thanks to her rescuer, who stood and watched her out of sight.

Robert Melburn came into his father's study and slumped into an arm chair with a deep frown on his forehead.

"What's the matter, son? You look disgusted."

"I am, Dad, I'm a dumb fool. I just met a peach of a girl in the woods. She had been thrown from her mount and hurt her ankle. I caught her horse for her and sent her home with it. She wouldn't let me take her home, but was determined to go under her own power. She was pretty, too, Dad, had long curls and looked so boyish on that great brute of a horse."

"H'mn, long curls, boyish and on a great black horse, was she? Did she tell you her name?"

"No, I clean forgot to ask for her name. That is what I'm so mad about. It happened so suddenly. I didn't tell her mine either. I didn't even ask if I might go and see her."

"Well, well, never mind. Just an ordinary girl, no doubt. Remember, you are going to call on June Graham tomorrow."

"June Graham be hanged! I'm going to call on the girl of the woods if I call on anybody."

Young Melburn rose from his chair and crossed to his father's side, pushing his sleek black hair back from his forehead.

"I tell you, Dad, there's no use harping on that legacy affair at all. I couldn't ever marry June, and she probably hates me."

"So you think she hates you? I wonder." And Andrew Melburn smiled whimsically as he recalled the morning spent in the Graham library.

"Do you know where the girl of the woods lives, son?"

"No, I don't. I'm hoping you can tell me. Can you, Dad?"

"Well, down the road a couple of miles there's a blue-eyed girl with long coppery curls and a marvelous smile that rides a monster of a black horse. But watch out for her, boy; she has a devil of a temper to match her red curls."

"That is the one, Dad. That is her description exactly. You say she lives a couple of miles from here? Is it the house with the oak-lined avenue in front? Isn't that the old Graham homestead?"

"Yes, that is where John Graham was born and brought up. I didn't hear when he sold it. Go and see your girl of the woods, if you must, Bob, but you are going with me to call on June later. No, I won't tell you the girl's name. You should have found it out yourself."

Andrew Melburn with his wife and son had traveled all over the world. He and John Graham had been boyhood chums and had lived near each other until Andrew took his family abroad. Robert, who had finished his education in Europe, had just returned home for the first time in twelve years. He was twenty-four now, tall, athletic and strong, with black hair and eyes—a good-looking boy whom old and young alike admired and respected.

Next morning June Graham sat in an arm-chair before the fireplace, resting her injured foot on a stool. She was deep in the adventures of "The Count of Monte Cristo," and did not hear the car which stopped outside. The Count was just about to effect his escape from the dungeon, and June could not suppress a gasp as he leaped into the raging waters, firmly enveloped in the piece of sacking.

Suddenly the butler opened the door and announced: "A gentleman to see you, Miss June, Mr. Robert Melburn."

June sat bolt upright. Her book fell to the floor and the Count was left to his fate. That young ape had dared to call on her! The butler waited.

"A gentleman, Miss, to—"

"Show the man in, James."

The butler bowed and withdrew. June still sat with her back to the door. She looked straight before her and waited. The door opened and closed. Someone crossed the room and paused beside her. Still she did not move or look up. Then she heard a voice, a voice which she had recalled vividly in her mind since her accident of the day before.

"Good morning; I made bold to call to inquire about your ankle. I hope it is better." And June found herself looking into the black eyes of her rescuer of the day before.

"Why, how do you do," she exclaimed. "I thought you were someone else. Please sit down. My ankle is much better. The doctor said it was only a slight wrench; so you see it is not worth bothering about. I shall be riding again in a few days."

"I'm very glad to hear such good news. I thought at first you were suffering considerably. You looked rather unhappy when I came in."

"Oh! I was terribly angry. You see I thought the butler called you Robert

Melburn, and I detest that man. They are trying to make me marry him, but of course I won't. I never do anything that I don't want to do."

June had been looking into the fire. She did not see her companion's start of surprise, followed by a grim smile which played about his mouth.

"It's silly, don't you think so?" she continued. "So much fuss over the mere sum of a million dollars. I shall marry when and whom I please. Oh, here's Dad. Please tell me your name, so that I can introduce you properly. Mine is June Graham."

Before the young man could answer, John Graham came into the room, amazement in his face.

"Why, I'm so glad to see you two so friendly. How do you do, Robert. How are you? So glad you're back. Been expecting you over. Your father said you were coming. You're looking fine, old chap, just fine. Hope to see more of you from now on."

The two men shook hands, the younger man exclaiming, "I'm glad to see you, Mr. Graham. I had the good luck to assist your daughter yesterday, following a slight accident. I called today to inquire concerning her injury. I'm gratified to find her so well."

June had been sitting during the conversation, trembling with mortification and anger. Now, she stood up, scorn in her attitude, and balanced herself on one foot. Not a very dignified position, though she tried to make it so.

"You dared to come here, knowing how I felt! Surely your father must have told you. I told him yesterday morning how I hated you. Do you think, if I had known, I would have let you help me—do you think I would have ridden in your car—that I would have talked to you as I did just now. Oh! Please go. I don't want to see you ever again."

"June," interposed her father, "remember your promise."

June sank back in her chair, but with two strides Robert stood over her.

"Do you think, if I had known, I would have come here, that I would have helped you yesterday? How could I know who you were? I rather liked you yesterday. I thought you were a real sport, but I was mistaken. You're just like the rest of these flappers. You get angry over nothing at all, and fall in a heap. Bah! You make me sick. Do you think I care what you think of me? You say you never want to see me again. You are mistaken. You will want to see me again. I'm going now, but I'm going to give you something to remember me by, first," and leaning down suddenly, before June could stop him, he kissed her soundly on the lips and was gone.

Andrew Melburn and his wife were just sitting down to supper when their son came in. Robert took his seat, unfolded his napkin and began eating. He said nothing for some time. His father looked at his wife, then at his son, but he, too, was silent. Suddenly the younger man spoke.

"Dad."

"Yes, my son."

"I have decided to marry June Graham after all."

"What, you have decided to marry her? What in heaven's name changed your mind? Has she changed hers?"

"Oh no, she still hates me, but she won't long. She won't be able to get me out of her mind for a week. I kissed her this afternoon. She needs something to think about besides herself, and she has her own way too much. By the way, why didn't you tell me, Dad?"

"Because I didn't think it would be wise, son. I didn't think you would go near her if I did. I was right, wasn't I?"

"Yes, you are always right. I had no idea whom I was going to see. You should have seen her bristle up when she found out I was Robert Melburn. She did hate me for fair when she found out who I was. I felt sorry for her, but I liked her spunk."

"Well, Bob, I suppose you received a generous sample of her coppery temper."

"I should say I did, Dad. I had the pleasure of hearing her tell me that she hated me and wouldn't marry me for any money. Makes a fellow feel like a postage stamp that's licked and put in a corner."

Two weeks passed slowly by, during which June saw Robert Melburn three times. Twice she saw him pass on the highroad in his blue roadster as she sat on the front porch enjoying the late spring sunshine. Once, her foot nearly well, she met him as she cantered along the road on Prince. He lifted his cap and smiled, but, after favoring him with a look of cold disdain, June forced her horse into a gallop and passed on. Her heart was thumping madly and her hands trembled, but not until the sound of his motor had died away in the distance did she pull Prince to a walk. Then she bowed her head over the animal's neck and sighed. Meanwhile, Fate, Hope and Destiny, as grim specters, followed close behind, unfolding slowly the mystic scroll of the future.

Strive as June might, she could not get Robert Melburn out of her mind. The long feud between them seemed such a silly thing to her now, as she drove her car along a country road one week after the meeting on the turnpike. Her seething hatred for him had even turned to admiration and warm liking since the incident in town, now two days past, when he had risked his life to save a stray cat from being run over. He had not seen her, but she had witnessed the happening from the window of a passing car, and had not ceased to meditate upon it. Robert had not been long out of her mind since the scene in her father's house, and June blushed as she placed one finger on her lips reflectively.

Suddenly the car gave a spasmodic cough, a lurch or two, and was still. What in the world was the matter? On investigation, June discovered that her gas tank was empty, and she was at least four miles from a station. She had been indulging in one of her long country rambles. "What a pretty kettle of fish," she thought as she looked up and down the road.

Sitting in her car, waiting for a chance passerby, she was startled by the distant hum of a motor. Soon a low blue car burst into view around a bend. Coming to a

halt the driver stepped out, advanced to June and extended his hand with a smile.

"May I be of help?" he asked. "It seems it is my fate always to find you in difficulty."

"I have run out of gasoline," answered June. "I dare say someone will pass who can get me some. Pray don't waste your valuable time."

"Now, June, don't put on the high hat. Because we were a couple of fools as kids is no reason why we should be now. Won't you please take my hand, forgive me, and be friends?"

Without hesitation June extended her hand. "Of course I'll be friends. I know I've been foolish, Robert. I did hate you when we were kids, but I don't now, and it's only my beastly temper that made me so mad the other day."

"Hurrah! Get into my car. I'll send someone for yours right away. By the way, how would like to live in that little cottage near the river. I can get it fixed up dandy for about five thousand and the other nine hundred and ninety-five thousand would help us to make a fine start. Don't you think so?"

"Perfectly wonderful, Robert. I'll have a cat, Pal, Prince and a canary. If it will help your peace of mind, Bob, I'll promise never to go out again without plenty of gas."

With June beside him, Robert drove on. The copper head was very near the black one and the car did not head toward the Graham mansion, but for the city of skyscrapers. It did not pause until it drew up before a magistrate's office.
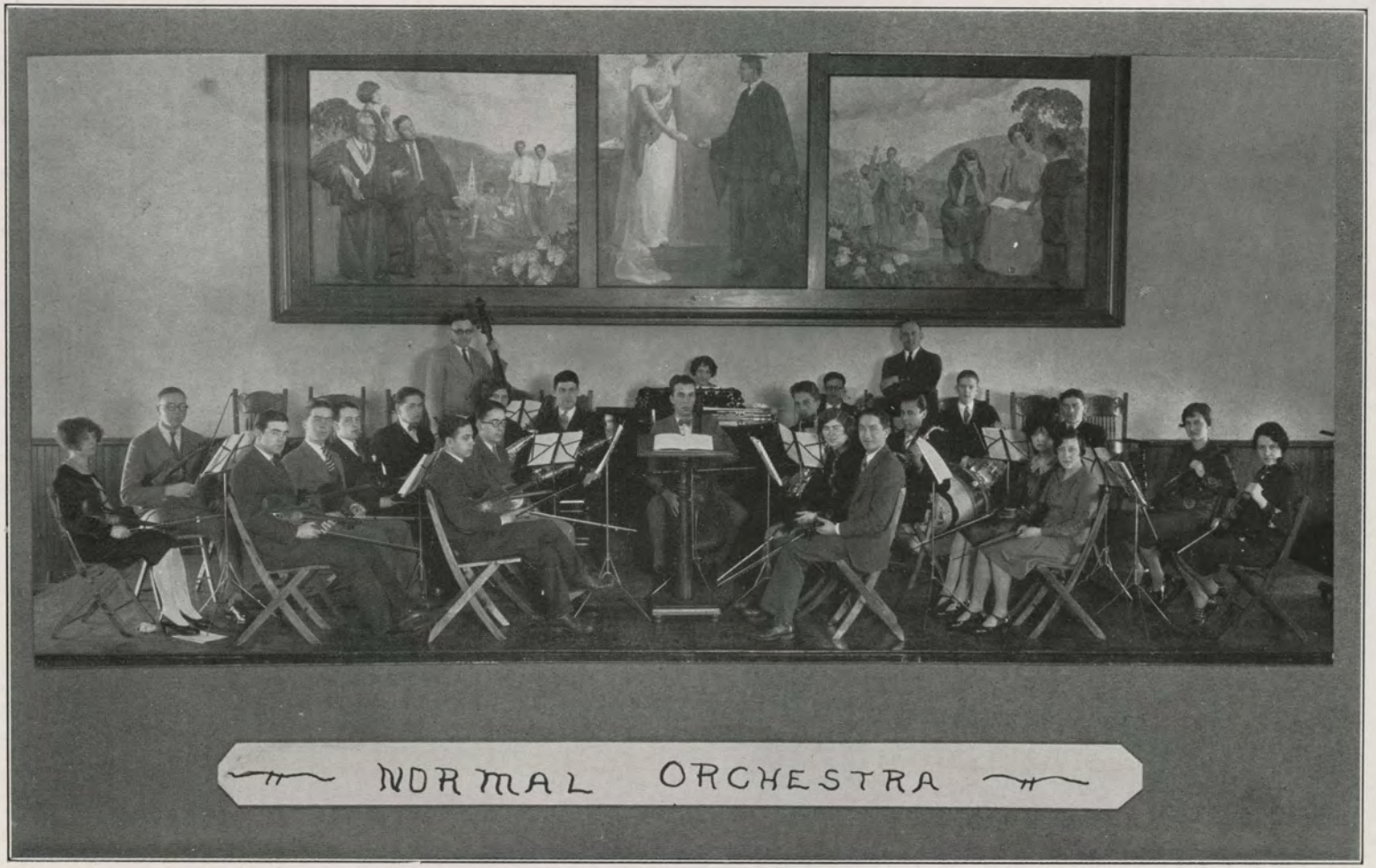
Fifteen minutes later it was again speeding on its way under a new license. However, it was not an auto license or a driver's license, but one which sentenced each of the occupants of the car to life-long imprisonment in the heart of the other.

Meanwhile, Fate, Hope and Destiny unrolled a trifle more of the mystic scroll and waved it high above them in triumph.

GRACE M. WARNER.



DELORD HOUSE



NORMAL ORCHESTRA

Orchestra

"Music can noble hints impart,
Engender fury, kindle love;
With unsuspected eloquence can move
And manage all the man with secret art."

—Addison.

The State Normal Orchestra was organized last fall under the direction of Mr. Street. It has proved to be one of the busiest organizations of the school. Throughout the year it has furnished music for all occasions.

Thursday, May 5, the orchestra covered itself with glory by the giving of a concert. The excellent rendition of the numbers far surpassed all expectations and will not be soon forgotten by those who were present. The program follows:

March—"On the Campus" ..... *Goldman*
Melodie—"Les Adieux" ..... *Tabani*
Overture—"Mosaic" ..... *Beethoven*
Overture—"William Tell" ..... *Rossini*
March—"On the Mall" ..... *Goldman*

The members are:

Piano
Priscilla Broadwell

First Violins

Anna Goldman — Charles La Croix — Francis Morhaus
Harold Hartwell — Lawrence Lefevre — Edmund Viemeister

Second Violins

Anna Mulholland — Agatha Rooney — George Taylor
Alice Rea — Celia Zepf

Viola — Marie Cronin
Bass Viol — John Rusterholtz
Cello — George Gallant

Saxophones

Guy Beaubriand — Alwyn Mooney — Francis T. Ryan
Robert Farnsworth — Mollie Stanton

Banjo — Philip Sullivan
Cornet — Samuel Healey
Drums — Kenneth Brown





LYNDON R. STREET

Girls' Glee Club

"God sent the singers down on earth
With songs of gladness and of mirth,
That they might cheer the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again."
—LONGFELLOW.

When school opened in September we, especially the Seniors and Juniors, looked forward to many enjoyable times as members of the Glee Club of P. S. N. S. The day that Mr. Street called for a meeting of all those interested in Glee Club work found a "turn out" of about seventy girls, which proved that many were interested.

Our first duty was to elect our officers. They are: President, Dorothy Smith; vice-president, Ethel Lamare; secretary, Ruth Siddons; treasurer, Myrtle Molony; librarian, Eloise Smith; accompanist, Priscilla Broadwell. These officers are well suited to promote the best interests of the organization.

On the evening of November 22 we gave our first concert. We were assisted by Daisy Connel Chinn, coloratura soprano of Syracuse.

Soon we began to hear small whisperings of a Music Week to be celebrated early in May. The whisperings were verified and we were informed that the club was to give a concert on Wednesday evening, May 4. We chose our selections carefully and found real work and pleasure in practicing them. At last came Music Week and with it our opportunity! The Plattsburgh Male Chorus joined us on the evening of our concert and the two organizations combined in the singing of several selections. Our guest artist of the evening was Mr. Leonard D. Allen, tenor soloist of the Metropolitan Opera Company, who rendered a number of solos.

Through the efforts of our director, Mr. Street, the Glee Club took three trips, giving concerts in the villages of Lake Placid, Saranac Lake and Dannemora. This was a novelty, being the first time the Glee Club has ever left the Normal School to give a concert.

To us the year has meant much, musically and socially.

INEZ N. SIDDONS.

Between the Lines

THE other day
* * *
I WENT out
* * *
FOR a little walk.
* * *
AND I saw
* * *
A LARGE red building
* * *
WHICH I was told
* * *
WAS the Normal School.
* * *
SO I went in
* * *
AND I heard
* * *
THE ringing of
* * *
MANY bells.
* * *
AND I saw
* * *
MANY people
* * *
PASSING to and fro
* * *
ABOUT the building.
* * *
SOME were old
* * *
SOME were young
* * *
A FEW looked cross
* * *
THE others were smiling
* * *
AND a few
* * *
WERE heavily laden
* * *
WITH their books.
* * *
ONCE I heard
* * *
MANY people
* * *
WHO were singing
* * *
"HAIL to Thee, ALMA MATER"
* * *
THEN I heard
* * *
RAH! Rah! Rah!
* * *
AFTER this
* * *
SOMEONE said
* * *
"THERE'LL be a dance
* * *
TOMORROW night."
* * *
AND another said
* * *
"PAY up your dues."
* * *
THEN I departed.
* * *
ANOTHER day
* * *
I returned
* * *
AND I began
* * *
TO look into
* * *
ALL the rooms
* * *
AND this is what
* * *
THE teachers said:

"FOR pity goodness
* * *
WILL you stop."
* * *
"NOW class can't
* * *
YOU understand."
* * *
"THIS class begins
* * *
AT 1:15."
* * *
"PLEASE bring to me
* * *
YOUR essay today."
* * *
"CLOSE all the books,
* * *
MAKE all the statements."
* * *
"I DO not like
* * *
THIS old Campus."
* * *
"THERE is none better
* * *
THAN Saranac High."
* * *
THERE were many more
* * *
BUT I'd heard enough
* * *
SO I departed.
* * *
BUT there was a longing
* * *
IN my heart
* * *
FOR those old halls
* * *
SO I went back
* * *
AND this is what
I FOUND.
* * *
ABOUT sixteen people
* * *
WERE compiling a book
* * *
WHICH I learned later
* * *
WAS a review
* * *
OF everything that
* * *
TOOK place at Normal.
* * *
THEY explained to me
* * *
THAT they labored under
* * *
MANY hindrances.
* * *
BUT if they were able
* * *
TO put out an Annual
* * *
THAT would please everyone
* * *
THEIR mission was done.
* * *
I THANKED them and left
* * *
AND I knew right then
* * *
I'D get an Annual
* * *
AND when I grew old
* * *
AND began to forget
* * *
I'D get out my book
* * *
AND my old friends would be
* * *
FOREVER with me

A. N. D.

If You Could See Yourself As Others See You

BEST ESSAY

"If you could see yourself as others see you" is a familiar saying, but "If you could see yourself as others see you three thousand years from now" has a different significance altogether. The shock in the first case would be severe enough, but what about the second? Now don't shrug your shoulders and say that no one will see any of us three thousands years from now. Stranger things than that have happened! Do you suppose that when Old King Tut was laid away to rest three thousand years ago he ever suspected that he would be dug up and held before the public eye for criticism? Poor Old King Tut has been the target for many a joke, as we should doubtless be under the same circumstances. For instance, what kind of a showing do you suppose old P. S. N. S. would make if it were to be unearthed a few thousand years from now?

Let us imagine that the sudden eruption of an unknown volcano had buried the school and all its occupants under tons of volcanic ashes which had kept everything in a perfect state of preservation. After a few thousand years some Carnarvon the II would be sure to appear on the scene, and the fun would begin. Can't you imagine the headlines in the dailies, if they still have dailies, "Professor Bonehead, famous Americanologist, unearths Ancient Normal School on the planet Earth! Will broadcast lecture tonight on the schools and methods of teaching of our benighted ancestors of the twentieth century. Don't fail to tune in tonight and learn all about your progenitors!"

The lecture itself, I imagine, might be something like this:

Ladies and gentlemen, I have labored long and diligently upon this subject and have drawn my conclusions only after careful research and deep meditation. I have made such careful inquiry into all the habits and customs of our ancient American ancestors that I feel with all modesty that I may call myself the greatest living authority on the subject. After hearing some startling revelations dealing with a horribly dark and unenlightened age, you will undoubtedly be most thankful for our own modern civilization and will cease to criticize it, especially our surgical methods of education.

The school to which I have devoted my attention was evidently a school of the higher class. The ancients called it a normal school, though why I cannot understand, as there are several features about it which appear to be quite abnormal. As we unearthed various strata of the building we made many strange discoveries, of which I shall give an account.

The top stratum was divided into many large cells, the contents of which were most interesting. The first cell we entered was filled with small tables and chairs

placed in orderly rows up and down the room. A glass-encased closet along one side of the cell contained numerous objects of various sizes and shapes, which may have been edible at one time. This undoubtedly was the school dining room, where refreshments were served between classes to the poor, overworked students. It must be remembered that in those days there was no education by assimilation. Students could not assimilate knowledge, as they do nowadays, while they are peacefully sleeping. Education, then, was a desperate attempt on the part of the students to absorb through the senses sundry principles which were hurled in a supercilious fashion at their knowledge-proof heads. Ah, we may well admire and commend our ancestors for that stoical quality which enabled them to endure an education. If such conditions existed now, I dare say ignorance would reign supreme.

In the next cell which we entered was a collection of small, black machines having numbers of white keys bearing strange hieroglyphics. When struck, these made a dull clicking sound, not at all musical; but when we remember the horrible sounds which our poor forebears enjoyed as music it is reasonable to suppose these machines were the famous jazz band instruments, formerly so popular, now entirely extinct. In another cell we found a conglomeration of many odd things. Tables, chairs and antique furniture were piled together in a heap; also a large number of glass bottles, jars and other paraphernalia. As we know that many of the people of this dark age were given to the extensive manufacture of a beverage called home-brew, it is reasonable to suppose that the students and their instructors made their private supply here.

My departure from this cell and my arrival on the next strata were very nearly simultaneous. Now I do not know whether it was the custom of the ancients to descend from one stratum to the next as I did, or whether they used a less painful method. In all probability they were more cautious and descended on their hands and knees as my companions did after the warning example which I set before them.

This stratum proved to be the most interesting and enlightening of all. It contained a large cell which extended out from the main building. At the time of the eruption the building was filled with students, so that I received great enlightenment regarding the garments and studies of these people. The majority of the students were of the female sex. I presume they were dressed in the latest style at the time of the eruption, though I know it would cause you ladies much amusement to see their gowns now. I will not attempt to describe them in detail, but they were invariably tight fitting and barely reached the knee. They were of every shade and hue imaginable and the whole *en masse* presented a gay and pleasing spectacle. Their legs were also encased in coverings of every conceivable hue. But their coiffures were the most remarkable. Most of the girls had cut their hair and wore it draped over the ears in a peculiar fashion. A few of the girls had long hair arranged in most amazing lumps all over the head. On closer investigation these lumps were found to be held together by wire pins which were apparently stuck into the head. Evidently there was no limit to the artifice of these ancient ladies. The hair, whether long or short, was in most cases corrugated, and we learned that these ladies spent much valuable time and money to keep their hair in perfect cor-

rugation. These females looked peaceful enough, but they must have harbored hostile feelings, for there was evidence of war-paint on their faces. Perhaps that was the reason why the few males who were present were huddled together in the front of the room, as if for protection. For although the women had not yet gained the supremacy, it is possible that even at that early age they were feared by the men. These males were dressed even more strangely than the females. Instead of flowing asbestos robes such as we wear, they had both arms and legs encased in wrappings called sleeves, and a coat completed the ensemble. The general effect was more sombre than that of the females, although they wore long, stripped ribbons around their necks, which were very startling and of outstanding vividness. Their hair, too, was close cut, but the style of arrangement varied somewhat from that of the females. Some wore it parted in the middle and flopping on both sides, others wore it parted on the side, and a few with no part at all. Most of the boys seemed to have used a greasy substance to keep their hair flattened close to the head. What this substance was we have not been able to discover. However, as butter was cheap in those days, it is possible that the boys had their mothers spread their heads with butter each morning before going to school. Besides those just described there were a dozen or more people in the room. These others, both males and females, sat apart from the rest on a platform by themselves. Much speculation has taken place as to the significance of this. It has been suggested that these might be model students, who were placed before the others as examples. It has been suggested, on the other hand, that they might be incorrigibles, placed there for punishment. But when we remember that the ancient form of education required a medium between the student and knowledge, it is reasonable to conclude that these persons were the mediums.

Between the students and the mediums there was a very curious object—a large machine perched on four legs, which were in turn mounted on tiny wheels. Several persons sat near this machine, each holding in his hand a smaller machine. Upon thorough investigation we have decided that the smaller machines were parts of the larger one. When touched or blown upon, all emitted the most horrible, soul-sizzling sounds imaginable. We knew that the ancients had a mania for machinery, but this noisy machine with its many parts caused us much perplexity. However, after due meditation we decided it must be one of the famous old Fords, the renown of which has been handed down to the present day. The students who had parts in their hands were no doubt giving an exhibition of the ease with which one could be assembled. Upon investigation we found a number of these Fords of different models parked about the building. It is likely that they belonged to the mediums, who used them as a means of conveyance between their abodes and the school building. We have removed several of these machines to the Pan-Planitarium Museum, where they will be kept as memorials to the great Henry Ford, who liberated the laborer from hard work, and of his wife Lizzie.

It is now time to bring my lecture on the Dark Ages to a close. I leave you all sleeping peacefully, in the hopes that on waking in the morning you will have assimilated enough of my lecture to enable you better to appreciate our own modern civilization.

RUTH M. NICHOLS.



SORORITIES



A K Φ House

Active Chapters of Alpha Kappa Phi

		Established
Alpha Chapter	Geneseo	1885
Beta Chapter	Oneonta	1891
Delta Chapter	Plattsburgh	1892
Zeta Chapter	Brockport	1896
Eta Alumnae	Jamaica	1898
Theta Chapter	Cortland	1902
Iota Alumni	Indiana	1910
Kappa Chapter	New Paltz	1924
Epsilon Chapter	Oswego	1925



"Nothing But the Truth"


Alpha Kappa Phi

Delta Chapter of Alpha Kappa Phi

ESTABLISHED 1892



SORORES IN FACULTATE

ANNE L. CARROLL ANNE O'BRIEN ELIZABETH M. KETCHUM
BERTHA M. BARDWELL ERMINIA M. WHITLEY

1927

Mary Bohon
Grace Boyd
Mary Brennan
*Ethel Carlson
*Gladys Carlson
Mae Chellis
Fannie Collins
Alice Coons
Marie Cronin
Anna Finnell
Mary Hughes
Helen Judge
*Elizabeth Lawless
Katherine McCaffrey
Katherine Murray
Marian Perrin
Agatha Rooney
Inez Siddons
Dorothy Singleton
Marion Turk
*Anna Woodward
Marielle Woodward

1928

Jane Behan
Priscilla Broadwell
Winifred Coleman
Claire Culnane
Helen Douglass
Anna Finnegan
Margaret Hagan
Blanche Hildebrant
Helen Jackson
Alfreda Kastner
Ethel LaMare
Evelyn McCloy
Mildred McGrath
Marjory Martin
Dorothy Riley
Magdaline Sennett
Ethel Stafford
Freda Terwilliger

1929

Genevieve Bush
Hildred Call
Arlene Chapman
Mary Clark
Joyce Creswell
Esther Cushner
Catherine Degenhardt
Irene Hitz
Frances Jersey
Anna Mulholland
Ruth Siddons
Lillian Stone
Marian Yates

*Presidents, 1926-27.

Alpha Kappa Phi

As the day of graduation draws near, what happier thoughts come to us than the memories connected with Alpha Kappa Phi?

During our first two years in the sorority we were content to occupy the Agonian room in the Normal School building. But one day it was rumored that the Agonians were to purchase a house on Wells Street. This rumor seemed too good to be true; it was more like a dream. We learned, however, in June, 1926, that our dream had become a reality, and we looked forward eagerly to the opening of school in September when the house was to be ours.

During the summer months Mrs. Baker, an Agonian alumna, Miss Carroll, a member of the faculty and our advisor, together with several of our Senior girls, worked faithfully in our new home, so that it might be in order when school opened in the fall. Much credit is due them, for it was through their untiring efforts that everything was in readiness for the girls on September 9.

Before we knew it "rush" season was before us. Rushing was carried on both inside of school and outside. Many were the trips to the movies and the soda fountains. We gave a "Bunco" party and soon after a "Bowery" party at which everyone wore her oldest and most dilapidated clothes. Each girl tried to look as ridiculous as possible and each presented such a ludicrous appearance that it was impossible to decide which characterization was best. It was, indeed, an evening of fun, frolic and laughter.

Who of the Agonians does not recall the pleasant time we had at our "kid" party? Every girl was a mere "kid" again, and, with her doll, teddybear or precious toy she spent the evening in games and chatter suited to her pretended age. An onlooker would have judged that each one of us had taken a dip in the "fountain of youth," so young and gay were we.

Then one evening we motored out on the Morrisonville road to the "Green Lawns" tea room. There we partook of a delicious dinner, prepared by Miss McMasters, an Agonian of an earlier class. After our appetites had been satisfied, dancing and singing, the main features of the occasion, were enjoyed by all. All too soon we made our exit from the cozy rooms and found ourselves homeward bound, everyone enthusiastic about the good time the evening had afforded.

Another evening, dressed in gay pajamas and kimonas, we escorted the Freshman girls to our "Pekin" party, where we played Chinese games, sang Chinese songs, and partook of chow mein and green tea. Chinese lanterns and colored lights did much to add to the Oriental effect.

Rush season ended most enjoyably with a banquet at the Witherill, after which we adjourned to the Agonian house, where the new girls were pledged to Alpha Kappa Phi.

Rushing was now over. Our new members were full-fledged Agonians, and our work began in earnest.

On November 6 our friends gathered at the Ago house and were entertained at bridge. Everyone declared it "the best ever." Soon afterward the ever-increasing demand for funds and the urge to satisfy the public sweet tooth resulted in a candy sale at school. Both needs were met in a successful manner.

On December 6 and 7 an opportunity was given for our talented members to display their ability. With the clever comedy, "Nothing But the Truth," as a vehicle, and with the assistance of Mr. Hartman of the faculty, who coached the play, and of several young men of the school, they gave a most commendable performance in Normal Hall. As a result of the favorable comments of the Plattsburgh audiences, a request came from Peru that we stage the play there. The Peru audience was more than pleased with our efforts.

A sale of fancy work held the center of attention on December 10. Many beautiful pieces were on exhibition, and a goodly sum was realized.

Before going home for the Christmas vacation we held a Christmas tree party for the poor children of the Orphans' Home. Gifts were provided for the little ones and each child was made happy.

Our first card party was so successful that we essayed another on February 19, which was, if possible, even more successful than the first.

We further increased our bank account with the results of a rummage sale held on February 26 and a St. Patrick's Day dance given at the City Hall.

Altogether, the year has been a happy and an auspicious one.

KATHERINE MURRAY.



THE OLD MILL

Active Chapters of Clionian Fraternity

Alpha ..... Geneseo
Beta ..... Oneonta
Delta ..... Plattsburgh
Epsilon ..... Oswego
Eta ..... New Paltz
Gamma ..... Cortland





Clionian Minstrel


DELTA CLIO

Delta Chapter of the Clionian Fraternity

FOUNDED 1878



SORORES IN FACULTATE

MRS. OLLIE H. AMSDEN MISS KATE E. HULL MRS. J. H. RUSTERHOLTZ
MISS ELIZABETH HAWKINS MISS ALICE O'BRIEN
MRS. W. G. THOMPSON

1927

Dora Anthony
Beth Austin
Mildred Baker
Alice Billings
Lillian Boyle
*Olive Butcher
Margaret Daniels
Blandina Gifford
Ruth Langford
Marie McDonough
Marie Payette
Dora Smith
Marion Tubbs
Gertrude Turner
Lynda Wells
Doris Wright

1928

Genevieve Conway
Madeline Fallon
Evelyn Forcier
Aurilla Gregory
Esther Koch
Mary LaBrie
Myrtle Molony
Margaret Metzloff
Nellie Murphy
Kathleen Penfield
*Alice Rea
Ruth Rising
Wilhelmina Semple
Dorothy Smith
Mollie Stanton
Velma Turner

1929

Hanna Armstrong
Helen Baker
Mabel Brewer
Mae Brown
Gertrude Coffey
Frances Daly
Albertine Darling
Mary DeVasto
Winifred Emnott
Grace Garrison
Bernice Giles
Vera Hargraves
Gladys Lancto
Helen Montany
Eloise Smith
Celia Zepf

*Delegates to Convocation.

Clionian History

Until the time for parting is near at hand, we little realize what school, friends and sorority mean to us.

Three short years ago graduation seemed but a mere vision—a goal which was barely distinguishable in the far distance. As the time for departure approaches we begin to look back and even begin to re-live the good times we have had in P. S. N. S.

And where do we first turn our thoughts and attention? To Clio, naturally.

We spent two whole weeks last fall in becoming acquainted with the Freshman girls, and at the end of that time—Rush! In place of our usual Japanese party we entertained our candidates at Turner's Camp on Cumberland Head. This proved very successful and novel, and was, incidentally, the last of our rush parties.

Sixteen seems to be Clio's lucky number, for we took in sixteen new members last fall and they have proved to be sixteen true and loyal Clionians. From the moment they became Clios these new members have been always ready and willing to do their bit in sorority affairs.

Shortly after the excitement of the rush and pledge season had subsided, we began preparations for a Hallowe'en dance, which was held at the City Hall. This was the Freshmen's first opportunity to prove to us that, in choosing them earlier in the fall, we had chosen wisely.

The social affairs of Clio were dormant for a few weeks because of the first quarterly examinations, but after that much-dreaded crisis was passed there seemed a demand for "something doing." Christmas was not far distant, so plans began to materialize for our annual Christmas sale. The display of fancy goods was complete and varied, and we realized a correspondingly good increase in our treasury.

A few days before leaving for our homes for the Christmas vacation, the Freshman Clios entertained the upperclassmen at a Christmas party. Everyone entered into the spirit of the occasion and enjoyed the entertainment furnished by the Freshmen. As a token of appreciation we were presented with a mirror, which now adorns one of the walls of Clio Hall.

When we returned from our Christmas recess excitement was in the air. There were rumors of initiation. Would we or would we not have it before "exams"? The problem was solved before many days had passed, for the second week after our return to school the Freshmen were summoned to court to try to explain their misdemeanors of the preceding twenty weeks. Initiation, to the Freshmen, is always a never-to-be-forgotten ordeal. The week of initiation was fittingly closed by a banquet at the Witherill Hotel.

Once more the thoughts of "exams," this time the mid-year, turned our thoughts

from society affairs. It wasn't long before the examinations were over and the next social function was discussed. This affair was none other than the annual Minstrel Show, presented March 7 and 8 under the direction of Mr. Ray Tierney. The Minstrel Show this year was a bigger success, both theatrically and financially, than any we had ever before presented. It cost all who took part hours of hard practice, but the knowledge that it had surpassed our previous productions was worth far more than the effort put forth.

June is no longer a speck in the distance. It is nearly a reality. As we think over the good times we have had and call to mind the many friends we have made in Clio, we become rather thoughtful. Had we not come to P. S. N. S. how many good, true friends we should never have known.

Wherever we go we shall make friends, perhaps some just as sympathetic and helpful as those whom we are leaving behind us, but will they ever mean quite as much to us as our own Clionian sisters?

As we part in June some of us, perhaps many of us, may never meet again. Though we, who now must venture out into the wider world to prove our worth, are reluctant to say "good-bye" to you who must remain here a bit longer to carry on our work, nevertheless we rejoice in the fact that we have known you, have called you "friends" and have gained much through these friendships. Because of the associations of the past three years may our work and thoughts be inspired to better and higher things.

What truth we find in these few words:

"To meet, to know, to love, to part,
'Tis the saddest story of the human heart."

LYNDA E. WELLS '27.

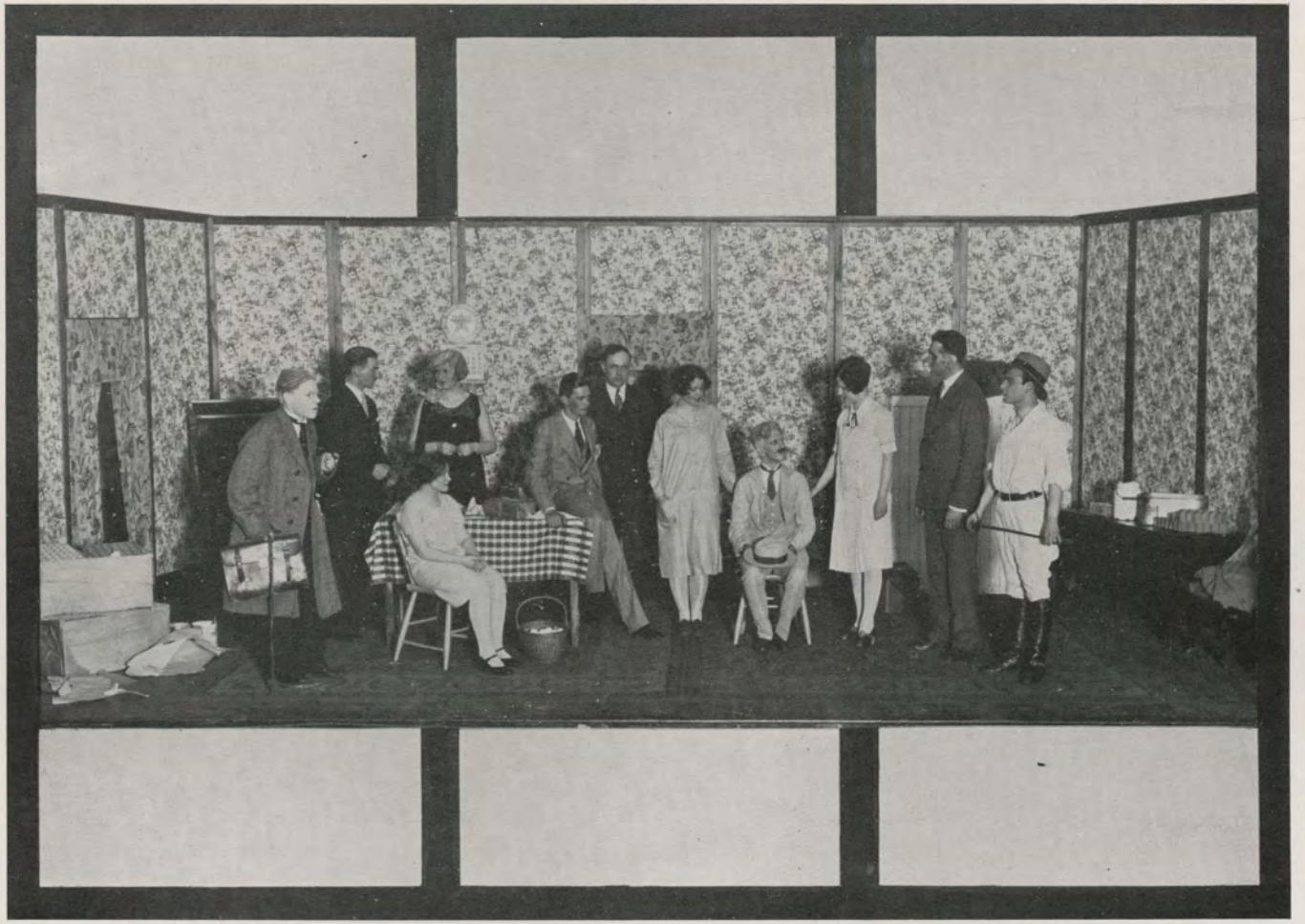


"BON VOYAGE"



Active Chapters, Alpha Delta Sorority

Alpha	Brockport
Beta	Oneonta
Gamma	Fredonia
Delta	Cortland
Epsilon	Geneseo
Zeta	Bloomsburg, Pa.
Eta	Oswego
Theta	Plattsburgh



"Adam and Eva"



Alpha Delta Theta

SENIORS

Hazel Bellegarde
Mandana Disotell
Angela Giroux
Adele Kaempf
Emily Kupisewski
Mary LaMoy
Ruth Nichols
Anna Noon
Violet Trombley
Idris Wheeler

JUNIORS

Lillian Balder
Josephine Barnwell
Marion Bellows
Olive Bigonaisse
Jessie Boyer
Esther Bramer
Mable Close
Theresa Clute
Evalyn Jones
Pearl LaBarge
Alice Malone
Etta O'Malley
Charlotte Romback
Elizabeth Schweighart
Mary Shannon
Dorothy Torpey

FRESHMEN

Bernice Bellows
Mary Gergley
Christine Hale
Sarah Hull
Ethyl Ketcham
Dorothy Mars
Mary Stenger
Alberta Todd

Alpha Delta

Quite an unimportant little plant was set into the ground about seven years ago. Not an unusual occurrence was this, for certainly every blade of grass has its beginning. But this little plant was fenced in and had its specific nook, for surely one would not allow highly prized flowers to flourish within reach of all passersby.

Likewise did this plant receive the protection of twenty-eight props, or the original members, which formed the circumscribed defense. Only that which was best was given to it, and, as all things that are properly cared for will thrive, the plant began boldly to show signs of progress.

But as it grew more protection was needed, for it was not strong enough; therefore, the defense was made twofold.

And soon the purple and white bud appeared. It was the royal hue of sincerity intermingled with the democratic white. As the bud developed, eight petals unfolded and the one plant revealed eight lavender and white divisions. The purple shade had softened until it blended itself into the harmonious tint of its original color.

It had taken years for this plant finally to complete its early stages of growth and, since this flower, precious and rare, had grown, the wall of protection had become firmer and it now thrives, individualistic and self-centered.

But eight petals and a main stem are entirely a misconception of a true creation, for leaves are found with every flower. They temper the colorful appearance and accentuate the beauty of the blossom.

Year by year the petals fall, not when winter comes, but when the gardner covers each at the time the school doors close. The flower then comes again, refreshed, and with added beauty and strength.

It gives pleasure to the gardner to see the various flowers which brighten his daily labors and add zest to them.

A thing is not always essential because of its appearance; however, the fragrance of a flower lingers long between the pages of a book or in some other favorite place. As I turned over the withered petals of the flower which was given to me at our pledge, all this came to my mind, and with it I saw in my mind the green leaf—the realization of its actuality and, still better, the thought of its perpetuation.

Although the petals fall from the flower, there stands ready to take their places the new strength manifested by the new members of each succeeding year, when the gardner unfolds to the newcomers the doors to the fertile and delightful space of ground. He also weeds the garden of all unnecessary vegetation and not only carefully removes all obstacles to growth, but gives to the weak plants more attention. This act has helped the plant and, consequently, the flowers it bears,

and has invigorated the existence of the latter by better equipping each individual to be a more worthy member.

May the sorority and its colors dwell in our minds, not only when the lavender violets of springtime appear, but until the snow falls and adds its trimming and final finish of pure white.

From purple and white, the Alpha Phi Theta colors, the flower changed its hue to lavender and white, the colors of Alpha Delta. It was the acquisition of seven other chapters which gave the flower its strength to grow on with greater luster and power.

ADELE KAEMPF.

Events of Year 1926-27

Cabaret party—at the Young Women's League.

Kiddy party—held at the Alpha Delta rooms.

Theater party.

"Rush" supper—at the "Up-a-Flight."

Pledge banquet—at the Cumberland Hotel.

Christmas party—Alpha Delta rooms.

St. Valentine's Day party—Alpha Delta rooms.

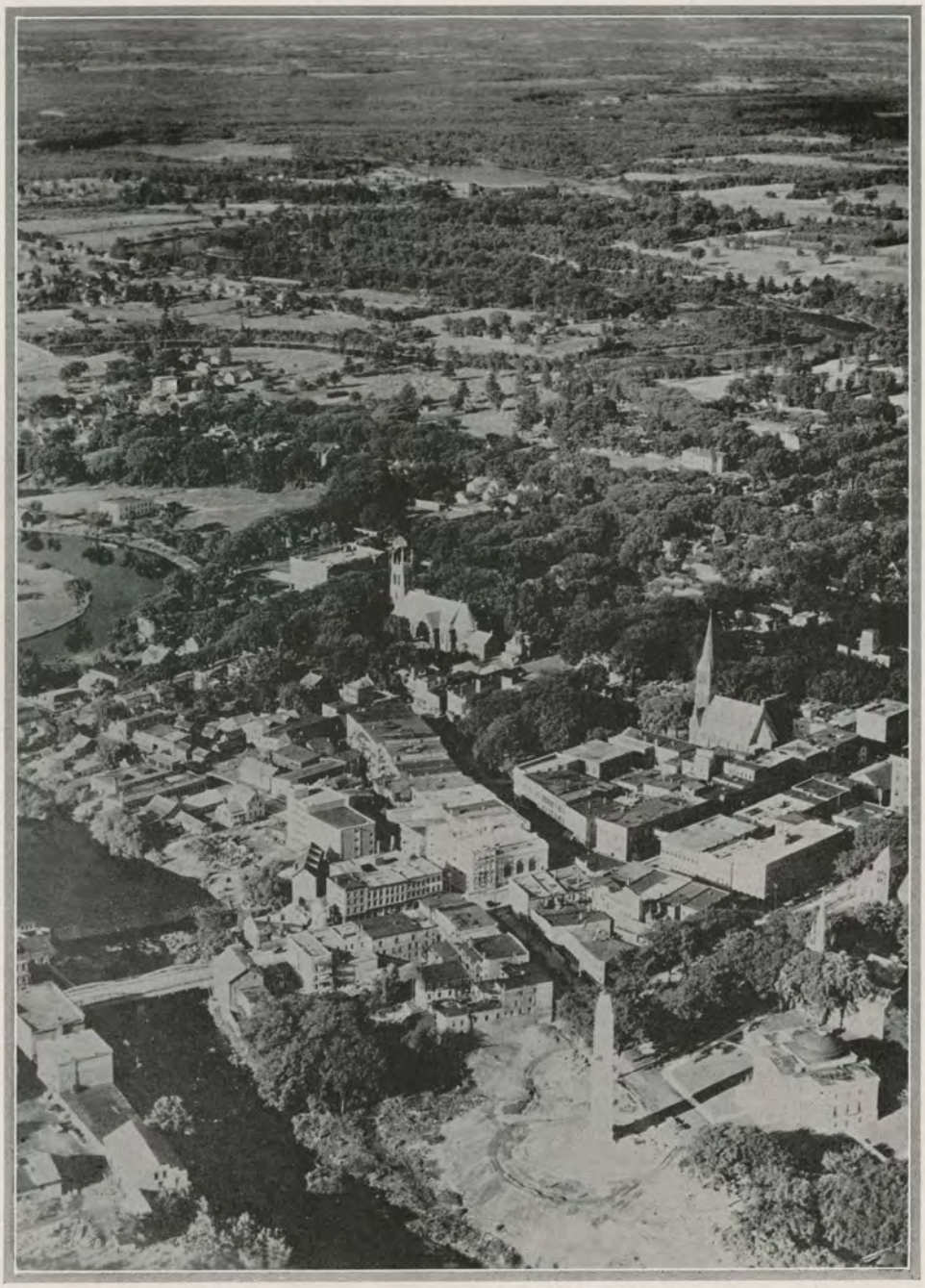
Initiation.

Initiation banquet—Witherill Hotel.

Play—"Adam and Eva."

May dance—City Hall.

Farewell party—held at the Alpha Delta rooms.



PLATTSBURGH



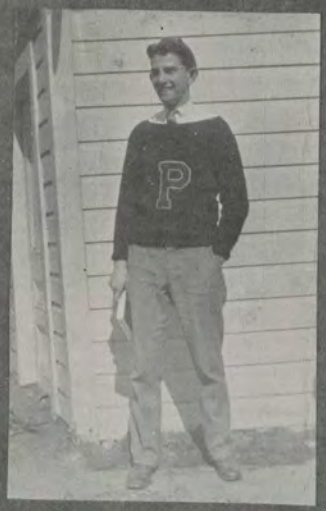


ATHLETICS

ATHLETICS



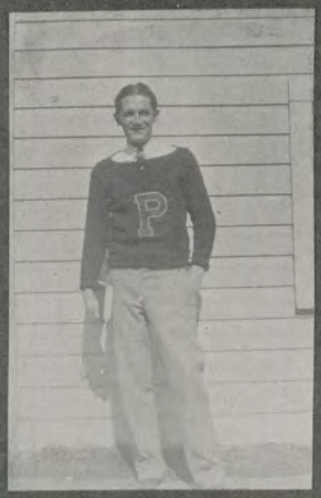




Capt. Collins—
FOOTBALL



Lawless—
CHEER LEADER.



CAPT. HARON
BOYS BASKET BALL





CAPT. WELLS—
GIRLS BASKET BALL



MALONEY—
CHEER LEADER



CAPT'S. BUTCHER—DAVIS
— TENNIS

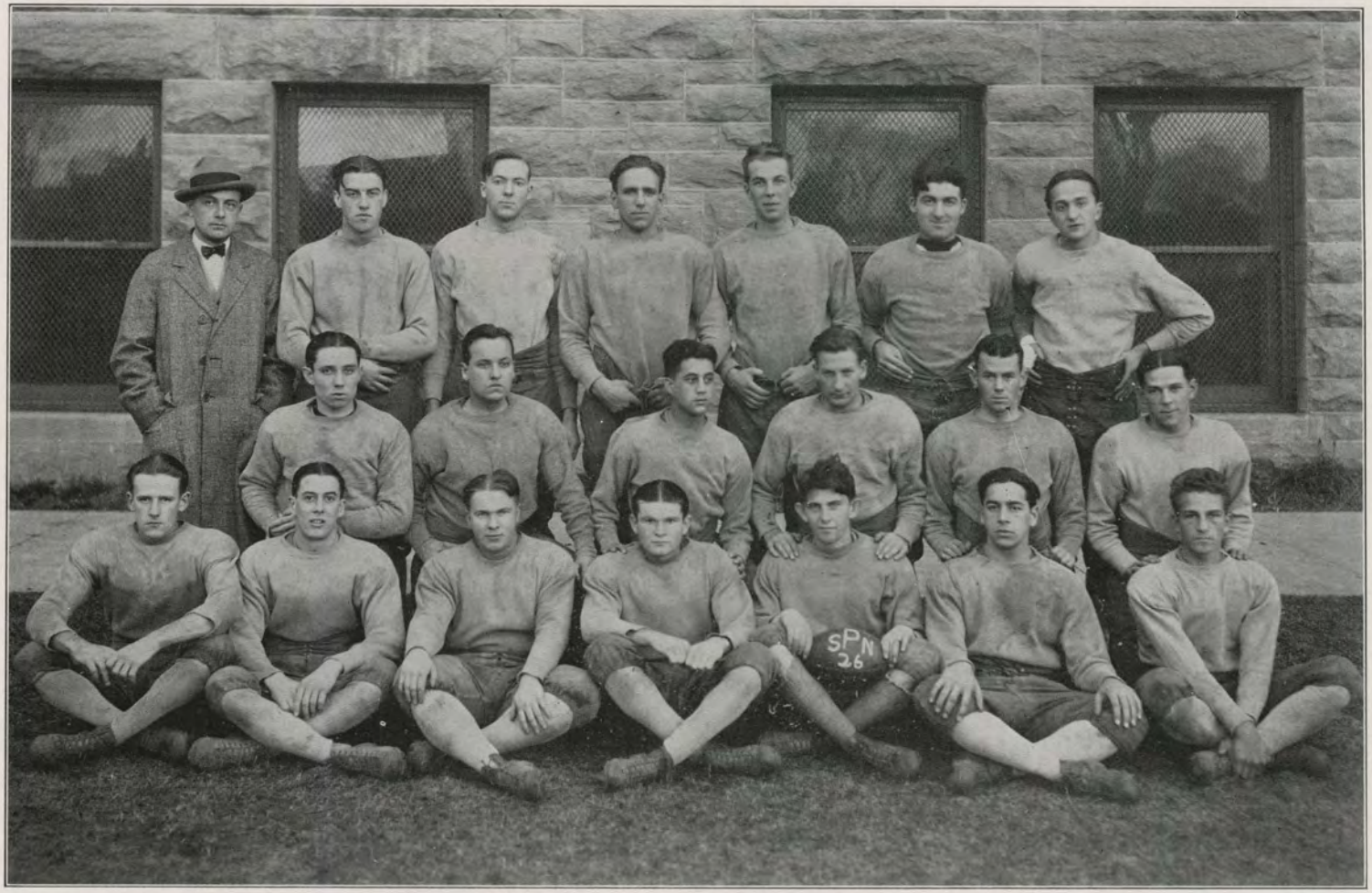


Athletic Association

OFFICERS

ROSWELL CLUKEY '27 ..... *President*
LILLIAN BOYLE '27 ..... *Vice-President*
CRAIG MARTIN '28 ..... *Treasurer*
FRANCES DALY '29 ..... *Secretary*

PAUL HARTMAN
Athletic Director



Coach Hartman, Burington, Viemeister, Williams, Gallant, Ryan, Ayers
"Pop" Ryan, Hines, Rienzi, Del Favero, O'Neill, Grenier
Carpenter, Nadeau, Morrissey, Cosgrove, Capt. Collins, Laravie, Beaubriand

Football, 1926

The fall of 1926 marks the re-establishment of the real collegiate sport of football at P. S. N. S. Coach Hartman, a new member of the faculty, was greatly interested in the sport and through his tireless efforts the desire to be represented on the gridiron became a reality. The difficulty of securing funds for equipment had to be met, and through the unselfish cooperation of the student body it was possible to outfit twenty players. Regular and hard-working drill was held every evening under the expert instruction of our coach. Progress was evident from the very start. Scrimmage games were held with local aggregations and the outcome was so satisfactory that steps were taken toward securing a game with a team of collegiate standing. A game was played on the Potsdam fair grounds in a steady downpour of rain and a veritable sea of mud and water with the heavier and more experienced team, Clarkson Tech. Despite the handicaps, and the fact that the Normal gridmen were mostly strangers at the game, they played like veterans and made a great impression as they allowed the strong Clarkson team only three touchdowns and blocked all their attempts at kicking the pigskin for the extra point after the touchdown. The hardest array of foes, including Clarkson Tech and University of Vermont teams, has been booked for next season.

THE TEAM

James Collins '27.....Captain
Francis E. Ryan '27.....Manager

James Morrissey '28....Captain-elect
Paul Hartman .....Coach

Ends

Augustin Cosgrove '27
Leo Laravie '28
Mario Del Favero '28
Craig Martin '28

Tackles

Francis T. Ryan '27
Elbert Burington '27
Edmund Viemeister '27
George Gallant '28

Guards

James Morrissey '28
Robert Carpenter '29
Guy Beaubriand '29
Ronald Ayres '29

Center

Wilfred Nadeau '28

Half Backs

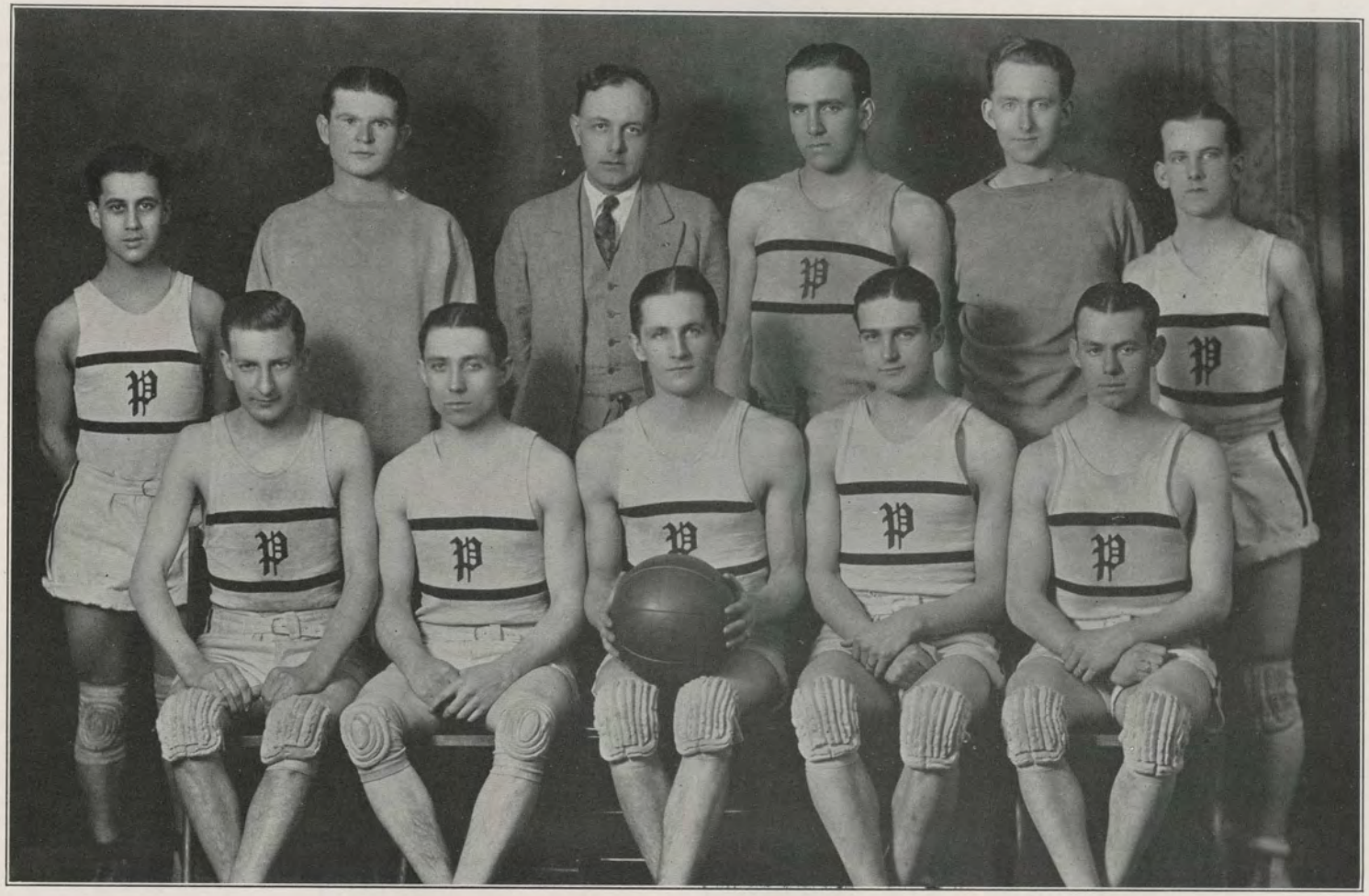
Francis E. Ryan '27
Robert Rienzi '28
Thomas O'Neill '28

Full Backs

Kermit Williams '28
William Hinds '29

Quarter Backs

James Collins '27
Leo Grenier '28



Rienzi, Cosgrove, Coach Hartman, Williams, Davis, Ellis
Del Favero, Ryan, Capt. Haron, Clukey, O'Neill

Boys' Basketball, 1926-1927

At the completion of the football season basketball work started in real earnest, and with greater enthusiasm than has ever been shown before. Thirty candidates reported for practice and a squad of twenty players was selected. The working squad was later cut to twelve, and at mid-season ten seasoned players formed the material for making this season one of the most successful in the history of our Alma Mater. Under the skillful guidance and direction of Coach Hartman a team of championship caliber was molded and combated successfully with school and college teams of the same scholastic standing. The squad had numerous difficulties to encounter, but the handicap of being compelled to practice after supper on a borrowed court, which could only be secured on an average of twice a week, was by far the largest when compared with the opportunity given our opponents, who practiced four or five times a week, during the regular gym periods in the afternoon. The accomplishments of the Maroon and White brought forth numerous favorable comments from our opponents and the press, and whether they won or lost the players showed that they were true sportsmen and could take victory or defeat like gentlemen.

PERSONNEL

Francis Haron .....Captain — Andrew Brunelle...Assistant Manager
Francis E. Ryan .....Manager — Paul Hartman .....Coach

Left Forward	*Centers*	*Right Forward*
Francis Haron '27	Kermit Williams '28	Thomas O'Neill '29
"Midge"	"Diz"	"Tommie"
Left Guard	Roswell Clukey '27	*Right Guard*
Mario Del Favero '28	"Ros"	Francis E. Ryan '27
"Del"	*Substitutes*	"Pop"
Robert Rienzi '28		Charles Ellis '28
Augustin Cosgrove '27		Alger Davis '27

	RECORD	Normal	Opponents
*Dec. 11.	State College for Teachers	8	29
Jan. 15.	New Paltz Normal	24	22
Jan. 20.	St. Lawrence University	16	27
*Jan. 21.	Potsdam Normal	30	16
*Jan. 22.	Clarkson Tech	23	19
Jan. 28.	26th Infantry	32	31
Mar. 2.	Clarkson Tech	21	17
Mar. 15.	Y. M. C. A. (City)	23	27
Mar. 18.	Glens Falls Academy (extra period)	23	26
*Mar. 25.	New Paltz Normal	41	37
*Mar. 26.	Glens Falls Academy	19	29

*There.

Starting the season with less than six practice meetings, the Maroon and White quintet journeyed to the Capital City and played the State College for Teachers, a team which is considered the junior college champions of the state, on a court that was small enough to be a cheese box. The score seems at first a little one sided, but the Capital boys have swamped varsity college teams by far greater scores.

The Normal opened its home season after the Christmas holidays in an auspicious manner, scoring a remarkable victory over the New Paltz Normal in a most thrilling contest. It was a game that kept the spectators and the players in a state of excitement until the final whistle assured us of victory. The effects of the coach's tutoring could be seen in the smooth working of the Maroon and White combination which displayed pretty defensive work and passing that was worthy of praise.

The strong St. Lawrence University Frosh quintet which has been considered as good, and even superior to the regular varsity, journeyed to Plattsburgh, and in a fast, hard-fought contest scored a victory from the Normal basket tossers.

The double victory over the New Paltz Normal and Potsdam Normal teams left a lasting impression with the spectators, and gives the Maroon and White combination the undisputed championship of Normal schools in the eastern section of New York State. The double victory over the strong Clarkson Tech Frosh, even though it had players who were all-state stars during their high school playing, showed the real caliber of the Normal squad. Both the Clarkson Tech games were of a commendable nature, and at no time during the games was either side sure of victory.

The 26th Infantry basket tossers of the Plattsburgh Post were runners-up in the northeastern army championship tourney. The victory over this team convinced every one present that the Maroon and White this year is far superior to any squad put on the court by old P. S. N. S.

The local Y. M. C. A. team, which was runner-up in the state championship meet and winners of the second place trophy, defeated the Maroon and White by the small margin of two baskets. The Normal squad never was outclassed and showed creditable shooting and pass work that drew favorable comment from the sport writers.

The last home game was with the Glens Falls Academy. It was tied a number of times and went to an extra period. The downstate quintet was without question the fastest school team that has opposed the Normal this year. They played the game well and can certainly be called a "compliment" to their coach. The second game with G. F. A. was the last game of the season and was played at the end of a two-day trip to New Paltz, where the Maroon and White the night before won a victory in the fastest and most strenuous game of the season. The boys were completely "tired out" and lacked the pep and fight which characterizes their ordinary spirit. In the second half they made a spurt, which if they could have continued through the remaining quarter of the game would have spelled ruin for the G. F. A. quintet.

The Team



Coach Hartman is a prominent and well-liked leader and commander with a broad line of experience in athletics. In seven years of coaching, six championship teams have been under his supervision. He has a natural drive and a dynamic personality that is ideally adapted to handling a squad of athletes. His one and tireless aim was to mold a team worthy of our Alma Mater.



A fast, dependable player with a distinct personality was "Pop" Ryan, veteran of three years varsity playing. His efficient work at the difficult position of guard was always noticeable, and as a result star forwards were held to small scores. As manager for this season he secured one of the best schedules that Normal has ever played.



Everyone from the cradle to the grave at Normal knows that Captain "Midge" Haron can play basketball. A better-liked individual is hard to find, so he holds the unusual distinction of being captain for two years. Speed and accuracy were his weapons in baffling his would-be guards, and the score book shows him as one of the leading point getters.



A valuable utility man who played in every game, and considered the "ace in the hole" by the coach, was "Ros" Clukey. If anyone weakened, "Ros" was always the first to take his place. He played a clever defensive game and always made it difficult for the opponents to penetrate his territory, and had a dead eye for difficult side shots.



"Diz" Williams' large figure was always in the midst of the fray. He is specially noted for his extraordinary ability as a dead shot for under basket shots, and for getting the tip-off to his forwards. He is a hard man to stop and thus formed the pivot of nearly all the pass work. In individual scoring he was runner-up for high honors.



"Tom" O'Neill played forward, and is as clever a basket tosser as ever wore a Normal suit. He was one of the outstanding stars of the season and high score man. Sinking numerous baskets from all angles, good passing and defensive work was his specialty. He won the hearts and admiration of the spectators in every game.



A fast, aggressive and brainy player held down the other defensive position. "Del's" work gave heart to the remainder of the team, and there never was a doubt as to his playing ability for he gave all he had. His close guarding, quick, accurate passing, and speedy floor work was typical of the squad.



"Good things come in small packages." This explains "Bob" Rienzi. He saw action in nearly every game, substituting at the position of guard. In many instances he was responsible in helping to keep a confident forward baffled and nearly scoreless. This makes his first year with the Maroon and White.



Another small but fast player who was always ready to jump in to help bring home the bacon was "Chuck" Ellis. His great contribution to the squad, as with the other substitutes, Davis and Cosgrove, was in aiding the coach to mold a winning combination by providing plenty of opposition in the numerous scrimmage games.



Wing, Stenger, Coach Hartman, Rowe, Devens, Abrahms
McGrath, Balder, Capt. Wells, Boyle, Forcier
Darling, Chapman, Daly

Girls' Basketball, 1926-1927

A fighting heart, loyal support, and potential ability was represented in a squad of thirty recruits who answered the call of the whistle. The difficulty of securing a court for practice and the blocked condition of the roads in this section during the best part of the winter was responsible for a late season. Nevertheless, Coach Hartman was successful in putting out a representative team worthy of praise. Strong teams of the same scholastic standing were played, among them being the undefeated Potsdam Normal team which has been heralded as the state champion of all women's teams of collegiate grade, and the strong St. Lawrence University quintet, which has defeated the New York University team and numerous strong high school teams around this section of the state. Every girl on the squad was a "live one" and played a good game no matter how large the odds were against them. Their good sportsmanship and playing ability is evident by the desire of both the St. Lawrence and Potsdam Normal teams to secure double headers for next season.

PERSONNEL

Lynda Wells.....Captain Lillian Boyle .....Manager
Paul Hartman, Coach

Centers

Mildred McGrath '28
Arlene Chapman '29

Forwards

Lillian Boyle '27
Albertine Darling '29
Frances Daly '29

Guards

Lynda Wells '27
Lulu Devens '27
Lillian Balder '28
Evelyn Forcier '28

Substitutes

Miriam Abrahms
Sarah Rowe '29
Mary Stenger '29
Dorothy Wing '29



Cosgrove, Davis, Collins
Boyle, Butcher

Tennis, 1926

Early in the spring of 1926 a Tennis Club was formed with a membership numbering around sixty. The following officers were elected: James Collins, president; Augustin Cosgrove, manager; Helen Cartmell, treasurer; Osgood Smith and Robert Lamberton, faculty advisors. Cooperating with Dr. Hawkins, the club was able to put the courts in first-class playing condition. Interclass competition was aroused and a beautiful eighteen-inch sterling silver loving cup was donated by the club to be the property of any class winning it two years in succession. An interclass tournament was played and the class of '27 compiled an enviable record in both the girls' and boys' meets. This entitled them to have their name engraved on the cup as tennis champions. They defeated the class of '28 in the boys' match by the one-sided score 6-3, 6-3, and in the girls' match 6-2, 6-2.

Tennis enthusiasts are contemplating a varied program for this spring. An interclass tournament will be conducted, and in addition, competition for individual honors in singles, doubles, and mixed matches will be held during the early part of June.

INTERCLASS CHAMPIONS

CLASS '27

Boys' Doubles

Alger Davis, Captain — Augustin Cosgrove, Manager

James Collins

Girls' Doubles

Olive Butcher, Captain — Lillian Boyle



The Planorscho Camp Fire Girls

In the summer of 1911, Mrs. Charlotte V. Gulick started a camp for girls on the shores of Sebago Lake, Maine. At the same time, Mr. Gracey, now of our faculty, was conducting the only girls' camp already established in that section and she sought his advice as to the details of her plan. Her idea of using Indian names and studying various Indian customs worked out so well that during the following March the Camp Fire Girls of America was organized. It now has over 170,000 members.

In October of last year, several of the girls at the Normal School, with the idea of receiving training as leaders of girls, as well as for their individual pleasure, organized a group of Camp Fire Girls with Mr. Gracey as their advisor. The Planorscho group has held weekly meetings during the school year and has had ceremonial meetings every six weeks. A two weeks' camp on the shores of some nearby lake is planned for this summer.

The members are: Arda G. Bickle, guardian, Elizabeth Schweighardt, Sarah Rowe, Sarah Hull, Sara Masterson, Evelyn Forcier, Aurilla Gregory, Rose de Vito, Clara Cronkrite, Paula Cummings, and F. M. Gracey, sponsor.



Outdoor Club, 1926-1927

CLARA B. CRONKRITE ..... *President*
ANNA FINNEGAN ..... *Vice-President*
VERA SCHOENWEISS ..... *Secretary-Treasurer*
LILLIAN R. GOODRIDGE ..... *Faculty Advisor*

During the month of September, 1926, the Outdoor Club was organized with a nucleus of twenty-five members. Its aim and purpose is to provide wholesome outdoor recreation and "AER" for the girls of P. S. N. S. The first trip was an adventure to Grand Isle, Vt., over a choppy lake on an old but staunch and seaworthy ferry-boat. The rich coloring of the woodland, the mingling blue of the lake and sky, the delicious lunch eaten around the campfire by the famished hikers, all blended to give this initial trip a pleasant and lasting memory.

During the year several hikes have been taken—"Up the River," the historic Saranac or St. Moritz of Plattsburgh, familiar to every Normal girl; into the hills beyond Morrisonville; snowshoe trips over glistening white fields; pussy willow hunts on Cumberland Head; and straight road walks over the many country highways nearby. Before the year brings itself to a close they contemplate climbing the nearest mountain, Pok-O-Moonshine, and plans have also been made for an overnight trip to Whiteface Mountain.

With the enthusiastic cooperation of Miss Goodridge and Mr. Gracey the organization is destined to have a promising future.

Autographs

"With such a comrade, such a friend,
We fain would walk 'til journey's end."


HUMOR
E. M. FORCIER


P.S.N.BULLETIN
"The Quarterback"
"God Gave Me 20 cents"
Tickets
Today Prune Whip
Now Playing
"30's Your Old Man"
"You'd Be Surprised"
"The Pony Express"
"W"
"The Popular Sin"
"Paradise for Two
"The Campus Flirt"
"Evening Clothes"
Perrin '29
"For Heaven's Sake"
'29
"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"
"Everybody's Acting"

NEWS OF THE DAY TOLD IN PICTURES



SUSPECTS! A broad daylight holdup took place at Sharron's yesterday. Today these three young ladies were seen dressed accordingly. They had never been seen in these coats before! Judge for yourself!

A freshman's life is easy
As lives in these days go.
He's bright when right; when wrong they say
He's just too dumb to know.

Parker: "Why do you call Miss Carroll a crystal-gazer?"

Helen Jackson: "Because at 9 o'clock she starts looking at her watch."

Dr. Henshaw: "I suppose that you read Shakespeare?"

"Dot" Torpey: "Oh, yes, I read all of his stuff as soon as it comes out."

Laravie: "What is the most nervous thing in the world, next to a woman?"

Lombard: "Me next to a woman."

Mr. Broadwell: "The idea of your overdrawing your bank account! I never heard of such a thing!"

Priscilla: "Oh, it's all right, Dad, I sent them a check to cover the amount I overdrew."

Mr. Hartman: "How was water power used years ago?"

Burrington: "To turn the windmill."

Teacher: "What is the Mayflower Compact?"

Frances Jersey: "The latest kind of vanity case."

Mr. Terwilliger: "We will have your oral topic now."

Cele Zepf: "I left it on my desk in the Study Hall.

Father: "I saw a man with two heads on his shoulders last night."

Anna: "In a museum I suppose."

Father: "No, in this house; and one was yours."

Farnsworth: "I held a perfect hand last night."

Jepson: "Shook hands with yourself I suppose."

Mr. Wilkes: "Miss Berkowe, how much would $500 at 2 per cent. amount to at the end of a year?"

(No answer.)

Mr. Wilkes: "Don't you know that?"

"Midge" B.: "Yes, but I'm not interested in 2 per cent."

NEWS OF THE DAY TOLD IN PICTURES



BUDDING TEACHERS. The above are what expect to be at the front of our schoolrooms some day. At present they remind us of sparrows waiting for another bird.

Lynda Wells: "Oh, dear, I wish I were like the rivers."

Blandina Gifford: "Why?"

Lynda: "To follow my course without leaving the bed."

Doctor: "Why, I'll have you cured of the measles in a week."

Claire Culnane: "No rash promises now, doctor."

Morhaus: "I say, Mr. Diebolt, I need a little light on this subject."

Mr. Diebolt: "Might I suggest a little reflection?"

"Don": "A kiss is the language of love."

"Betty" Lawless: "Well, why don't you say something!"

Mr. Rusterholtz: "What did Franklin say when he discovered electricity in lightning?"

Dora Smith: "Nothing; he was too shocked."

A "gilded student," it must be stated,
Is generally but plain brass plated.

NEWS OF THE DAY TOLD IN PICTURES



WHAT HEALTH ED. DID FOR ME. Before studying Health Education at the Normal School I was unable to raise my arms above my head. Look at me today!

NEWS OF THE DAY TOLD IN PICTURES



IN TRAINING! A new sport has become the vogue among the college women of the country. We snapped one of our girls in training yesterday. As yet not many of the Normal girls have taken a very great interest in this sort of thing.

POPULAR SONGS AT NORMAL

No, No, Nora.....Norman Davis
Trail of Dreams.....Dora Anthony
Sleepy Head.....Robert Conley
How Many Times?....Craig Martin
Sweet Little You....Kermit Williams
This Is My Lucky Day..Miss Fortune
Charlie Is My Darling..Alice Coons
The Prisoner's Song..Martha Kievitt
Honest and Truly....Roswell Clukey
My Man .....Marion McCarthy
Lonesome and Sorry...Dorothy Smith
Baby Face.....Anna Mulholland
Drifting and Dreaming
Lawrence Lefevre
Cherie I Love You..Gertrude Turner
Fascination .....Jerry Ryan
Song of Love.....Sheard Parker
Due-Due-Due.....Midge Haron
Way Down South ..."Tex" Langford
Remember .....Priscilla Broadwell
No Fooling....."Porty" Payette
Tonight You Belong to Me
"Spud" Ames
Airs From Morrisonville
"Millie" Baker
Poor Papa....."Pop" Ryan
There Ain't No Maybe..Tom O'Neill

Viemeister: "Just to think, I promised my mother I would never be a football player."

Coach: "Well, you've kept your promise."

C. Cronkrite (to train caller): "What do you do?"

Train caller: "I call trains."

Cronkrite: "Well, call one for me. I'm in a hurry."

NEWS OF THE DAY TOLD IN PICTURES



FRESHMEN! They will do it. No matter how we try to train them they will always try out for leap-frog.

Mr. Wilkes (explaining bankers' method of getting interest): "I know this is difficult because I taught it ten years before I learned it myself."

Mr. Diebolt (in sociology class): "From whom did you inherit the color of your hair, Miss Devins?"

Miss Devins: "From my grandmother."

Bright one: "I wonder from whom Mr. Wilkes inherited his hair."

Marion Turk: "What is the hardest thing about skating while you are learning?"

"Jimmie" Collins: "The ice."

Miss Goodridge: "Did you take a bath?"

Frosh: "No, is there one missing?"

Doctor (giving "Midge" H. an examination): "I don't like your heart action. You have had some trouble with angina pectoris."

Haron: "You're right, 'doc,' but that isn't her name."

WHAT MADE ME FAMOUS

Mr. Street.....My trumpet
Norman Davis.....My line
Clara Cronkrite and Celia Zepf
My gait
Esthyr Malatsky.....My wardrobe
Senior class.....Our studying
"Tommie" O'Neill
My luck with the girls
Elizabeth Metzler....My avoirdupois
Alger Davis.....My Lizzie
Emily Kupisewski.....My azure eyes
Olive Bigonaisse..My melodious voice
George Gallant.....My height
Adele Kaempf.....My vocabulary
Edmund Viemeister
My appeal to the fair sex
"Tex" Langford.....My speed
Martha Kievitt..My infallible ambition
Marie Payette.....My giggle
Jerry Ryan.....My Cook(ing)
Football squad...Our ability to blush
Vera Schoenweiss....My golden hair
Ruth Nichols.....My essay
James Collins.....My wit
Robert Farnsworth.....My saxophone
Dorothy Singleton
My interest in Glens Falls
Marion Perrin.My mischievous instinct

NEWS OF THE DAY TOLD IN PICTURES



NEW FAD! Another encroachment on your masculinity, men. But it won't last long. The men won't allow it.



HOUSE OF BROKEN-DOWN FRATERNITY

Our House

During the fall of 1926 a number of boys formed what is widely known as the Broke-Down Frat. We have here for your approval a photo of our house. We bought this house by robbing church poor boxes and spilling the tin cups of blind men. Inside idiocracy reigns supreme. When we have a meeting, this crew of jazz contortionists and renegades assemble within these moth-eaten walls and come out paddled thinner than a Child's pancake.

For your approval we are herewith submitting individual photos of our members.



Beautiful and surrounded by hosts of admiring satellites, the lot of Ernestine Lemieux is indeed a happy one. Note her coquettish features.



Normina Davis is a rare type for this jazz-crazed day and age. Her gowns are the acme of simplicity which is quite in accord with her nature.



Shapely as Venus and vivacious as a butterfly, Spencerella Ames is yet most remarkable for her modesty.



The unusual promise of Fannie Ryan will entitle her to whatever distinction she can get. She is at the helm of all social affairs.



A most lovable product of our city, whose atmosphere is so conducive to charm of face and form, is Rosalind Clukey. Her position is enviable.

Who wouldn't walk a mile to bask in the sunshine of Jane Collins' smile? She is an artistic dresser and her brown derby of the present season has won her the prize.





By her acquaintances Midjeska Haron is idolized. But so great is her diffidence to the outside that only after utmost persuasion would she allow her picture to appear.

Extremely mature and well-developed for her age is Alberta Burington. She is already noted for a sweetness and a beauty that we know will be everlasting.
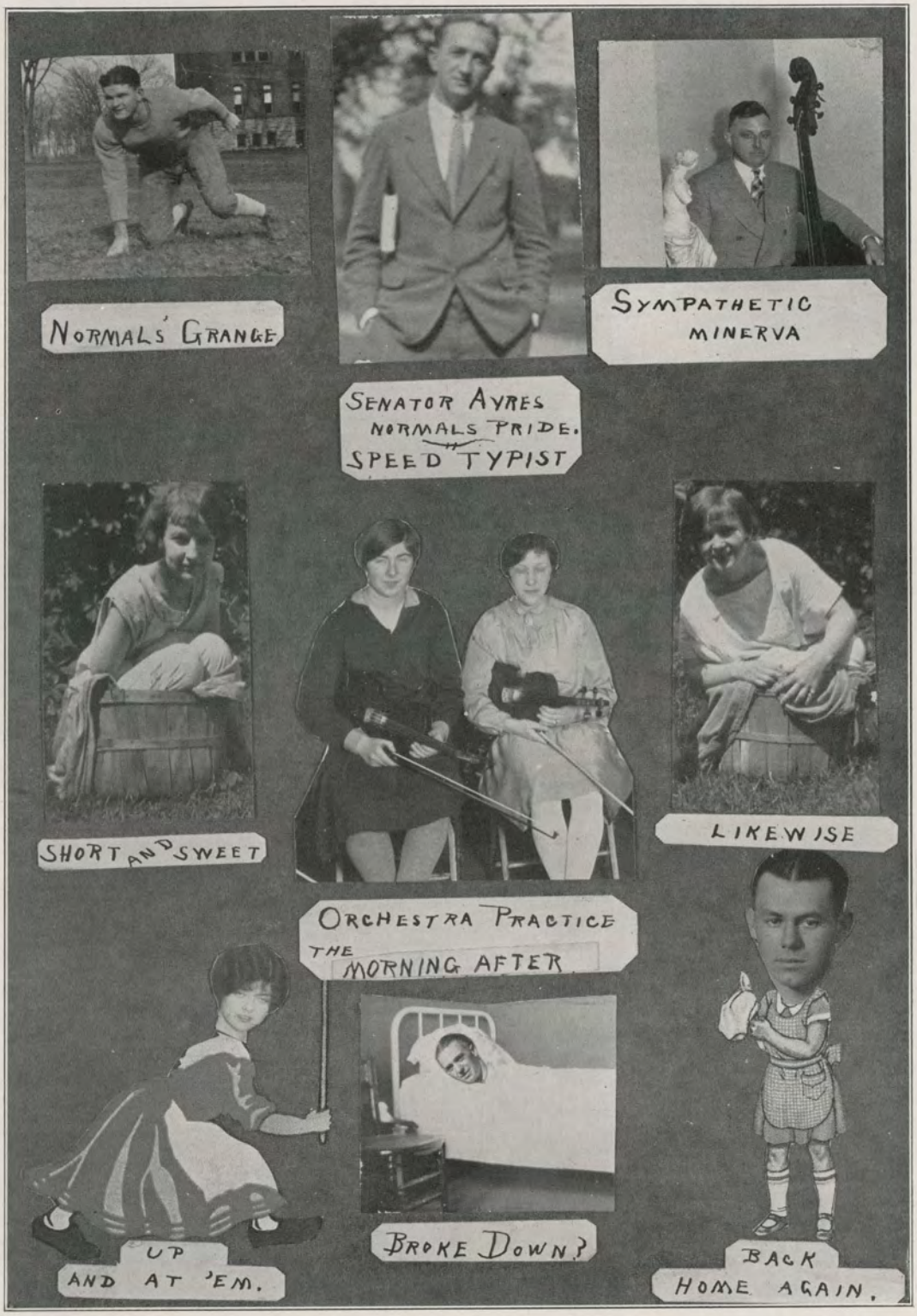




Gussie Cosgrove's energies show themselves in public form in the management of innumerable reform organizations. She allows herself only an occasional sally in society.

One of our best dressers is Geraldine Ryan. She is so petite and fascinating that it is a great difficulty for us to keep her within our walls. Her future is assured.




NORMALS' GRANGE
SENATOR AYRES
NORMALS PRIDE.
SPEED TYPIST
SYMPATHETIC
MINERVA
SHORT AND SWEET
LIKEWISE
ORCHESTRA PRACTICE
THE MORNING AFTER
UP
AND AT 'EM.
BROKE DOWN?
BACK
HOME AGAIN.



"Up The River Where Trees are Trees."

Dentist: "Pardon me a moment, I must have a drill."

M. Fallon: "Can't I even have a tooth fixed without a rehearsal?"

Lady: "Doesn't that little boy swear terribly?"

Cosgrove: "Yes'm, he sure does. He doesn't put any expression in it at all."

"Millie" Baker: "Why is every school equipped with wooden dumbbells?"

Mr. Rusterholtz: "Well, in every school there are a certain number of dumbbells."

"Pop" Ryan: "I slept like a log last night."

"Norm" Davis: "Yes—a log with a saw going through it."

Cop (to Mr. Smith driving past a "stop" sign): "Hey, there, can't you read?"

Mr. Smith: "Sure I can read, but I can't stop."

FAMOUS PAINTINGS

Kiss Me.....'Bob" Rienzi
Dance of the Nymph..Gladys Carlson
The Lone Wolf....Lawrence Lefevre
Can't You Talk....Mandana Disotell
Cherry Girl.....Marion Turk
The Golden Stairs
Normal School Stairs
Sir Galahad.....Jerry Ryan
Dignity and Impudence
Hally Davison and Vera Hargraves
Age of Innocence.....Walter Dudas
The Shepherdess.....Miss Carroll
Song of the Lark.....Sheard Parker
Deer of the Forest..P. S. N. S. girls
The First Step.....June 19th
Crossing the Ford.....Alger Davis
The Milkmaid .....Madge Curry
Light of the World...Clara Cronkrite
Portrait of a Lady..Miss Alice O'Brien
Portrait of a Young Girl..Helen Judge
Last Judgment.....Faculty meeting

The only time a Scotchman enjoys a ride in his own car is when he is being towed.



SEEN AT THE MID-YEAR

We have selected, with greatest care, several members of the student body who are known to wear evening clothes as they should be worn. A careful scrutiny of the above picture will disclose the ease and the grace with which their garments hang. For the robust—for the half pint—for the elongated species—this rare photo should serve as a criterion as to "what to wear" and "how to wear them."

THE YEAR'S TEN BEST SELLERS

1. Broke-down?
2. Hy, Pretzel.
3. Gee, I'm hungry.
4. Hya, Guys.
5. Lemme a buck, willya?
6. Did you see it?
7. Late permission? NO!
8. Throw them out.
9. Where's the banner?
10. Don't go 'way now!

Mr. Wilkes: "What is untold wealth?"

Marie McDonough: "That which does not appear on income tax reports."

The average Junior is so dumb that he thinks—

An all-day sucker is a fish that never sleeps.

That a dogfish barks and has to be muzzled.

That a catfish has kittens and that a perch is something that chickens roost on at night.

Jerry Ryan: "I learned to dance in one evening."

Esther Koch: "I thought so!"



POCO-MOONSHINERS.



Our Guides



FOR KODAKS SAKE



Smiles

CENSORED

WHY ALICE!



TWO MORE GONE



"Coolness"



How Sweet

THANK YOU.



These four men have decided that it is time to pass a just decree against the inroads on their masculinity. Beards and moustaches are distinctive features belonging to the male that no woman dare to imitate.

So scan these hairy faces as drawn by artist's pen and then try to deny the fact they're men.

—Harry Face.



Mr. Rusterholtz: "Can you tell me what the three sexes are?"

Marjorie Martin: "Men, women and ah—."

Evelyn McCloy: "And insects."

Louis Rosettie: "Pardon me for stepping upon your feet."

"Walt" Dudas: "That's all right. I frequently walk upon them myself."

"Spud" Ames: "I've just been writing my thesis."

She: "You brute! You said I was the only girl you ever write to."

Nora Kinney: "How are you coming along with your reducing?"

Mary LaBrie: "I guess I must be one of those poor losers."

M. McCarthy: "What size shoe do you wear?"

E. Mazner: "Well, four is my size, but I wear sevens because fours hurt my feet so."

D. Singleton: "I'll tell you a secret if you promise not to tell."

Perrin: "I'll tell the world."

Mr. Thompson: "Miss Daniels, the classroom is not a place in which to sleep."

Miss Daniels: "I couldn't sleep last night. I had a Boyle on my arm."

Alice Coons: "Can you drive with one hand?"

He (exultantly): "You bet I can."

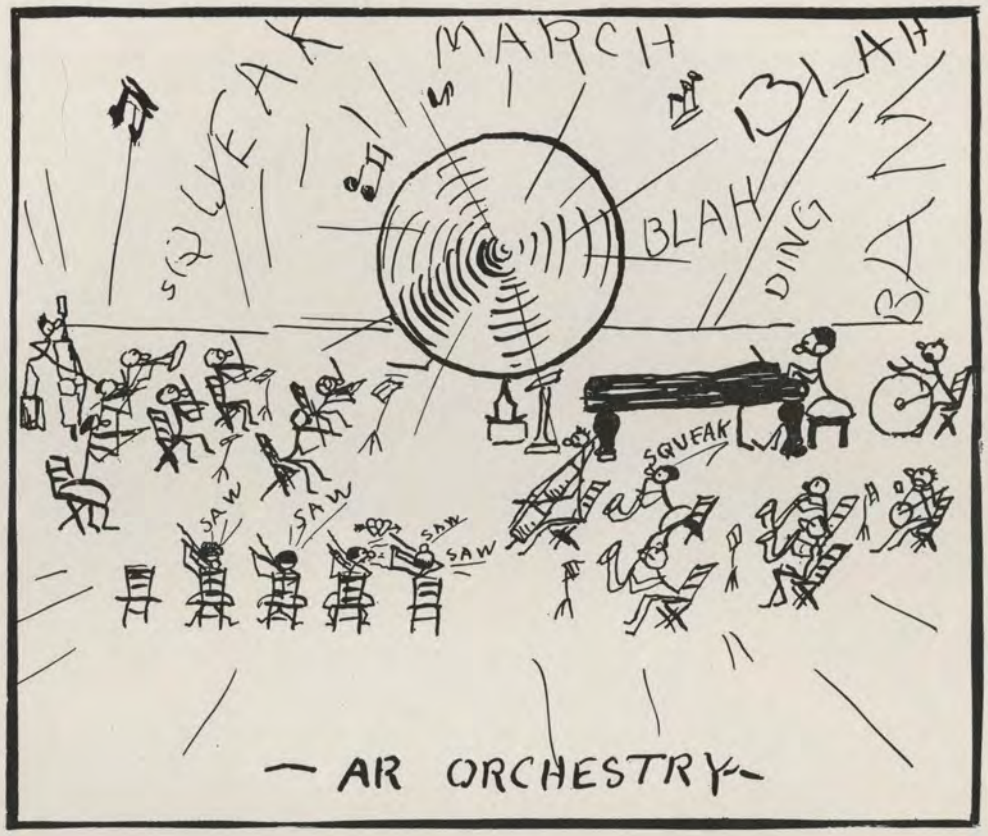
Alice Coons: "Good, then have an apple."

Mary Hughes: "What's the matter, you look so sour?"

Marielle Woodward: "I wrote an essay on 'Fresh Milk' and Dr. Henshaw condensed it."

"From which of her parents does she get her good looks?"

"Her father. He keeps a drug store."



Leo Laravie: "Ireland should be the richest country in the world."

Helen Montany: "Why is that?"

Leo: "Her capital has been Dublin for many years."

Dora Anthony: "And how is your husband?"

Gertrude Turner: "When I left him he was mending very slowly."

Dora: "Indeed! I didn't know that he had been ill."

Gertrude: "He hasn't been. He was darning his socks."

Professor (finishing lecture): "And now are there any questions?"

Adele Kaempf: "How can you tell the horsepower of a donkey engine?"

"The Scotch people are beginning to walk backwards."

"Why is that?"

"So that they can save their front steps."

Miss Carroll (discussing forest preservation): "I don't suppose anyone in this class ever did a thing to save our timber."

C. Martin: "I did. I shot a woodpecker once."

Alice Rae: "May I borrow your green dress?"

Nora K.: "Of course, but why the formality?"

Alice: "I can't find it."

Haron: "How about a little ride, cutie?"

Innocent Frosh: "Are you going north?"

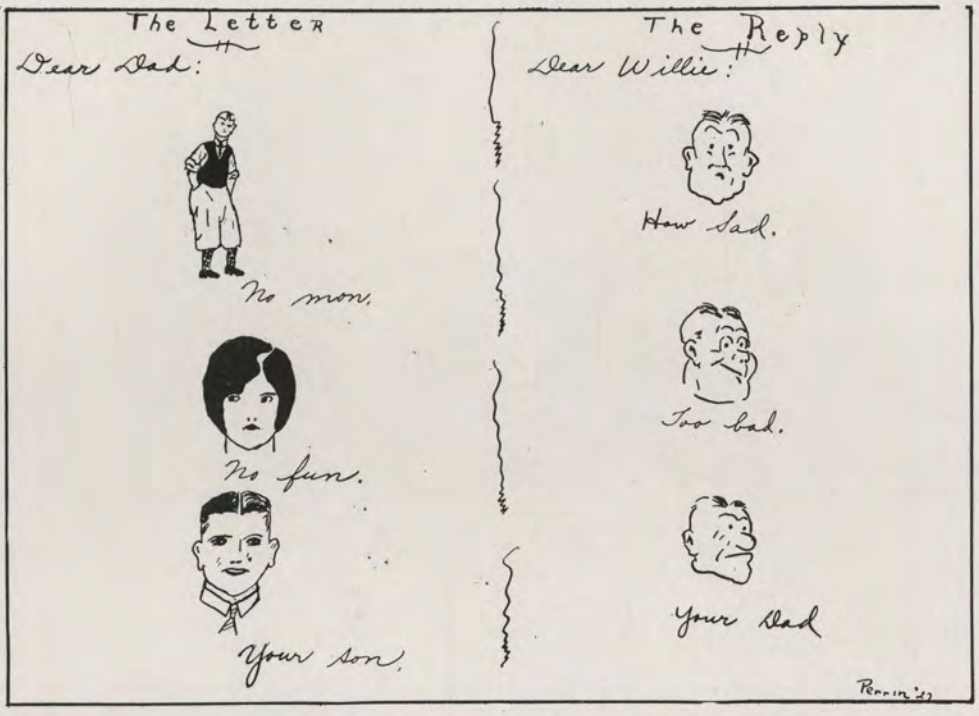
Haron: "Yes, I am."

I. F.: "Well, then, give my love to to the Eskimos.

Mable Close: "What do they call those new round baggy hats the women are wearing now?"

"Winnie" C.: "Don't know. Must be a new type of bean bag."


Hotel Champlain.
Lake Champlain.
The Monument.
Second Dam.
"C. V."
The Rink.
Grand Isle.
The River.
"Bound For Burlington"



Absence makes the grades grow lower.

Rosettie: "Your hair tastes good. A lemon rinse?"

Vera: "No, an egg shampoo."

O'Neill: "You look like two cents."

Libby: "Well, I don't see any dollar signs on you either."

Helen Jackson: "I'd like a pencil."

Clerk: "Hard or soft?"

Helen: "Soft. It's for writing a love letter."

He: "I had a good joke to tell you this evening, but I see you are not in a condition to receive it."

Ethel LaMare: "Why?"

He: "Because, if your face lights up, the powder will go off."

Landlady: "I think you had better board elsewhere."

Alice Billings: "Yes, I'll admit I frequently have."

Landlady: "Have what?"

A. Billings: "Had better board elsewhere."

Mr. Rusterholtz (reading poem): " 'When I was a tadpole and you were a fish.' Do you remember that time, Miss Rice?"

Miss Rice: "Yes, I do."

Ellis: "Could I borrow a cigarette?"

"Diz" Williams: "Well, you ought to; you've had enough practice."

Be it ever so humble, there's no face like one's own!

"Dot" Singleton: "I hate you!"

"Len": "Why?"

"Dot": "Because I love you!"

"Gus": "I can't get my locker shut."

Coach Hartman: "Take your shoes out."

Frances Daly: "Say, is there any difference between addition and subtraction?"

Arlene Chapman: "Sum."

"Spud" Ames: "Why call it a nite club?"

F. Burke: "Keep it dark."

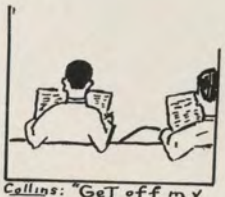
"Say There blackman, can't you play honest? Gh knows what cairds ah done dealt you!"



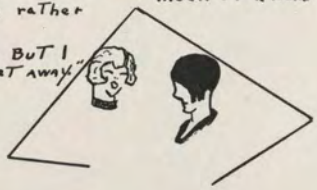
C. Martin: "What death does the sculptor die?"
G. Carlson: "Why he makes faces and busts."



"Lil" Boyle: "Isn't he rather fast for you, Peg?"
B. Daniels: "Yes, he is. But I don't think he will get away."

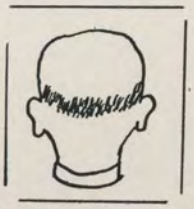


Collins: "Get off my feet."
Cosgrove: "It's Too much of a walk"





"Pop": "How did you Like your first riding Lesson?"
Siddons: "Oh! Ah-h all right, but I'm going To Take The rest by correspondence."



Wilkes: "The next person that says "huh" will be sent out of class."
Class: "Huh!"



Ames: "What's your idea of Hades?"
Haren: "A woman with fifty new hats and no mirror."



"Your money, please."
"My face is my fortune."
"You're in debt, Get out!"

"A Howling Success"



"Remember The Time we got caught in The revolving door?"
"Why? That wasn't The first Time we met."
"No, but That was when we Started going around Together."





Miss Carroll: "Where is Berlin?"
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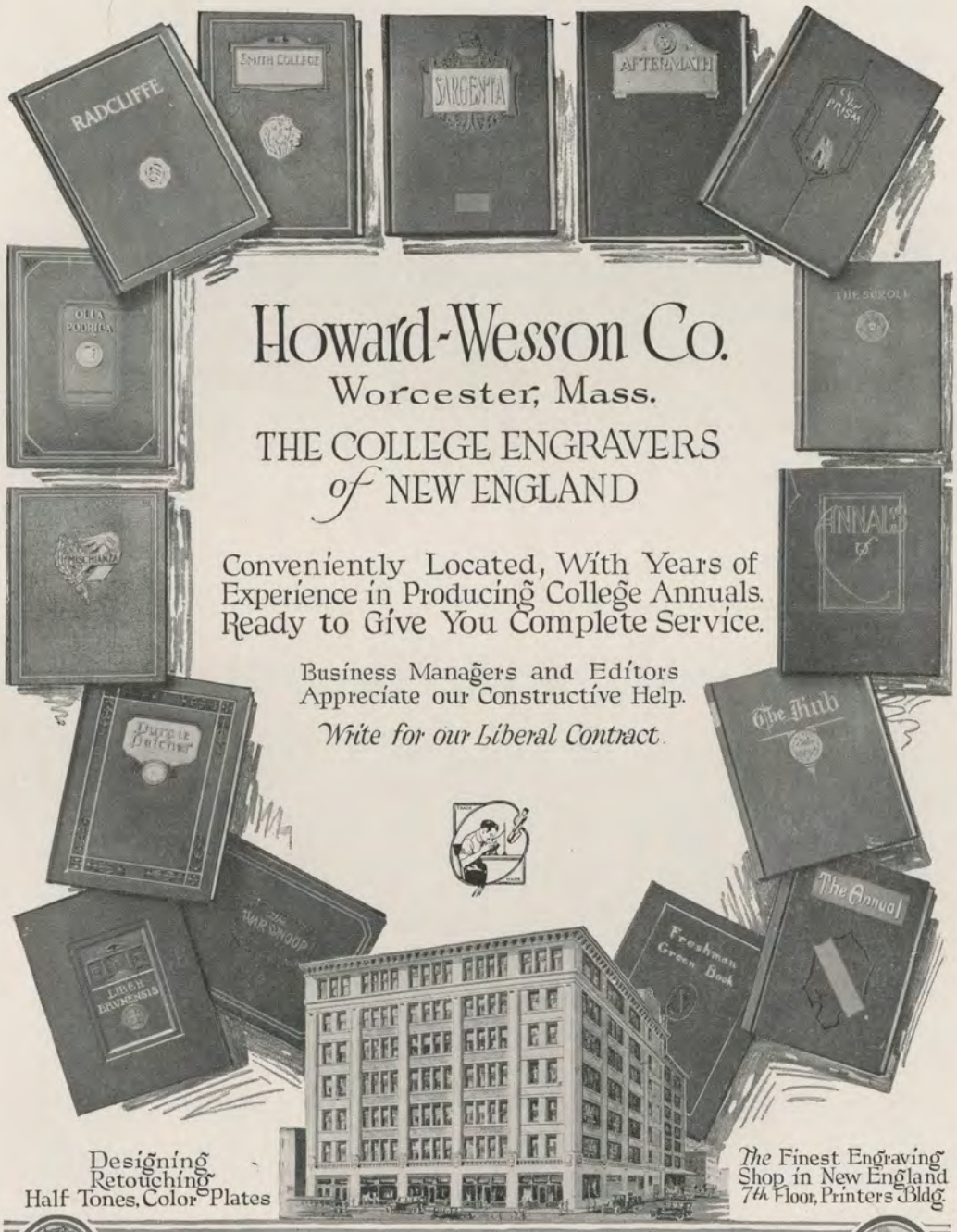
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Four Things A Man Must Learn To Do, If He Would Make His Record True.

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To love his fellow men, sincerely;

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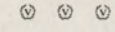
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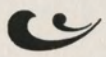


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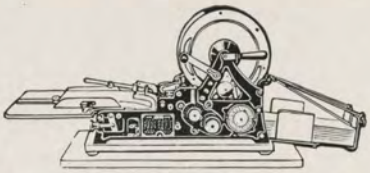
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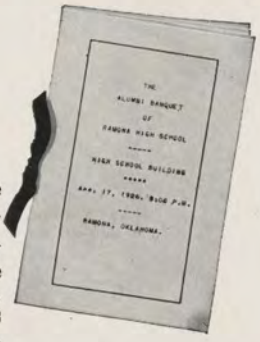
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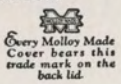
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1927